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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules, because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANYTHING GOES—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BOYS NEXT DOOR—A play by Tom Griffin. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BREAKING THE CODE—Derek Jacobi gives an accomplished performance as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BURN THIS—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CABARET—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Timothy Mason's jokey little comedy, **ONLY YOU**, about love and various distractions in this city, is entertaining more often than not. Greg Germann and Julie Boyd are the beguiling lovers, and they are distracted, to some extent, by Park Overall, Bruce McCarty, Rob Gomes, and Richard Seff. Ron Lagomarsino directed. John Lee Beatty's set is a knockout. (12/21/87) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

THE DAY ROOM—A play by Don DeLillo, with Mary Beth Hurt, Mason Adams, and Michele Shay. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Eve, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.)

DON'T GET GOD STARTED—A gospel musical that is all but done in by amplification. The music and lyrics were by Marvin Winans, and Ron

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Milner wrote the brief, parable-like playlets between the songs. Mr. Milner directed. (11/9/87) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

DRIVING MISS DAISY—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FLORA, THE RED MENACE—John Kander and Fred Ebb have written additional songs for this revised version of their 1965 musical; the completely new book, based on Lester Atwell's "Love Is Just Around the Corner," is by David Thompson. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh give remarkable performances, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2.)

INTO THE WOODS—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LAMBS THEATRE COMPANY—The fourth annual presentation of **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI**, a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and lyrics, and Mark St. Germain provided the book and additional lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 2 and 7. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.)

MADEMOISELLE COLOMBE—Tammy Grimes in a musical with a score by Michael Valenti, lyr-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN		17
"A LAZOFSKY"	*Lou Myers*	22
"SQUABBLE"	*John Holman*	25
"THE WIDOW" (POEM)	*Nina Cassian*	26
A REPORTER AT LARGE—PERU	*Raymond Bonner*	31
THE THEATRE	*Mimi Kramer*	59
ANNALS OF MEDICINE	*Berton Roueché*	60
MUSICAL EVENTS	*Andrew Porter*	66
THE ART WORLD	*Adam Gopnik*	70
BOOKS	*Terrence Rafferty*	74

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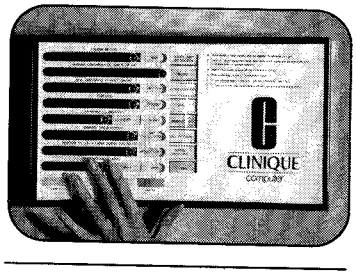

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ics by Edwin Dulchin, and a book by Mr. Valenti, Mr. Dulchin, and Albert Harris, who also directs. Based on Jean Anouilh's 1954 play of the same name. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.)

THE MAHABHARATA—This nine-hour adaptation (part of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival) of the ancient Hindu epic is utterly unrewarding. Peter Brook and his collaborator, Jean-Claude Carrière, have reduced the poem to a moral tale about two rival superpowers struggling for supremacy and come up with a bland bid for peace and brotherly love. (11/2/87) (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Final performances Thursday, Dec. 31, at 12:30 P.M., and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 1 P.M.)

THE MILK TRAIN DOESN'T STOP HERE ANYMORE—This Tennessee Williams play dates from the early sixties, and it is essentially a reworking of "Sweet Bird of Youth," with the spectre of Death substituted for Age as its central theme. This revival is strictly for those who feel either that Williams could do no wrong or that no wrong could be done him. (12/7/87) (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesday at 8, Thursday at 7, Saturday at 9, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

PENN & TELLER—Back for the holiday season with an even tighter version of their wonderful 1985 show, this two-man team of stage-magic farceurs is probably the hippest thing in high culture since Springsteen and Talking Heads went mainstream. Directed by Art Wolff, with cameo appearances by Director of Covert Activities Marc Garland. (12/21/87) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, at 2.)

PSYCHO BEACH PARTY—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch and starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

REAL ESTATE—A woman in her late thirties, unmarried and pregnant, returns after a twenty-year absence to her mother's house in a suburb near London. Louise Page's play, about strong, matching feelings of daughter and mother, doesn't amount to much, but it does give us the opportunity to see some excellent acting by Roberta Maxwell and Sada Thompson, as the protagonists, and by Charles Cioffi and Lewis Arlt, as their men. Brian Murray was the director. (12/14/87) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 758-8770. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SARAFINA!—This musical, an explosion of talent, is an import from South Africa. It was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in the black township of Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. After Sunday, Jan. 3, no performances until Tuesday evening, Jan. 19, when the show reopens at the Cort, 138 W. 48th St., 239-6200.)

A SHAYNA MAIDEL—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and

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her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 31, at 2.)

THE SIGNAL SEASON OF DUMMY HOY—A play by Allen Meyer and Michael Nowak. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 10.)

TAMARA—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa (wear your sneakers). Pre-happening cocktails and a buffet at intermission are included in the rather hefty ticket price ($85 to $135). (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Friday, Jan. 1, and Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8; cocktails at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; cocktails at 1:30.)

TEDDY & ALICE—Len Cariou gives a powerful, subtle, and joyous performance in the title role of this musical about Theodore Roosevelt and his daughter, and the glorious score by John Philip Sousa, as adapted by Richard Kapp (who wrote some additional songs), is surprisingly varied and charming. The costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting by Tharon Musser, the settings by Robin Wagner, and the choreography by Donald Saddler are all admirable, as is the direction by John Driver. Nancy Opel, Ron Raines, and Beth Fowler do especially well in supporting parts. (11/23/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

UNCLE VANYA—A gentle, absorbing, and beautifully acted production, with Austin Pendleton in the title role. The script (Maria Irene Fornes's adaptation of a translation by Marian Fell) distorts the play, slightly, making Astroff and Yelena the victim-protagonists of a star-crossed love affair, but this version will be of interest to those who suspect the prevailing approach to Chekhov. Miss Fornes directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Wednesday and Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

LONG RUNS—BROADWAY BOUND: In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,520 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** August Wilson's powerful play is given a triumphant performance by James Earl Jones, Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, and Charles Brown. Directed by Lloyd Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.) . . . **THE NERD:** This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol in the title role. On Tuesday, Jan. 5, Robert Joy returns to the cast and replaces Mr. MacNicol. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Chris-

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topher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 5 and 9.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Final performances of the annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6. For information about show times and tickets, call 757-3100.)

Big Apple Circus—Paul Binder's old-fashioned one-ring circus, back for the holiday season, is the sort of circus a child could dream of running away to. An "all new" tenth anniversary edition boasts startling acts from all over the world; the best, though, are those of the resident troupe: Katja Schumann's unutterably beautiful equestrian act, the clowns Mr. Stubs and Gordoon (who remove a cloth from a table piled high with crockery and a child—leaving his parents undisturbed), the elephant dancers Marie Pierre Benac and David Dimitri, the trainer Buckles Woodcock and his daughter Dalilah, and the genteel elephants Peggy and Toto. (P.S. The tent is heated.) (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Sunday, Jan. 10. For information about show times and tickets, call 391-0767.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting two works in repertory. **H.M.S. PINAFORE:** Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 3. . . . **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD:** Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 6-8, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Jan. 3: Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (The 8 P.M. performance on New Year's Eve is a benefit.) . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Jan. 6: Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 31, at 2.)

The No-Frills Revue—A musical revue conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 10:30.)

Oil City Symphony—A musical revue conceived and performed by Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 3, and New Year's Eve at 11.)

On Second Avenue—A musical revue in Yiddish and English. (Norman Thomas High School, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-4485. Saturdays at 3 and 8, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Special performance Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 10.)

Sing Hallelujah!—A gospel-music revue. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 6; Thursday, Dec. 31, at 7; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 1 and 5: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "La Sonnambula," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Les Gentilhommes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Piano Pieces," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Piano Pieces," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Piano Pieces," and "Agon." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Joffrey Ballet—Presenting a new production of "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 3; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, at 2 and 7:30.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre and Murray Louis Dance Company—A joint engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8, and Thursday, Dec. 31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2: "Imago," "Aperitif," "Tensile Involvement," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Graph," "Porcelain Dialogues," and "Junk Dances." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 7:30: "Bach II," "Arc en Ciel," "Blank on Blank," and excerpts from the Nikolais and Louis repertories. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 4, at 7:30: "Tensile Involvement," "Arc en Ciel," "Bach II," "Crucible," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 5-6, at 8: "Graph," "Porcelain Dialogues," and "Junk Dances." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 7-9, at 8: "Glyphics," "Odyssey," "Asides" (première), and "Bach Suite." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Jan. 17.)

Solomons Company/Dance—Presenting "Boneyard" (première) and an excerpt from "Chryptych." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 7-10, at 8. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

Anna Sokolow's Players' Project—A program of new and repertory works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday through Thursday, Jan. 4-7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute changes; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON**, a singer who's always in motion and whose emotions are always visible, is in the Oak Room doing a program of Sondheim songs. She'll be here through Saturday, Jan. 2. (She's off on New Year's Day.) **MARGARET WHITING** begins a six-week residence on Tuesday, Jan. 5. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. At six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings funny songs by Dave Frishberg and John Wallowitch and delicately pitched love songs she wrote herself, and just about every word, from "puce" to "debenture," is delivered clearly. She starts at six-thirty, except on New Year's Eve, when she tees off an hour later. Helen Schneider goes on at ten-thirty on New Year's Eve, and at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays starting Jan. 5; she's singing Sondheim, too.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. Singer Phyllis Hyman has the floor through Sunday, Jan. 3; on Dec. 31, she gets help from a fusion outfit called Cabo Frio and alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA'S** band. **LOREN SCHOENBERG**, a saxophonist who is known for his Lester Young re-creations, directs a combo on Monday, Jan. 4. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue-pillared room that seats four hundred. Flo & Eddie, the rock-and-roll vocal team descended from the Turtles by way of Frank Zappa, perform Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 30.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **HANK JONES**, a pianist who is a model of delicate swing, works with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Jan. 2; **FREDDY COLE**, Nat's younger brother, moves in with his trio on Monday, Jan. 4. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER'S** percussion-laden quintet—he's surrounded by a steel-drummer, a hand-drummer, and a traps man—will be here through Sunday, Jan. 3. (A New Year's Eve big deal will also feature **BUDDY TATE** and **CLARK TERRY.**) **PANAMA FRANCIS**, a drummer who arrived in New York almost fifty years ago and soon thereafter settled into the Savoy Ballroom with Lucky Millinder's swing band, comes in with a quintet on Tuesday, Jan. 5. Music from nine. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT** for two more nights. He and his two sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**, do their stuff at ten and midnight on Dec. 30, and at nine and one on Dec. 31. George Shearing's annual winter visit begins Tuesday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled jazz lair, mostly for mainstream cats. **BASS DESIRES**, a two-guitar quartet whose leader, **MARC JOHNSON**, is a bassist (he was in Bill Evans' last trio) and whose music runs from easy rockers to lush reveries, will be on hand through Sunday, Jan. 3. **KENNY BURRELL'S** three-guitar quintet takes over on Thursday, Jan. 7. Music after eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

practice their art in a little grove of palms a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, **PETER MALINVERNI** (with a trio on New Year's Eve); Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** (with bassist **BOB CRANSHAW**); and Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 5-7, Lynn Bernstein. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings with support from pianist Mike Moran. Mondays are claimed by singer Stan Edwards' trio, and Tuesdays by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** threesome. First set at ten. **BROOKS KERR,** a stride enthusiast, works from five-forty-five to nine-forty-five Mondays through Fridays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 30, pianist **JOEL FORRESTER'S** trio; Thursday, Dec. 31, singer-pianist-co-proprietor Judy Barnett's trio; Friday, Jan. 1, bassist **GARY HAASE'S** trio; Saturday, Jan. 2, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** trio; Monday, Jan. 4, pianist Virg Dzurinko; Tuesday, Jan. 5, the Joe Derise duo; and Thursday, Jan. 7, guitarist and singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. **BARBARA LEA,** a singer who can make you see open country spaces when she sings Alec Wilder's "It's So Peaceful in the Country" and a whistler who could knock a bird out of a tree, is here on Sundays, with pianist **WES MC AFEE.** Marti Stevens sings Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, and Saturday, Jan. 2. The first two Mondays in January belong to singer-pianist Richard Rodney Bennett, and the last four Fridays in the month are reserved for singer-pianist-songwriter Jimmy Webb ("Wichita Lineman," "By the Time I Get to Phoenix"). Shows at six and eight on Sundays, and at nine and eleven the rest of the week. Dining. Closed New Year's Day.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and

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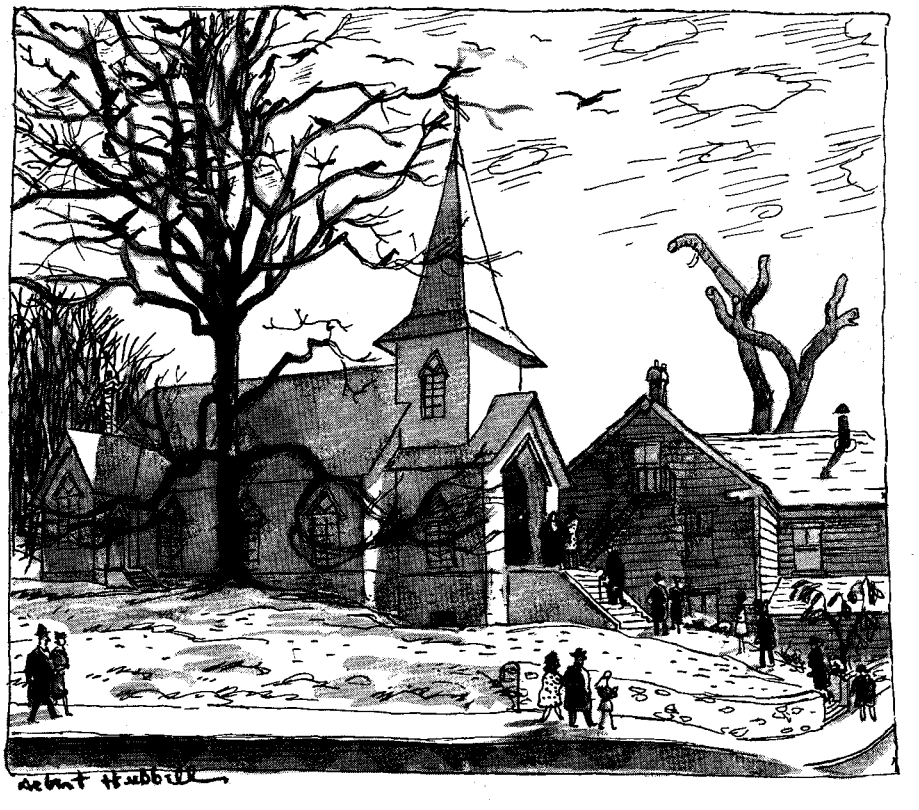
restaurant in the piano-bass district. The tandem of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** is on duty nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, when a young New Orleans pianist named **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** holds forth. First set at nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the case of Jello Biafra. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin; they serve wholesome food and don't take too much of your money. Friday, Jan. 1, Christmas, a Boston rock trio that is fond of psychedelic effects and irony; Sunday, Jan. 3, flutist Robert Dick and others; Monday, Jan. 4, drummer **RASHIED ALI** and friends; Tuesday, Jan. 5, Cindy Lee Berryhill; Thursday, Jan. 7, hard-bop tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN'S** quartet; and Saturday, Jan. 9, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO,** a pro-rock-and-roll band. Music after nine. Closed on New Year's Eve.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, **ROBERT GORDON** (with **KRISTI ROSE & THE DYING BREED** on New Year's Eve); Friday, Jan. 1, **ROOMFUL OF BLUES** and Kristi Rose; Saturday, Jan. 2, **LEVON HELM;** Friday, Jan. 8, the Tail Gators; and Saturday, Jan. 9, La Bamba & the Hubcaps. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The Great American Swing Band, a solid rear guard led by clarinettist **WALT LEVINSKY,** is applying itself to the works of Ellington, Basie, Shaw, et al. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Woody Allen comes and goes on Mondays after nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. Dominican pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** and his trio will be here New Year's Eve, along with flutist **DAVE VALENTIN.** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, belong to a band led by **HIRAM BULLOCK,** a young guitarist whose new record (on Atlantic) proves that he likes lounge-funk tunes and has star pecs (the cover shows him bare-chested and in a muscle T-shirt). Music from about ten until two.



RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Joan Jett, a lank-haired hard-rock toughie, performs with her band, the Blackhearts, on New Year's Eve. The **RAMONES,** who continue to turn out speedballing, three-ring-ing-chords-and-a-cloud-of-feedback ditties, work out on Saturday, Jan. 2. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SIBERIA, 804 Washington St., near Horatio St. (463-7845)—A rock place, just a stone's throw from the Hudson. The foresighted arrive late (elevenish on school nights, midnight on weekends) and in a condition to understand what it is that the band Angel Pie or the performance group Phred is trying to say to them. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. It's a good place to trip the light fantastic. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 5-7.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled night club, crowded with serious jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **ART BLAKEY,** hard bop's standard-bearer, leads his young followers, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** into 1988; they pack up after their shows on Sunday, Jan. 3. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 5, **MC COY TYNER'S** thundering piano will be the chief sound. Mondays have been set aside for the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA,** which rumbles some and shimmers a little. Music from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club attached to an Irish pub. **LIL QUEENIE,** a red-headed rock and soul belter from New Orleans, will be here on New Year's Eve, along with the **SURREAL MC COYS,** a local country band. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, the same McCoys will be joined by early R. & R. songwriters **OTIS BLACKWELL** and **DOC POMUS.** (They both wrote hits for Elvis, whose birthday—Jan. 8—is observed here.) Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A hive of activity. In the downstairs rumpus room, **GATO BARBIERI** and **HILTON RUIZ** and their bands shake and bake at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Two flights up, at the Top of the Gate, **ALLEN TOUSSAINT** and **DR. JOHN** keep the same hours. . . . ¶ One flight back down, on the Terrace, pianist **HERMAN FOSTER** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** are on duty from ten through Sunday, Jan. 3. **SY JOHNSON** and his bassist go to work on Tuesday, Jan. 5. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Former Jazz Messengers **BOBBY WATSON** (alto saxophone) and **CURTIS LUNDY** (bass) co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, Jan. 3; on Tuesday, Jan. 5, bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** descends the stairs with his quintet. Mondays are prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music after ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **RUBY BRAFF,** a stem-

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winder of a cornettist who makes you lean forward when he descends into the secret chamber that is his lowest register and sit up when he rises to a rare high note, works with guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Jan. 2. Sundays are reserved for Mr. Moore and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI.** Music from eight weeknights, and from seven on Sundays. Closed New Year's Day.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BUSTER POINDEXTER AND HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE—With Gilbert Gottfried. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

JAMAALADEEN TACUMA, KHAN JAMAL, AND DENNIS ALSTON—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day. Some will also be closed on other days during the holidays, and some are likely to close early on New Year's Eve.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

HERBERT FERBER—New paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

MARION KENYON JONES—Abstract works on paper mounted on canvas. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

CHRIS VAN ALLSBURG—Pencil drawings used to illustrate a children's alphabet book. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Drawings with texts by Dotty Attie and photographs by Sandra Schwimmer and Christine Oatman. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER MODERN,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper in which lead is used in some way—a drawing in pencil (a.k.a. black lead) by Jennifer Bartlett and a cast-lead sculpture by Roni Horn, for instance. Through Jan. 16. (Closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2.) . . . **MUSEO DEL BARRIO,** 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: Sixty-two paintings by thirty-four artists constitute a survey of Puerto Rican painting since the turn of the century. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ART AND LANGUAGE—Paintings and works on paper from a series by this pair of British artists, titled "Incident in a Museum." Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. Closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2.)

WILLIAM BAILEY—Figure drawings and still-life prints. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2.)

PAUL CADMUS—Recent figure paintings, plus drawings and prints. Through Jan. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD (1906-78)—Abstract paintings, drawings, and photographs from throughout his career. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—A two-gallery show of abstract paintings and sculptures. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. . . . ¶112 Greene Street Gallery, in SoHo. Through Saturday, Jan. 2.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Paintings and drawings that date from 1949 to 1951. Through Jan. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOHN HUBBARD—Abstract paintings and drawings based on floral subjects. Through Jan. 16. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945)—Prints and drawings. Through Jan. 16. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOAN MIRÓ (1893-1983) **AND MARK ROTHKO** (1903-70)—Mural-size paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JOSÉ MARÍA SICILIA / EDDA RENOUF—Small-scale abstract paintings. / Layered, incised oil pastel drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ (1922-83)—Sculptures from the fifties and sixties. Through Jan. 16. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GÉRARD TITUS-CARMEL—Abstract paintings reflecting an architectural influence. Through Jan. 23. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

BILL TRAYLOR (1854-1947) **AND JUSTIN MCCARTHY** (1891-1977)—Watercolors and drawings by two naïfs. Through Jan. 16. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

SCULPTURE—Abstract works by Richard Stankiewicz, Gabriel Kohn, and Jenny Lee. Through Jan. 30. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings that incorporate single words, sentence fragments, or even whole stories. By Nancy Spero, Valerie Hammond, Dotty Attie, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

ROBERT BORDO—Paintings of imaginary geographical features. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

MAX COYER—New paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

VINCENT DESIDERIO—Very large narrative paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

JASPER JOHNS—Six lead reliefs from 1969. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

LISA LAWLEY—Semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

LUDWIG MIES VAN DER ROHE (1886-1969)—Drawings from the thirties, including sketches for the Hubbe House and furniture pieces. Through Jan. 16. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

HENRY PEARSON—Abstract geometric paintings from the past thirty years. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

ARCHIE RAND—Twenty-nine self-portraits related to the last twenty-nine poems in Rilke's "Sonnets to Orpheus." Also, watercolors inscribed with poems—the joint works of Mr. Rand and John Yau. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Kind, 136 Greene St. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: Sculptures by Nancy Bowen, Jannis Kounellis, and Nunzio, and panel paintings by Günter Förg. Through Jan. 12. (Closed Thursday, Dec. 31.) . . . **PLUMB,** 81 Greene St.: Works on paper that incorporate text by, among others, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Marcel Broodthaers, Jannis Kounellis, and Bruce Nauman. Through Jan. 23. . . . **STEPHEN ROSENBERG,** 115 Wooster St.: Three abstractionists (Claire Seidl, Michael Chandler, and Louis Lieberman) showing works in three different mediums. Through Jan. 30. . . . **STEINBAUM,** 132 Greene St.: The affinity between art and fashion is the idea behind a show pairing designer clothing with paintings, drawings, and sculptures; an American West landscape painting by Paul Brach is side by side with Ralph Lauren jeans and chambray shirt, for instance. Through Tuesday, Jan. 5.

OTHER GALLERIES

DIKE BLAIR—Glass wall constructions that take a cue from the fortune-telling toy Magic 8 Ball, and include such texts as "Reply hazy try again," and "Cannot predict now." Through Sunday, Jan. 3. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon.)

EDGAR NEGRET—Painted metal sculptures. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. and 37 E. 7th St. Both open at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

GARY BROTMEYER / MICHAEL SPANO—New photo-collage portraits. / Large black-and-white candids of New Yorkers. Through Feb. 6. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

EVELYN HOFER—Photographs of Emerson's Italy. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

FRANK MAJORE—Large Cibachrome prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

KURT MARKUS—Photographs of the modern Amer-

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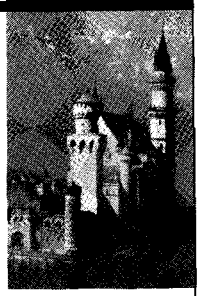
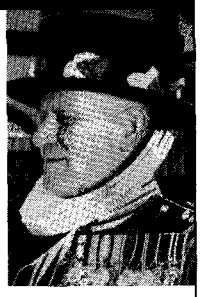


8 to 32 days. Middle Europe, British Isles, Ireland, Alps, Scandinavia, Greece, Spain, Portugal, Morocco, Soviet Union.

BRITISH ISLES



8 to 22 days. Inns & Gardens, Britain by Rail, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Edinburgh Festival, Cornwall, Devon, Highlands & Islands.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ican cowboy. Through Jan. 30. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Norman Parkinson—The National Academy of Design has mounted a retrospective of his works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

William Wegman / Ralph Eugene Meatyard (1925-72)—Color Polaroids of his dog, Fay. / Vintage surreal prints. Through Jan. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

International Center of Photography—Polaroid prints spanning more than thirty years by about sixty artists. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Eighty or so paintings by members of the Hudson River School, among them Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and John F. Kensett. Through *Sunday, Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays* and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A full complement of Frank Stella's painted metal *wall reliefs. Through Tuesday, Jan. 5.* . . . ¶ The career of the sound-and-video artist Bill Viola is surveyed in a show that includes three installations. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except New Year's Eve, until 9. The hours on New Year's Eve will be 11 to 5.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. Postwar Latin-American paintings have a separate installation for the next several weeks. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45. Closes at 4 on New Year's Eve.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of thirty-seven paintings and four sculptures by Julian Schnabel. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Charles Demuth (1883-1935). Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of sculptures by Nancy Graves. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily, except Tuesdays and New Year's Day, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Artifacts from Carthage, including seventeen pictorial mosaics. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Sundays, and New Year's Day, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, except New Year's Day, and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A

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two-part exhibit of quilts, with works by winners of a 1987 national competition and historic quilts on loan from the Museum of American Folk Art. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The tradition of the Chinese artist-scholar is illustrated in an exhibition (on loan from the Shanghai Museum) focussing on two Ming-dynasty artists. Paintings, calligraphy, and such paraphernalia as ceramics, jades, inkstones, and wrist rests, some seen in a furnished studio typical of the vocation. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, *11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)*

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The popularization of decoratively printed fabric in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the subject of an exhibit of textiles, original designs for them on paper, and *such artifacts as a salesman's sample card* showing thirty-six different block and roller-printed fabrics. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A group of contemporary book bindings by French artisans. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily, except Friday through Sunday, Jan. 1-3, from 10 to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Breakthrough *paintings by Paris-influenced Japanese* artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, who were among the first to test modern international styles. Through Feb. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An extraordinary visual re-creation of the Dreyfus Affair, seen as a public event (courtroom sketches, newspapers, commercial products) and as a private one (Alfred Dreyfus's eyeglasses and the notebooks he kept at Devil's Island, personal letters of support written to Émile Zola by Claude Monet). Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, *29 E. 36th St.*—A show of drawings by Raphael and his circle. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closes at 1 on New Year's Eve.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Fifty drawings and watercolors by fifty contemporary American realists, including William Bailey, Martha Mayer Erlebacher, April Gornik, and Walter Hatke. From the collection of Rita Rich. Through Feb. 28. . . . **Photography:** Prints by Norman Parkinson. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Photographs, sculptures, drawings, and videotapes tracing the career of Ana Mendieta, who died in 1985, at the age of thirty-six. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, *noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays,* noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of works by the late-nineteenth-century artist Jasper F. Cropsey which includes the American landscapes he was best known for and architectural drawings. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closes at noon on New Year's Eve.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit, in Gottesman Hall, that surveys the age of English Romanticism with paintings, drawings, manuscripts, books, and memorabilia. An autograph copy of Wordsworth's poem "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey," Turner's painting "Interior of Tintern Abbey," Mary Shelley's annotated manuscript for "Frankenstein," and Wordsworth's inkstand are included. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Papers left by Truman Capote to the library have been put on display in the Edna Barnes Salomon Room. Through March 19. (Open daily, except Sundays and New Year's Eve, 10 to 5:45; closes at 5 on New Year's Eve.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Two one-man shows. Emilio Cruz's recent symbolic paintings and drawings; new Abstract Expressionist paintings by Bill Hutson. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and New Year's Day. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Presenting "Bohemian Rhapsody," a new cabaret by Gayle Tufts and others, who promise to transform P.S. 122 into a "night *club . . . somewhere between Café Cino and* El Morocco." Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 31-Jan. 3, and Friday through Sunday, Jan. 8-10, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, is 247-7800. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Roberta Alexander, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; con-

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ducted by Charles Dutoit. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (a nonsubscription performance), with Barbara Daniels, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, Claudio Nicolai, and Sid Caesar in the speaking role of Frosch; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 1, at 8: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Allan Glassman, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Roberta Alexander, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Charles Dutoit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Turandot," with Ghena Dimitrova, Aprile Millo, and Ermanno Mauro; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Thomas Allen; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Roberta Alexander, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Charles Dutoit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Turandot" (a nonsubscription performance), with Ghena Dimitrova, Aprile Millo, and Ermanno Mauro; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Macbeth," with Elizabeth Connell, Frederick Burchinal, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Samuel Ramey; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Roberta Alexander, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Charles Dutoit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Thomas Allen; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30: "Das Rheingold," with Mari-Anne Häggander, Helga Dernesch, Siegfried Jerusalem, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Thursday, Dec. 31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 7:30, and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2:30.)

Mannes Camerata—Dongsok Shin conducting a fully staged production of "Venus and Adonis," an opera by John Blow, court musician to Charles II. The work originally starred Moll Davis, the king's mistress, as Venus. The first in a series of five performances. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 595-1747. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting. Wednesday, Dec. 30, Thursday, Dec. 31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, all at 8: A holiday program, with Kathleen Battle, soprano, and the Boys Choir of Harlem. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 7-9, at 8: Messiaen's Turangalila Symphony, performed on the occasion of the eightieth birthday of the composer, who will be present. With Yvonne Loriod, piano, and Jeanne Loriod, *ondes martenot*. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Robert Black and JoAnn Falletta conducting a program of music by William Thomas McKinley. With David Buechner, piano; Gary Burton, vibraphone; Sol Greitzer, viola; Robert Stallman, flute; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8.) . . . **NOTE:** There will be a concert of the composer's solo and chamber works at Weill Recital Hall on Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8. With Mr. Stoltzman; Fred Sherry, cello; Lisa Saffer, soprano; Judith Gordon, piano; and others.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting all six Brandenburg Concertos for the twelfth consecutive year. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8: Alun Francis conducting an all-Vivaldi program, with Daniel Heifetz, violin, and Thomas Nyfenger, flute. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

Prism—Robert Black conducting the chamber orchestra in a program of music by Janáček, David Macbride, and Brahms. With Frank Hoffmeister, tenor, and James Winn, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting a program of jazz and classical music, with Cab Calloway and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chamber Choir and Orchestra—Johannes Somary conducting an all-Bach program, with guest vocal and instrumental soloists. (Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Lexington Ave. at 76th St. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 772-9408.)

Music Before 1800—Presenting the Corpus Christi Choir in a holiday program of lessons and carols. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, Jan. 3, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Peter Schickele—With his alter ego, P.D.Q. Bach. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—Playing four premières. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Edmund Niemann and Nurit Tilles—Duo piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Gregory Haimovsky—Piano, in an all-Debussy program. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. 998-5278. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Maurice Bourgue, oboe, and artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 3; and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 5.)

Guarneri Quartet—Playing three Beethoven quartets. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Cho-Liang Lin and André-Michel Schub—Violin and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Los Angeles Clippers, Friday, Jan. 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix Suns, Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston Celtics, Saturday, Jan. 9, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Denver Nuggets, Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Friday, Jan. 8, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Los Angeles Kings, Monday, Jan. 4, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, Jan. 7, at 7:45. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Dec. 31, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Monday, Jan. 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Jan. 2, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8:05.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Thursday, Jan. 7. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—A non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by nearly a hundred indefatigable readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8 P.M. through the evening of Saturday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Frank Conroy and Mona Simpson reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie Benefit—A five-hour-long program of poetry, music, performance art, and dance with about a hundred participants, among them Philip Glass, Allen Ginsberg, Larry Rivers and the Climax, Frank Maya, Elliott Sharp, Yoshiko Chuma, and Anne Waldman. (Second Ave. at 10th St. New Year's Day, starting at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the festivities.)

THE ART OF
THE NEW YORKER
A 60 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE

"We're On Our Way To The New Yorker Art Show"

December 18th, 1987 through January 30th, 1988
The Free Library of Philadelphia
Logan Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103

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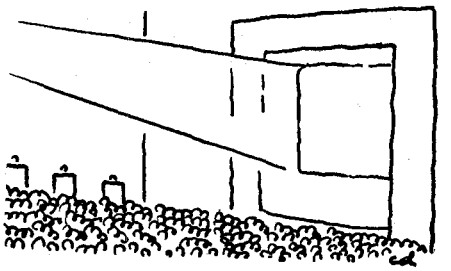
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Dec. 30: At 5:30, "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; directed by Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); at 7:30, "Koko, a Talking Gorilla" (1979; Barbet Schroeder), a documentary; and, at 9:15, "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French).
Dec. 31: At 5:30, "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" (1978; Fred Schepisi), with Tommy Lewis; and, at 7:30, "Le Jour se Lève" ("Daybreak;" 1939; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, and Arletty.
Jan. 1: At 5:30, "Story of a Love Affair" (1950; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Ferdinando Sarmi and Lucia Bosè; at 7:30, "The Third Generation" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Eddie Constantine and Hanna Schygulla; and, at 9:30, "Variety Lights" (1949; Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio.
Jan. 2-3: At 3:45, "A Geisha" (†); at 5:30, "Story of a Love Affair;" at 7:30, "The Third Generation;" and, at 9:30, "Variety Lights."
Jan. 5-6: At 5:30, "Chan Is Missing" (1982; Wayne Wang), with Wood May; at 7:15, "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" (1952; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and, at 9:30, "Joana Francesa" (1973; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jeanne Moreau and Carlos Kroeber.
Jan. 7: At 5:30, "Death by Hanging" (1968; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and, at 7:30, "The Mother and the Whore" (1973; Jean Eustache; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun.
From Jan. 8: At 5:30, "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; at 7:15, "Tout Va Bien" (†); and, at 9, "The Constant Factor" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.
Theatre 2: "Empire of the Sun" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Last Emperor" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Broadcast News" (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 3: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Manon of the Spring" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Broadcast News" (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Dead" (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (Barry Levinson), with Robin Williams.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.
Theatre 2: "September" (Woody Allen).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ironweed" (Hector Babenco), with Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 5: "The Rose King" (1986; directed by Werner Schroeter; in German, Italian, Portuguese, Arabic, and English). From Jan. 6: A two-week program of six new films from Europe, South America, and Asia. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre for titles and time schedules.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Rendez-vous" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Pinocchio and the Emperor of the Night" (Hal Sutherland); and (evenings only) "Walker" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Barfly" (†).
Theatre 2: "September" (Woody Allen).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dark Eyes" (†).
Theatre 3: "Housekeeping" (†).
Theatre 4: "Hope and Glory" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
Theatre 3: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cry Freedom" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
(Matinées only) "Pinocchio and the Emperor of the Night" (Hal Sutherland); and (evenings only) "Dirty Dancing" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Housekeeping" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Ludwig" (1973; Luchino Visconti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. The 268-minute version.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Maurice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Glass Menagerie" (Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dark Eyes" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Repentance" (Tengiz Abuladze; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (Barry Levinson), with Robin Williams.
Theatre 3: "Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 4: "September" (Woody Allen).
Theatre 5: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.
Theatre 6: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles"

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(John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Walker" (†).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Beauty" (directed by Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.
Theatre 3: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 4: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 5: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffery Bloom), with Victoria Tennant.
Theatre 6: "Sign o' the Times" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.
Theatre 3: "Eddie Murphy Raw."
Theatre 4: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.
Theatre 2: "Empire of the Sun" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

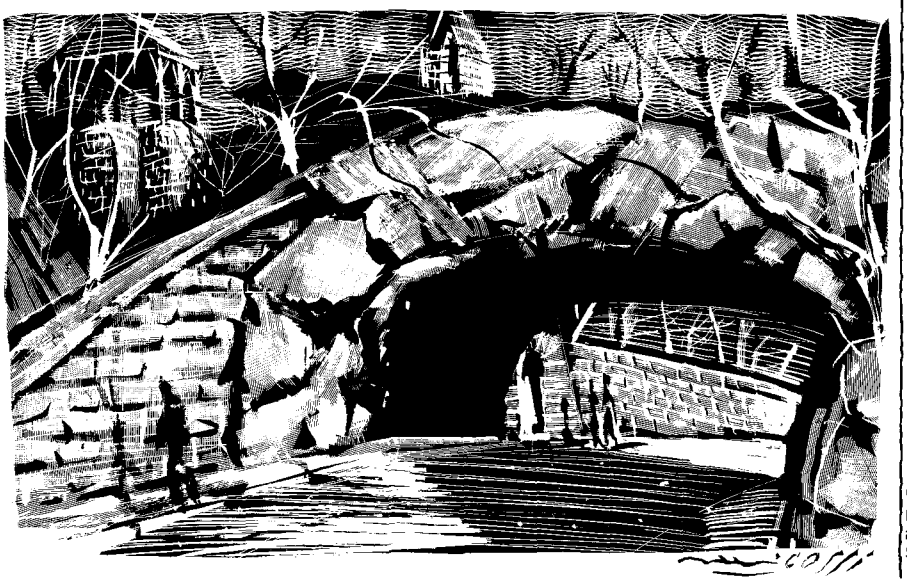
REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 31: "The Glass Menagerie" (1950; directed by Irving Rapper), with Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, and Arthur Kennedy; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.
Jan. 1-2: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Marriage—Italian Style" (1964; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.
Jan. 3: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Rules of the Game" (†).
Jan. 4-5: "Children of Paradise" (†).
Jan. 6-7: "Withnail and I" (1987; Bruce Robinson), with Richard E. Grant and Paul McGann; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (†).
Jan. 8-9: "Solaris" (1976; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and "Aelita" (1924; Yakov Protazanov; a Russian silent film).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 7: "Lord of the Dance" (1987; Richard Kohn).
From Jan. 8: "Doulos—The Finger Man" (1962; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Dec. 30: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea; and "The Goddess" (1958; John Cromwell), with Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges, and Steve Hill.
Dec. 31-Jan. 2: A program of surrealistic films.
Jan. 3: "Fellini Satyricon" (†) and "Fellini's Roma" (†).
Jan. 4: "Don't Look Back" (1967; Donn Pennebaker), with Bob Dylan; and "Monterey Pop" (1969; Donn Pennebaker), a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.
Jan. 5: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (†); and "The Witches of Eastwick" (1987; George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Jan. 6: "Sunset Boulevard" (†); and "Show People" (1928; King Vidor; a silent film), with Marion Davies.
Jan. 7: "Lolita" (†); and "King, Queen, Knave" (1972; Jerzy Skolimowski), with David Niven, Gina Lollobrigida, and John Moulder-Brown.
Jan. 8-9: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†); and "Another Country" (1984; Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 30: "12 Angry Men" (1957; Sidney Lumet), with Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden; and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.
Dec. 31: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn,



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James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

Jan. 1-2: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

Jan. 3-4: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Muriel" (1963; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

Jan. 5: "Laura" (†) and "Night and the City" (†).

Jan. 6: "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

Jan. 7: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

Jan. 8-9: "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre I: Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Death of a Provincial" (1966; directed by Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles) and "Behind the Wall" (1971; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles). ... ¶ Jan. 1 at 2:30: "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. ... ¶ Jan. 1 at 6: "The Year of the Quiet Sun" (1984; Krzysztof Zanussi; in English and Polish, with English subtitles). ... ¶ Jan. 2 at 2: "Round Midnight" (1986; Bertrand Tavernier; in English and French, with English subtitles), with Dexter Gordon. ... ¶ Jan. 2 at 5: "The Structure of Crystals" (1969; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles). ... ¶ Jan. 3 at 2: "Ways in the Night" (1979; Krzysztof Zanussi; in German, with English subtitles). ... ¶ Jan. 3 at 5: "A Sunday in the Country" (1984; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles). ... ¶ Jan. 4 at 2:30: "A Week's Vacation" (1980; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Nathalie Baye. ... ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: "The Constant Factor" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles). ... ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30: "Drama of Jealousy" (1970; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Monica Vitti, and Giancarlo Giannini. ... ¶ Jan. 5 at 6: "Illumination" (1973; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles). ... ¶ Jan. 7 at 2:30: "Mississippi Blues" (1984; Bertrand Tavernier), with Robert Parrish. ... ¶ Jan. 7 at 6: "Krzysztof Penderecki" (1968; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English narration and subtitles); and "Night Duty" (1975; Krzysztof Zanussi; in German, with English subtitles), with Elisabeth Bergner. ... ¶ Jan. 8 at 2:30: "Imperative" (1982; Krzysztof Zanussi; in German, with English subtitles), with Robert Powell, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. ... ¶ Jan. 9 at 2: "A Special Day." ... ¶ Jan. 9 at 5: "Death Watch" (1979; Bertrand Tavernier), with Romy Schneider, Harvey Keitel, Harry Dean Stanton, and Max von Sydow.

Theatre 2: Jan. 1 at 3: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, Robert Duvall, and Diane Keaton. ... ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (1986; Leonard Nimoy), with Nimoy and William Shatner. ... ¶ Jan. 2 at 5:30 and Jan. 3 at 2:30: "The Untouchables" (1987; Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner, Robert De Niro, and Sean Connery. ... ¶ Jan. 3 at 5:30: "Witness" (1985; Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford, Kelly McGillis, and Alexander Godunov. ... ¶ Jan. 4 at 6:30: "48 Hrs." (1982; Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy. ... ¶ Jan. 7 at 3 and 6:30: "Snakes and Ladders" (1987; Mitzi Goldman and Trish Fitzsimmons), a documentary. ... ¶ Jan. 8 at 3: "Sisters" (1972; Brian De Palma), with Margot Kidder and Jennifer Salt. ... ¶ Jan. 8 at 6: "Girl" (1966; Paul Williams); and "Badlands" (1974; Terrence Malick), with Sissy Spacek, Martin Sheen, and Warren Oates. ... ¶ Jan. 9 at 2:30: "True Stories" (1986; David Byrne), with Byrne and Swoosie Kurtz. ... ¶ Jan. 9 at 5:30: "Phantom of the Paradise" (1974; Brian De Palma), with Paul Williams, William Finley, and Jessica Harper.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. ... ¶ Through Jan. 2: "Peter Pan" (1960; Vincent J. Donehue), with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. Showings daily at 12:05, 2:05, and 4:05 (plus 6 on Tuesday evenings). Closed Sundays, Mondays, and New Year's Day.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt and Terrence Rafferty.)

Barfly—The sixty-seven-year-old L.A. poet Charles Bukowski wrote this semi-autobiographical script about his heavy-drinking skid-row days just after the Second World War, when he was a scrappy young man, in his mid- to late twenties. But Mickey Rourke, who plays the role, imitates the tortoise movements of the battle-scarred survivor Bukowski, the writer-philosopher, the sage. This howler gives the movie a comic boost. Rourke twinkles with amusement at doing Bukowski, and the two principal women (Faye Dunaway as a burned-out drinker, Alice Krige as the wealthy publisher of a literary magazine) twinkle back. The movie, though, is big on life affirmation. The director, Barbet Schroeder, wanting to please the Master, inadvertently exposes Bukowski's messianic windbag sensibility at its most self-satisfied. You wouldn't guess at Bukowski's talent from this movie. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Art Greenwich Twin.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and written by Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. With Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Pierre Renoir. In French. (Cinema Village; Jan. 4-5.)

Cry Freedom—Attempting to use the martyrdom of young Stephen Biko (Denzel Washington), the leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, to arouse the audience to the tragic injustice of apartheid, the producer-director Richard Attenborough feels justified in using events out of their historical sequence, compressing them, and distorting freely. The epic collapses before midpoint when Biko is badly beaten while in the custody of the Security Police and dies, in September, 1977, of brain injuries. The story then shifts to the efforts of Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), a white newspaper editor, to escape with his wife and five children, taking with him the manuscript of a book he has written about his friend Biko. And we're painfully aware that despite the movie's hopes of raising the white audience's consciousness, we whites are assumed to need a white man to identify with. Screenplay by John Briley, based on Woods' books "Biko" and "Asking for Trouble." Shot mostly in Zimbabwe; 2 hours and 37 minutes. (11/30/87) (Ziegfeld.)

Dark Eyes—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

The Dead—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; Donal Donnelly is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North. (12/14/87) (Cinema I.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (New Carnegie. Evenings only.)

Empire of the Sun—At the outset, this Steven Spielberg epic is so big and majestic you want to laugh in pleasure, and it stays that way for about forty-five minutes—Spielberg takes over Shanghai, and makes it his city. But then, first in brief patches and then in longer ones, his directing goes terribly wrong. The story, taken from J. G. Ballard's autobiographical novel, is set at the outbreak of the Second World War, and it's about Jim (Christian Bale), an eleven-year-old British schoolboy, who is separated from his parents when the Japanese Army invades the city, on December 8, 1941, and how he changes in order to survive three years of starving in a prison camp. It isn't told straightforwardly,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

though. Spielberg throws himself into bravura passages, lingers over them trying to give them a poetic obsessiveness, and loses his grasp of the narrative. For the sake of emotion—to have something to say, to give the picture some meaning—he pumps it full of false emotion. (That's what his poetry is.) The picture is a combination of craftsmanship and almost unbelievable tastelessness. Every time Spielberg tries to make a humanitarian statement, he falls flat on his face—not just because his statements are so naïve but because they go against the grain of Ballard's material. John Williams' editorializing music swells and swooshes, trying to make you feel that something religious is going on. Christian Bale is a fine performer, directed superlatively; also with John Malkovich, Miranda Richardson, Nigel Havers, and Joe Pantoliano. The adaptation is credited to Tom Stoppard (it was also worked on by Menno Meyjes); the cinematography is by Allen Daviau. Spielberg had permission to shoot in Shanghai for only three weeks; the settings were matched up and constructed in Spain and London. 2 hours and 33 minutes. (12/28/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Beekman, Regency, and National Twin.)

FATAL ATTRACTION—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference; she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy.)

FELLINI SATYRICON (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball, with the debauchery of the pre-Christian Roman world at the time of Nero as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. Fellini draws upon his master entertainer's feelings for the daydreams of the audience, and many people find this film eerie, spellbinding, and even profound. Essentially, though, it's just a hip version of De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross," and it's less entertaining than De Mille's kitsch—maybe because no one is given a role to play; Fellini is the only star. The fresco effect becomes monotonous; we anticipate the end a dozen times. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 3.)

FELLINI'S ROMA (1972)—It's an imperial gesture at documentary: a sketchbook about the city of Fellini's imagination, that love-hate dream-nightmare city which is more familiar to us by now than Rome itself. Some of the images are magisterial and marvellous, like a series of stormy Turners, but whenever there's dialogue or *thought*, the movie is fatuous. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 3.)

A GEISHA (1953)—By the great Kenji Mizoguchi. This shapely film ironically compared the geishas to national treasures—to the Noh theatre, the tea ceremony, Mt. Fuji. Mizoguchi's geishas have a hard time. One of them, only sixteen years old, bites a customer when she realizes what she is meant to do apart from flower-arranging and pouring *sake* and being eternally polite. Her flab-spirited father, who refused to pay for her training, turns up in a sad scene to beg money from her older female mentor. The film's understanding of the relationship between the two women is remarkable and tacit. So is the un-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

derstanding of the men, who sometimes expect of women bent necks and giggles but who once or twice show feeling and love. A masterpiece of quiet attention. In Japanese. —P.G. (Public Theatre; Jan. 2-3, at 3:45.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema.)

Housekeeping—Marilynne Robinson's novel about two orphaned sisters and the nature-loving, itinerant aunt who arrives to keep house for them has a wonderful representation of a psychological state: Aunt Sylvie seems to spend her life falling into a non-verbal world—staring at nothingness. But the novel also has a bag-lady mystique—a poetic view of vagrancy. The idea seems to be that if you give up conventional values and material things you can wander the earth and lead a magical life. Bill Forsyth, who adapted and directed the movie version, doesn't make the material his own; he doesn't find his own rhythms. The early scenes are whimsical and promising, but the later ones have a clammy, awkward lyricism. Since Sylvie is always remote and has to wake up out of her basic trance to respond to a situation, Christine Lahti, who plays the part, can't call on her full resourcefulness. (12/14/87) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives

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3	4	5	6	7	8	9

his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Laura (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors; Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective; and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. (Speaking of Price, she says, "He's no good, but he's what I want. I'm not a nice person, neither is he. . . . We're both weak and can't seem to help it.") Produced and directed by Otto Preminger. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 5.)

Lolita (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy, adapted from Nabokov's novel. James Mason is the smiling, obsequious phony, Humbert Humbert, lover of little girls; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 7.)

The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne—A spinster in spite of her sensual nature, Judy Hearne, who lives in Dublin, is all pretension. Everybody sees through her, and she knows it, but she can't get rid of her own mealymouthed phoniness: it's ingrained in her. Maggie Smith, who plays the part, lets you read every shade of feeling in Judy's face; she makes you feel the ghastliness of knowing you're a figure of fun. Taken from Brian Moore's 1955 novel (a work of surpassing empathy written when he was only twenty-seven), the movie, directed by Jack Clayton, is a phenomenal piece of work. It's about Judy's misunderstanding the attentions of her landlady's brother (Bob Hoskins) and thinking herself to be in the midst of a romance; it's about her isolation, her secret drinking, and her rage against the Church for her wasted life. There has probably never been another movie in which a woman rejected the Church fathers' ready-made answers. Maggie Smith and Wendy Hiller (who plays Judy's tyrannical aunt) are magnificent together, and the cast includes Ian McNeice, who, as the landlady's son, gives the film a baroque touch that helps offset the shallow, virtuous ending, Marie Kean as the landlady, and Rudi Davies as a young slavey. The adaptation is by Peter Nelson. (12/28/87) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French. —T.R. (Plaza.)

Maurice—The director James Ivory painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper, Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. The cast also includes Billie Whitelaw, Judy Parfitt, Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, Helena Michell, and Kitty Alridge. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory, the dark-toned cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

My Beautiful Laundrette (1986)—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs who live on the dole and feel that they're in a dead-end society and the Pakistani immigrants who know that this society is the best they can hope for, and try to move upward by wriggling through the cracks. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), who grew up in this neighborhood, and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, who was born in South London to a Pakistani father and a white English mother, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. Frears has a sensual, highly developed visual style, and he's responsive to the uncouthness and energy in English life—he's responsive to what went into the punk-music scene and to what goes into teen-age-gang life. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. The cinematography is by Oliver Stapleton. (3/10/86) (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 8-9.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ing-

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mari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving perhaps her best performance—as the comedian's mother, whose unused brains and talent have turned her into a morose, irrepressible, howling freak. (Cinema Village; Jan. 6-7.)

Night and the City (1950)—Jules Dassin's shocking specialty—a kind of stifled violence that one fears will explode—finds the right milieu in the Gerald Kersh novel, a complex view of the underside of London entertainment. An Anglo-American cast is headed by Richard Widmark, who has possibly his best role as Harry Fabian, a tout with a creative passion for fantastic, shady schemes. The victims of his double-crossing artistry include Googie Withers, Francis L. Sullivan, Gene Tierney, Herbert Lom, and, as the old-time wrestler pitted against Mike Mazurki, Stanislaus Zbyszko. With Hugh Marlowe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 5.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975)—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast, McMurphy (Jack Nicholson), who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Published in 1962, the book contained the prophetic essence of the whole Vietnam period of revolutionary politics going psychedelic. Miloš Forman, who directed the movie version, must have understood how crude the poetic-paranoid vision of the book would look on the screen after the sixties paranoia had lost its nightmarish buoyancy. Set in 1963, the movie retains most of Kesey's ideas but doesn't diagram them the way the book does. Louise Fletcher gives a masterly performance as Nurse Ratched. And Will Sampson, a towering full-blooded Creek, is very impressive as Chief Broom, the resurrected catatonic. Nicholson, looking punchy, tired, and baffled—and not on top of his character (as he often is)—lets you see into him, rather than controlling what he lets you see. With William Redfield, Brad Dourif, Scatman Crothers, Danny DeVito, Vincent Schiavelli, Sydney Lassick, Louisa Moritz, Marya Small, and Christopher Lloyd. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 5.)

Rendez-vous—An old story: a country girl (Juliette Binoche) comes to Paris, meets some weird people, learns lessons about life and love, and so on. The director, André Téchiné, is too intelligent to treat this material straightforwardly. He complicates the plot by turning it into a reality-and-illusion number: the girl becomes involved with a strange young man (creepy Lambert Wilson), an actor who commits suicide and then haunts her as she struggles through her rehearsals as the lead in "Romeo and Juliet" in a production staged by a sinister director (Jean-Louis Trintignant), who's somehow connected to the suicide's past. But Téchiné's philosophical doodlings on theatre and life, his elegant ghost-story atmospherics, and his extraordinary visual ingenuity aren't enough to give this picture any real substance. It's dense but thin, the work of a filmmaker who, this time around, has a million conceits and virtually no ideas. The movie—made in 1985, before "Scene of the Crime"—was reportedly written (by Téchiné and Olivier Assayas) and shot very quickly, a stopgap undertaken after plans for several others had fallen through. We can sense an artist's frustration in the claustrophobia, the fussiness, the elaborate gloom of "Rendez-vous." Also with Wadeck Stanczak. In French.—T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

The Rules of the Game (1939)—Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece is a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. The party at the country château is a tragicomic world in motion; ironically, once the whole mechanism is spinning the man who begins at the center of it—the romantic aviator (Roland Toutain)—is flicked off. With Marcel Dalio, Julien Carette, Gaston Modot, and Nora Gregor. Released in Paris in 1939 after being cut by the distributors; cut again after violent audience reactions; banned as demoralizing by the Vichy government; and then banned by the Nazis. The original negative was destroyed when the Allies bombed the studios at Boulogne; the picture was reassembled (from two hundred cans of film and bits of soundtrack) and restored in the late fifties. Selected by the 1962 international poll of critics as the third-greatest film ever made. In French. (Cinema Village; Jan. 3.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette" (see above), has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

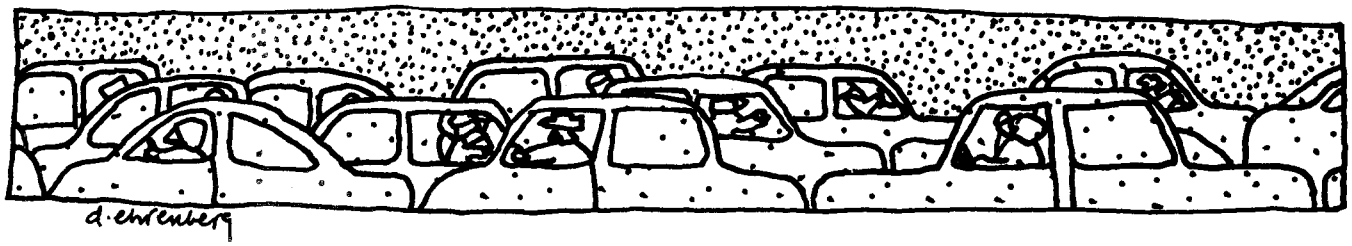
Sign o' the Times—This is by far the most entertaining of Prince's movies, because it's the simplest—just Prince and his wonderful band, in concert, playing a dozen or so numbers and dancing as dirty as they can. There's more than enough to look at and listen to: the stage set, a riotous neon cityscape, is always teeming with strange people (even when Prince is alone on it); the costumes range from bizarre to inconceivable; and the music is mercurial rock-jazz-funk-soul-folk, a roomful of styles all rubbing provocatively against each other. So we don't much mind that the direction (by Prince) is banal—lots of fast cutting and colored smoke—or that brief "allegorical" sequences occasionally deaden the spaces between the songs. Or even that the concert, filmed on Prince's 1987 European tour, ends with the heavy, messagey "The Cross," which puts a bit of a damper on the irresponsible fun of the previous eighty minutes.—T.R. (Criterion Center.)

Sunset Boulevard (1950)—A young scriptwriter (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car, turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard and finds himself at the decaying mansion of the once-great silent star Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), who was once her husband and her director, she lives among the mementos of her past and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of "Salome." The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work with her on the script; he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The acting honors belong to Holden. When he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, his face shows a mixture of pity and guilt and nausea. This brittle satiric tribute to Hollywood's leopard-skin past is almost too clever, yet it's at its best in this cleverness and is slightly banal in the sequences dealing with a normal girl (Nancy Olson) and modern Hollywood. Billy Wilder directed. With Buster Keaton, H. B. Warner, Anna Q. Nilsson, Hedda Hopper, Cecil B. De Mille, Jack Webb, Fred Clark, and Lloyd Gough. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 6.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruption of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Tout Va Bien (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Jean-Luc Godard–Jean-Pierre Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Public Theatre; starting Jan. 8, showings at 7:15.)

Walker—Alex Cox's attempt at a black comedy about U.S. imperialism in Central America is a total disaster. Telling the story of the nineteenth-century adventurer William Walker, who led a band of mercenaries down to Nicaragua and installed himself as President, Cox adopts a style that's sort of spaghetti-Western Brecht: great gobs of blood and didacticism. The movie is full of alienation effects, but they're hardly what Brecht had in mind: instead of forcing us to think, they make us want to flee the theatre. What's most offensive about the movie is its smugness, its absolute assurance that its feeble head-comix humor and its B-movie air of crumminess and callousness somehow guarantee its value. Cox's raggedness is so schematic, so self-satisfied, that we can't detect even a trace of genuine outrage in his satire. It's all attitude, as if he's institutionalized the life-and-art-are-cheap aesthetic of his earlier "Repo Man" and "Sid and Nancy": he's betrayed the punk spirit. And he's managed to make a political movie that's actually more infuriating if you *agree* with its politics. Imperialism stinks, and so does "Walker." Ed Harris plays the title role, glumly, and there are cameos by Marlee Matlin and Peter Boyle. The screenplay is credited to Rudy Wurlitzer. Filmed in Nicaragua, but so what?—T.R. (Waverly, and Metro Cinema. Evenings only.)



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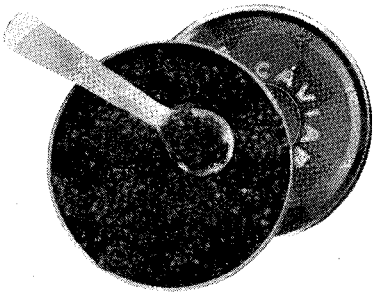

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

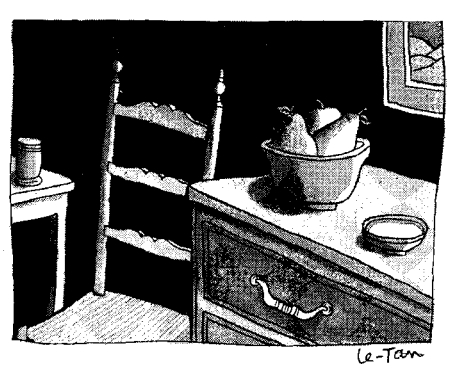
Dull, morbid thoughts are on my mind these days: the usual ones—disease, decrepitude, and the big "D" down in the basement. Monday morning, I walked my wife to her job near Union Square, kissed her goodbye, and headed up Park Avenue toward my office. It was a bright, cold day. I was O.K. until I looked up at Twenty-fourth and saw, in stone, a man's head in the mouth of a lion. At Twenty-seventh, I ducked into the New York Life building and down a subway passage marked "UP AND DOWN TOWN" as a herd of passengers came pouring through two revolving doors revolving so steadily that the doors looked like a machine that stamps out office workers—*whump whump whump*. That and the herd getting off the uptown local with me at Grand Central made me want to duck out, and, because I hadn't done this sort of thing for much too long, I ducked across the platform and got on the No. 4 Woodlawn–Jerome Ave. express just to see where it goes. Owing to the specialized nature of my work, my company doesn't miss me if I arrive a few hours late. Nobody there knows what I do.

The express stopped at Fifty-ninth and at Eighty-sixth, then put its head down and raced up to 125th, and around 160th it came up out of the ground. Yankee Stadium slipped by—a slice of green field and the famous overhang—and a couple miles of Bronx, and at the last stop I got out and looked around.

It was magnificent, exactly how the end of the line should look: wide open, like the edge of town, where the buildings end and the woods and pasture begin—the Manhattan-Wisconsin border. Except the pasture turned out to be the Mosholu Golf Course, where some bulky guys on a nearby green were practicing their short putts, and the woods was a cemetery.

I crossed Jerome and walked in the gate. Woodlawn Cemetery. A man sat and eyed me from a guardhouse, and I tried to look purposeful: marched straight by and down one fork as if heading for my own crypt. It's a fabulous cemetery. The roads wind among ornamental groves and solemn granite temples to the dead—twelve- and fifteen-foot-high mausoleums spaced like tourist cabins in the trees and interspersed with stone catafalques and pedestals and obelisks the size of ICBMs. One temple contained Heckschers, another some Woolworths guarded by a pair of sphinxes, and, farther on, a stone archangel with trumpet in hand gazed down upon eight members of the Martens family whom he had summoned, presumably to a rich reward. One temple boasted glass windows with actual draperies inside (bleached by years of sunlight); others had stained glass. A weeping female figure strewed flowers. A bronze maiden clutched at the door to a tomb. Figures sagged in grief, heads bowed at the immensity of the loss, and a girl with long hair sat pensively in front of the Oelsners' tomb as if waiting for them to come out and go to the movies.

The tasteless excess and gargantuan self-worship and ostentation of grief were making me silly. When I came around a bend and saw a line of black limousines parked on a crossroad and a crowd of people at the far end, I decided to go up and attend the funeral. I straightened my tie and shot my cuffs. Then I heard a squawk, and a kid with a walkie-talkie in his jacket pocket stepped out from behind the last car. He said, "Pardon me, sir. I'm sorry, but I can't let you come up this way. Thanks. Thanks a lot."



I asked what was going on up the hill.

"Making a movie," he said.

"Really? What's the name of it?"

" 'Sanctuary.' It's a feature picture."

So I took the next road over, walked up the hill and cut around behind some temples, and ambled toward the movie-making—toward a bunch of men in blue and green parkas, their backs to me, watching a funeral. A mahogany-brown metal coffin decked with dozens of scarlet roses sat on a bier draped with green, a silver-haired Catholic priest at the head of it with a teen-age acolyte in a white smock, and forty-some mourners, all in black, stood in four rows to one side, a short woman in black to the other. She wore a long black veil. Uphill from the priest, in front of a ten-foot stone cross, sat an angel, hand over its heart as if reciting the Pledge of Allegiance. Nearby, a woman perched on a step-ladder, holding a mike boom, and behind the veiled woman were a camera, on a dolly resting on a short steel-tube track, and two sheets of white fabric on steel frames, like two upright trampolines.

"Those are reflectors," a man in a parka told me. "The light is good, so we don't need to bring in lights, anyway, thank goodness. Otherwise, we'd be even farther behind than we are." He was a makeup man. As a beautiful woman in a long black coat approached, he studied her, and when

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she sat down—in a canvas chair labelled "Michael"—he went over and touched up her left eyebrow with a pencil. Her coat almost concealed white running shoes and thick pink socks. Other chairs were labelled "Zena," "Nuzo," and "Don." A man wearing earphones fiddled with a stack of recording gear near a pile of equipment boxes. He jumped a little when a man clapped his hands near the boom mike—a man in a blue baseball cap, faded bluejeans, white running shoes, and a gray sweater with a long red stripe down each arm. "Pay attention, folks," this man said. "Let me give you some direction." All the mourners stopped gabbing and listened. They wore black suits and coats, some had black hats. Most of them seemed to be young men with oiled black hair and good-sized beaks. I asked the makeup man if this was a gangster movie.

"You got it," he said.

"Places! Places, everyone!" somebody yelled.

I watched them shoot one scene four times: The priest, who wore a pink skullcap, said, "Let us pray. Lord Jesus Christ, by the three days you lay in the tomb you made holy the graves of all those who believe in you. . . . Give our brother peaceful rest in this tomb," and sprinkled the coffin with holy water, four shakes. The mourners crossed themselves, and he turned to them and said, consolingly, "It's nice to see the family pull together in this most tragic moment," and a moment later, as the back row of black figures began to move down the slope toward the limos on the road (drivers standing at attention beside them), the woman in the black veil threw herself grief-stricken upon the coffin and wailed, "Gino! Gino! My bambino!" Each time the mourners crossed themselves (top, bottom, left, right), they got a little smoother, and Gino's mom missed him more.

Before each shot, somebody yelled "Places! Places everyone! Same shot!" and the mourners took their places, and the director said "Rolling!"—the word relayed by outlying sentries ("Rolling!" . . . "Rolling!" . . . "Rolling!" . . . "Rolling!")—and then said "Action!" and the priest prayed and sprinkled, the crowd of black coats crossed themselves, he consoled, they moved away down the slope, and she threw herself and wept. Every single time, she hit the grief right on the money: "Gino! Gino! My bambino!"

"I'm getting an awful lot of rustling when they come down through the leaves," the sound man said. "We gotta lay down some rubber mats."

I was the only bystander. Everyone else had a job to do. Some people wandered around between takes, but when the man yelled "Places!" everyone jumped to attention, even the limo drivers in the background—everyone but me. I hung around and watched some closeup takes, including two more Gino-Gino-my-bambinos, and finally, feeling definitely out of place (and it was eleven-thirty), I hiked out past the line of limos and then past the temples and fainting stone figures to the subway terminal and caught the No. 4 express downtown. I was alone in the next-to-last car until a bunch of teen-age girls got on at 183rd. They whooped it up and talked about parties and dancing and boys all the way to Forty-second. I've never heard girls talk as dirty as that, and after the mausoleums it sounded wonderful. I'm telling you right now, I want to be cremated, and no tombstone, either. Just take what's left of me out to where my grandma and Uncle Jim are, make them scoot over, and put me down in the middle.

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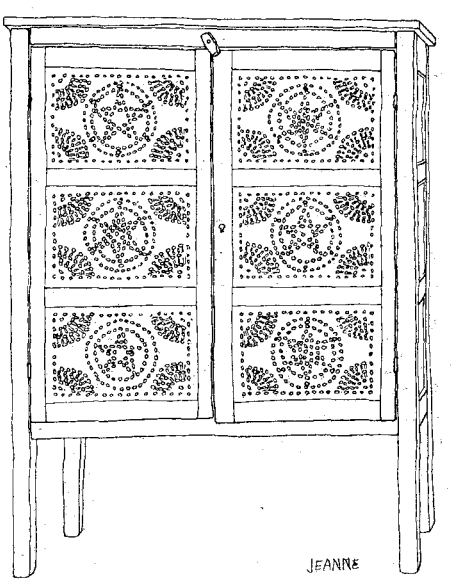
Sing-In

THERE was a lot of backslapping and hearty handshaking backstage at Avery Fisher Hall the other evening as the conductors and the soloists for the annual "Messiah Sing-In" assembled in the greenroom and greeted each other. "Hello, hello," said Fenno Heath, the director of the Yale Glee Club, who had arrived from New Haven carrying his tailcoat in a Brooks Brothers shopping bag.

Sherrill Milnes, who two years ago had both sung and conducted at the sing-in but this year had come back only to conduct, was in fine spirits. He seemed to regard directing other singers as a kind of night off, and was wearing a shirt that he can't wear when he sings, because the wing collar is cut too high in the front and presses into his larynx. Mr. Milnes traces his affection for "Messiah" back to his childhood, in Downers Grove, Illinois, when he accompanied his parents to their choir rehearsals and memorized not only the music but the page numbers in the Schirmer score.



Joseph Flummerfelt, the artistic director of the Westminster Choir College, in Princeton, and the chorus master of the New York Philharmonic, took a seat next to Mr. Milnes. "Which chorus will you be conducting?" Mr. Milnes asked.

"'Lift up your heads, O ye gates,'" Mr. Flummerfelt answered.

"Page 144," Mr. Milnes said.

Meanwhile, across the street, at the Saloon Grill, the Gramercy Park Choral Society and Parachute Club had convened for its annual pre-sing-in warmup, which consisted mostly of drinking red wine. Stephen Latham, an environmental lawyer who founded the society, sixteen years ago, in order to qualify for the sing-in's group discount, said that the members had not been rehearsing but that he had been listening to his favorite recording—the one with the blue-and-yellow cover with the angels on the front.

At seven-ten, back in the greenroom, Martin Josman, the director of the National Choral Council and the founder of the sing-in, read the roll, and at seven-thirty the backstage elevator, big enough to carry a grand piano, was filled with arpeggios and laughter as the soloists and conductors rode down one floor to the stage level. The soloists took their seats on the stage; the conductors took theirs in the first two rows of the audience; the G.P.C.S. & P.C. was about halfway back, in rows Y, Z, and AA.

Mr. Josman stepped up to a microphone and greeted us all. "We are here to fill this glorious place with sound," he said, and then, without further ado—without any scales or exercises—we were off and running. Mr. Josman led us in the first chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," and we tore into it with such gusto that when he signalled for us to stop at the letter A we kept right on singing through the end of the phrase.

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"I have a feeling that the level of vocalism in this group is very high," he said. "But you don't watch." He urged us to hold our scores up high, so that we could read our music and see his cues at the same time. We started over, singing respectably, all things considered, and some of us, singing soprano, surprised ourselves by shinnying up the scale to the big high A on "Lord." The soloists and all the conductors sang, too. Just before the three quarter rests that precede the four majestic final chords, Mr. Josman cut us off, and we obeyed, to his amazement.

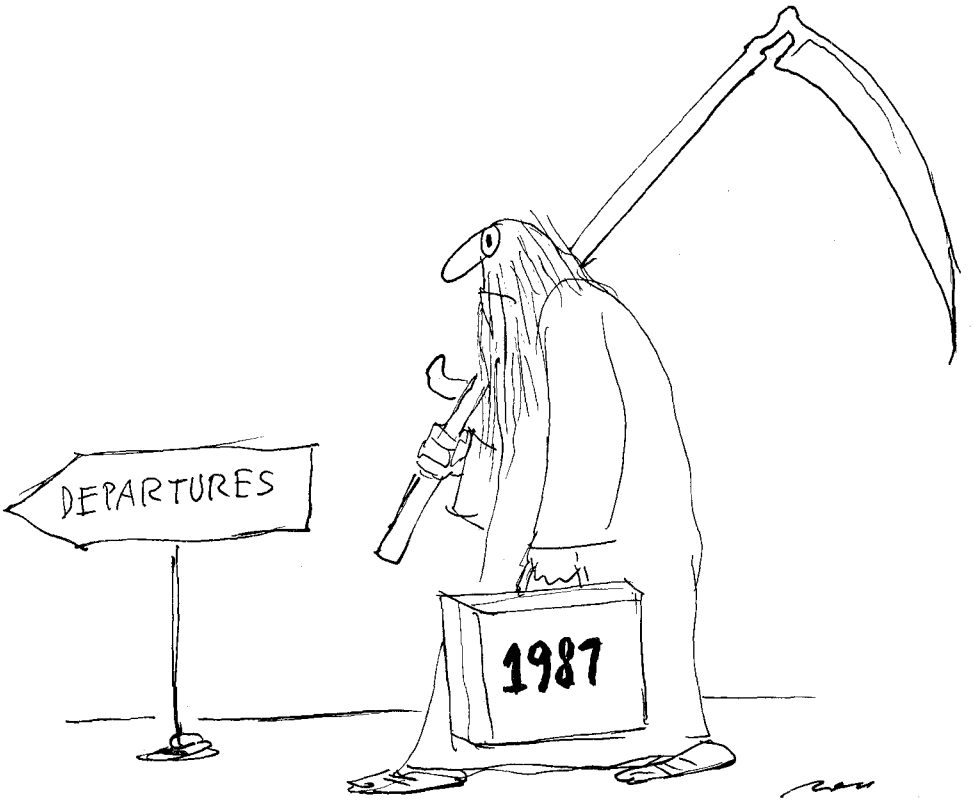
We took the next chorus, "And He shall purify," at a good clip, skidding all over the place on the coloratura, and found the brakes just in time for the last "in *right*-eous-ness." "May I congratulate you?" David Randolph, the music director of the Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, said. "That tempo was inhuman."

Before long, we found ourselves at Mr. Milnes' chorus, "For unto us a Child is born." He asked us all to sing the first seven bars of the bass line in unison. When we were three-fourths of the way through the fioritura and about to gasp for air, he said, mercilessly, "No breath." We persevered. "Too much 's,' " he said when we got to the "us." "Eat the 's.' " At "*Won*-der-ful! *Coun*-sel-lor!" he stretched his arms high overhead, and we gave him all we had.

Peter Schubert, the conductor of the Barnard-Columbia Chorus and of the New Calliope Singers, took the podium for the last chorus in Part I, "His yoke is easy," in which, he said, "the technical demands are completely at odds with the aesthetic intention." He told us, "I was impressed with your coloratura in 'And He shall purify,' " and though all of us recognized this flattery for what it was—a ploy to get us to concentrate a little harder—we chose to believe that we weren't sounding so bad after all.

Marguerite Brooks, the director of choral conducting at Yale, guided us into "Behold the Lamb of God," which opens Part II. "With this chorus," she said, "we arrive at a pivotal point in the work, the transition from the joy of the Nativity to the drama of the Passion—and to that part of the work that most people don't know too well." And, indeed, our ranks were sounding thinner.

Choruses 24, 25, and 26 were taken in a row, *attacca*, so as not to leave us all hanging on a dominant chord.



For "Surely He hath borne our griefs," Johannes Somary, the music director of the Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, asked us please to remember that when we sang piano the consonants were still forte, and to sing "*Su*-re-ly," as if the word had three syllables. We tried it for him. "That has no guts," he said, and we did it again, better. Beverly Taylor, the associate director of choral activities at Harvard, asked us to respect the three different dynamic levels in "And with His stripes we are healed," with the main theme—what she called "this jagged indication of the stripes given Jesus"—to be sung forte. In "All we like sheep have gone astray," Lyndon Woodside, the music director of the Oratorio Society of New York, asked us to "bounce" the second phrase—"as if you were enjoying going astray."

And then we arrived at what Newell Jenkins, the music director and conductor of the Clarion Concerts, called "the high low point": "He trusted in God." "All hope is abandoned," Mr. Jenkins said. "There is a lot of bitterness here, a lot of skepticism—this brings out in the voice something harsh, and that's what we're looking for." The basses led off strongly and got the rest of us riled up; we all entered into the jeering spirit of the music, and relished the scorn of the ending, triple forte.

Before launching into "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," the only five-part chorus in "Messiah," Mr. Flummerfelt took a poll: "How many second sopranos do we have?" There was a show of maybe twenty hands. "Nobody ever wants to sing second soprano," he lamented.

By this time, we were all flagging. "Come in, sopranos," Andrew Housholder, the music director of the Choral Arts Society at N.Y.U., chided when the sopranos missed their cue at the opening of "Let us break their bonds asunder." We were grateful for the tenor aria, "Thou shalt break them," which Stephen Oosting delivered with fire and brimstone: we seized the opportunity to rest up for our big moment, just ahead.

Then Mr. Heath stepped to the podium and, borrowing a line that Mr. Jenkins had used a few years before, said, "Let's make this a cosmic dance in Heaven." Kenneth Bowen gave the three-bar introduction on the organ, and, three thousand voices as one, we sang "*Hal*-le-lu-jah!" For the first time all evening, there was no groping for notes, no sliding onto pitch, no moment's hesitation. We got goosebumps.

"The absolutely amazing thing about Handel's 'Messiah' is that he

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builds to this great, great chorus, and yet it is not the climax or the close of the work," Mr. Josman said. "How do you follow this chorus? Handel knows how."

David Amram, a composer himself, called our attention to the unusual harmonies in "Since by man came death," the opening bars of which—awful news—are written to be sung a cappella. "Oh, my God!" someone gasped.

And then we were into the home stretch. Harold Rosenbaum, the conductor of the Canticum Novum Singers, warned us to be on the lookout for changes in tempo in "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," reminded us that andante is faster than largo, and exhorted us "to tune in to the grandeur, the dignity, and the emotion of this mighty final movement, which is layer upon layer of ecstasy."

We got lost, as we do every year, in the "Amen"s, and thought for a moment that we'd never find our way home, but, suddenly, there we were, eleven bars from the end and back on pitch. When we sang the final "A-men," we meant it.

This year, as every year, while the audience filed out, the Gramercy Park Choral Society and Parachute Club started "O come, all ye faithful," and everybody joined in. This crowd knew all the verses. We made our way down the escalator and out into the crisp night air. Steam was rising from the fountain. A man with a Southern accent said, "This is the kind of thing that if you saw it in a movie starring Jimmy Stewart—all these people leaving Avery Fisher Hall, in New York City, singing Christmas carols—you'd say to yourself, 'No way would this ever happen.' "

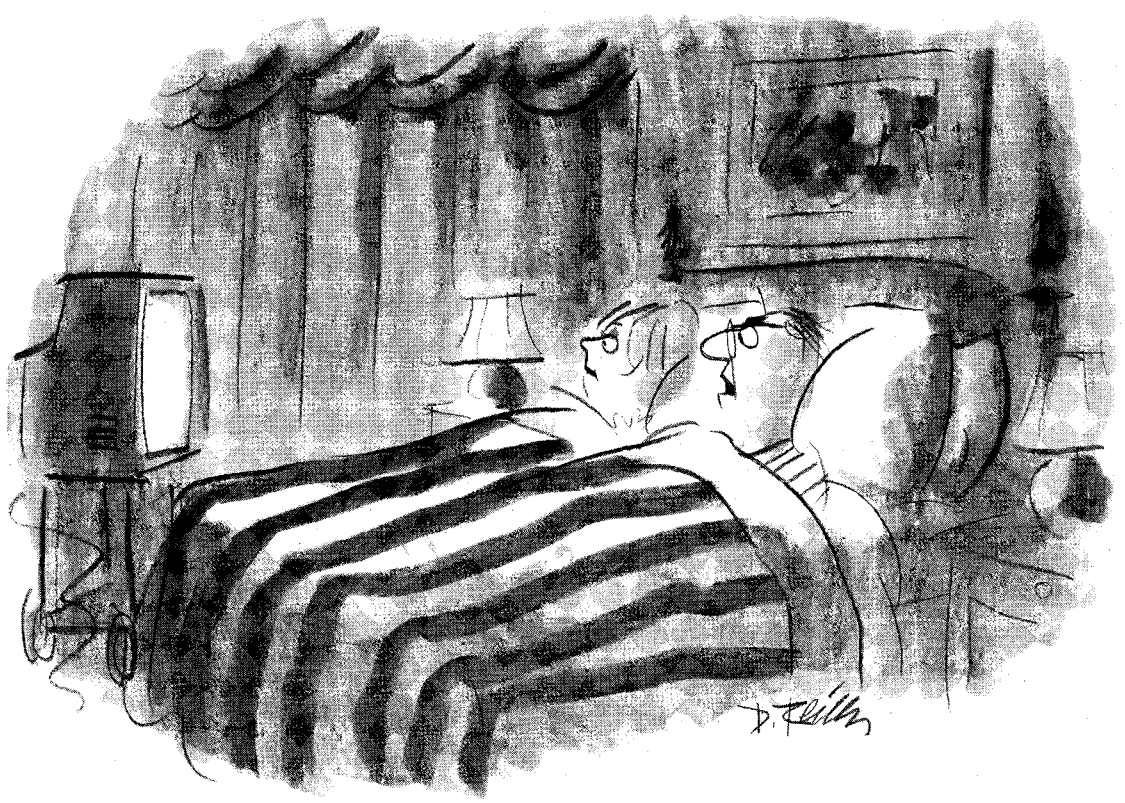
Lincoln Tunnel

BY anybody's standards, the Lincoln Tunnel is a big deal. It's the busiest underwater highway tunnel in the world, handling an average of a hundred and twenty thousand vehicles a day. In Weehawken, the Lincoln Tunnel is a *really* big deal. New York City boasts a number of major bridges and tunnels. Weehawken, where the Lincoln Tunnel debouches in New Jersey, boasts one. It therefore seemed right that the recent ceremonies commemorating the tunnel's fiftieth anniversary should take place there.

The Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, as the operator of the tunnel, threw the party. It was a mid-sized event. "The George Washington Bridge we did very big," Mark Marchese, of the Port Authority's public-affairs department, told us. "With a tunnel, it's different. It's harder to do something, because whatever you do is obscured. We had a baby born in the tunnel. They were trying to locate him for this, but I don't think they were successful." The organizers of the ceremonies *were* successful in locating a six-foot-high photograph of Abraham Lincoln, which they surrounded with bunting and hung above the tunnel's western portal, near a neon "50TH." In front of the tunnel's center tube (there are three tubes, and the center one had been closed for the occasion), four 1937-model automobiles stood ready for a ceremonial spin through the tunnel with, as Mr. Marchese put it, "the dignitaries on board."

Among the dignitaries present was Weehawken's mayor, Stanley Iacono, a short, dapper man wearing a pinstriped suit and a navy-blue necktie that bore the message "Weehawken, The Little Apple." We asked Mayor Iacono about his tie. "I had this designed," he said proudly. "A Weehawken resident designed it. Cerruti. You know Cerruti clothes? This Cerruti's a relative. New York's the Big Apple, but we're the Little Apple. If Koch were here, I'd be glad to give him one." The city at the other end of the tunnel was being represented that day by Transportation Commissioner Ross Sandler. "Any time Koch comes to Weehawken, I'll be glad to give him a tie," Mayor Iacono repeated.

Larry Hughes, who may or may not have been invited, turned up. Mr. Hughes, a muscular, sandy-haired young man who works in the Lincoln Tunnel as a "facility-operations agent"—he uses the term with a certain wryness—arrived in a catwalk car: a one-man vehicle that runs on a rail affixed to the wall of a tube. "He's been down in the hole," another tunnel worker explained. "Soon as they



"F.D.R. wore a cloak. I can't see any of these guys wearing a cloak."

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see the tunnel's closed, they shoot out of there. They set up a dummy in the booth." A facility-operations agent's work, Mr. Hughes said, consists of "sitting in the booth and responding to accidents." He was carrying a battered-looking helmet, which he needed, he said, "because people don't always stop when you're out there in the road."

A steady, cold rain had driven the ceremony into the mouth of the center tube, and Mr. Hughes and some of his co-workers were standing on the catwalk watching. Beneath them were perhaps thirty people—officials, reporters, members of TV crews. A red-white-and-blue ribbon was hung from wall to wall, and beyond the ribbon stretched the silent white-tiled curve of the tube.

We asked Mr. Hughes if he often saw the press in the course of his job.

"For the big accidents, we usually get 'em," he said.

Philip Kaltenbacher, the chairman of the Port Authority, and Mayor Iacono seized an unwieldy pair of giant gold scissors and, while flashbulbs popped, started sawing away at the ribbon. "Somebody shoulda sharpened the scissors!" one of the workers on the catwalk called. The ribbon was severed eventually, to scattered applause, but the drive-through idea was abandoned (perhaps because long lines of traffic were now backed up at the two other tubes) in favor of a quick photo session with the vintage cars: a Buick Limited, a Packard, and two La Salles. A chartered bus then ferried us over to Shanghai Red's, a Weehawken waterfront restaurant, where the Port Authority was laying on a luncheon.

There were speeches, and afterward somebody started playing "New York, New York" and "Guantanamera" on an electric guitar while the crowd—which had suddenly grown to a couple of hundred, and seemed to consist largely of white males in business suits—headed for the buffet tables and the open bar. We took a look at an exhibit on the history of the Lincoln Tunnel, and particularly liked the photographs: nineteen circus elephants walking through the tunnel late one night in 1971 (a fifty-cent toll was paid for each animal), their eyes glinting weirdly in the photographer's flash; "Omero Catan, first autoist paying toll . . . December 22, 1937;" workers scrubbing the tunnel walls with long-handled brushes in 1938.

"Oh, my God! It's alive with the sound of music."

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On video monitors scattered around Shanghai Red's—a vast establishment, packed to the rafters with period furniture and décor—a Port Authority educational film, made in the late thirties and called "Conquest of the Hudson," was playing: steam shovels at work, sandhogs popping their ears, mud from the riverbed oozing through the huge steel "shield" used to cut the tunnel, and a lower, far less crowded Manhattan skyline than the one visible through the restaurant's picture windows. We found ourself gazing out through those windows at the winter-brown Palisades, the rubble-lined waterfront, the cloud-shrouded buildings of Manhattan, and, looking quite unconquered, the gray-green, rain-whipped river, below which (nearly a hundred feet below in places) the Lincoln Tunnel runs. Talk of an exclusive bus lane swirled around us, but our thoughts were far away. How long we drifted there, dreaming among the video sandhogs and the floral upholstery, we don't know. All we know is that sometime later we found ourself sitting at a table with Robert Lyons, the manager of the Lincoln Tunnel, and Roger Gilman, a retired official of the Port Authority, and eating catered pasta.

Mr. Lyons, a ruddy-faced man in his fifties, said, "We're growing from just a vehicular facility to one that has taken on the posture of more a mass-transportation facility."

Mr. Gilman, a gray-haired man in his seventies, who went to work at the Port Authority six months before the Lincoln Tunnel opened, recalled that he and his colleagues had been seriously alarmed when they found, in early 1938, that only two thousand vehicles were using the tunnel each day. "That was only a thousand dollars in tolls," he said. "We didn't know how the tunnel was going to pay for itself."

On the bus that bore us away from Shanghai Red's, Tommy Gamaro, the driver, was prepared to testify that traffic had increased. "I drive this bus through the tunnel every morning," he said. "Today, I sat there for an hour and a half trying to get through the toll plaza. I got passengers who leave home at 6 A.M. so they can get to work by 9 A.M., and sometimes they *still* don't make it. I know it's unconstitutional to tell people you can't take your car in here, but something's got to be done—something that cuts to the root of the problem. There's just millions of cars with only one person in them. The volume between New York and New Jersey is just tremendous. You got a major metropolitan situation here."

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A LAZOFSKY

APRIL 12TH:

I TAKE Ma out of the Home for the day. She's wearing a hat with a wide brim and a gauze veil to protect her skin from the sun. We are dressed up—I am in a striped summer suit with a shirt and tie—and Ma walks to my car in full step, highly motivated. We are going to visit my brother Ronald, in Teaneck.

Ronald finds Ma doesn't communicate well anymore. His wife, Doris, says, "Let's face it—Ma isn't getting any younger." Ma is eighty-nine. She sits quietly for a minute, then asks if we remember Harold Tanney. We remember the name—the son of a friend of Ma's.

"Harold Tanney's wife, Hortense," says Ma, "brought home her poor old mother, who is ill and needs careful watching, so Harold Tanney gave up his place in bed and sleeps in the hallway, while his wife, Hortense, sleeps with her poor old mother."

"Harold Tanney has to be out of his mind," says Doris.

APRIL 17TH:

MA begs me, implores me, to take her back to her old apartment: "Just for a little while, Leon."

I try to convince her that the old neighborhood is completely finished, that there isn't a sound brick in the whole block, that there is nothing left in her part of the Bronx but rubbish and rot. She stands in the doorway of her room waving goodbye. I wave back. Distress passes over her face something awful.

MAY 6TH:

THE social worker tells me that Ma's been washing towels in the toilet bowl again. I mention it to Ma, but she's not listening. She's thinking back to a time fifty years ago.

"When there was no food in the house, I made do with the scrapings from the breadbox and we managed a whole month. When vegetables were in season, I did them up in mixtures. With chopped onions, carrots, turnips, and even peas I could make any kind of stew. We ate all week."

On my way out of Ma's room, a door opened along the narrow passageway and a man in a dressing gown imparted a message to Ma that the menu at the dinner table was gefilte-fish appetizer, barley soup, chicken with potato pancakes, and homemade honey cake. "Just so you shouldn't leave the table hungry, Missus."

MAY 13TH:

MA wears a silver-fox fur piece and a white kettle hat. We are driving to visit Ronald and Doris again. Ma's vitality is fantastic today—absolutely marvellous. Doris has prepared a chicken dinner, and during the meal Ma is amused by her own image in a soup spoon: "Who is that person, Leon?"

After we eat, we go into the living room and I tell Ronald and Doris that Ma remembers Slobodka in 1910 and that each time the details get better. I ask her to tell us about her home town.

"In Slobodka . . . there were barnyard noises . . . roosters . . . cows . . . and sheep. . . . When it rained . . . the dusty roads were deep in mud. . . . My family had a small garden in the back . . . for vegetables. . . . On the right . . . a narrow pathway led to an old tower. . . . In back . . . to the left . . . on the same road . . . you can get to the wooden synagogue . . . and then . . . the wooden houses . . . one by one in a crooked row. In the last house lives a man, Lazofsky, in his fifties. . . . Married with two children . . . Zlota, a girl, twelve . . . and Ruven, a boy of eight. His wife, Hannah, is five years older than Lazofsky."

Doris yawns. "Lazofsky?" she says. "What's a lazofsky?"

Ma smiles. "Hazel," she says, "I'm not so dumb. You'd never guess that I breast-fed little Ronald—and what a fine, fat, pink baby he was." Ma is mixing up Doris again with my brother's first wife.

"It's not Hazel," says Ronald. "It's Doris, Ma. Doris."

I suggest to Ronald that Ma stay at his place for a week or two, that the change might do her a great deal of good. Doris complains that she doesn't care for a change. Ronald puts his feet up on the table. He lets out a deep sigh. He is wearing slippers embroidered with kittens running around the sides. He sits there at his ease, as his hi-fi plays Handel's Sarabande.

MAY 21ST:

I GET a phone call from the Home that Ma is "sinking." I'm in tears as I drive out there, thinking of Ma and the old days. When I arrive, she is feeling better and walking around a bit. I tell her that I was singing "Barney Google" on my way over, and she says, "Meshugana, you're a scatterbrain and always was one."

JUNE 3RD:

MA enjoys going out to the diner today. She doesn't walk—she seems to gravitate. Feeding her has become a circus act of knife, fork, spoon, open, chew, swallow. People at the other tables enjoy watching; we have become diner celebrities.

I remind Ma of a famous meal from years ago: "Remember old Cohn?"

"That bandit!" Ma had met Cohn, a widower, on a bench at the Lion House in the Bronx Zoo. A week later he told her that they should get married. Our flat quickly filled up with widows; some came to meet Cohn, some to steal him away.

"How come you asked all those women to the house, Ma?" I say.

"When the widows saw how much he ate, they lost their appetite for him. He swallowed everything." Ma says she had prepared delicatessen—pastrami and corned beef, young pickles stiff and springy, and a half-dozen "specials." Cohn struck the dish with his knife and attacked the first "special," sticking the fork into it as it quivered, red and pink. Extending his tongue to meet it halfway, he bit it, shaking his head and ripping at pieces of rye bread. Coleslaw and potato salad with the bread, back and forth, old Cohn's eyes rolling into his head to watch his swallows going down. . . .

"What happened to the marriage, Ma?"

Ma shrugs. "Old Cohn disappeared the same way he came. Winter was over and he was back in the Bronx Zoo, where he belonged."

I am astonished by Ma's recall of that meal.

JUNE 10TH:

THE way Ronald was lounging around when Ma and I came in, I thought he had forgotten us. He was

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sitting at the wide-open window, looking at the sky through a telescope. He had a dazed, dreamy expression and didn't like being disturbed. "See the stars in the Belt of Orion? They look like they're heading over to join the Seven Sisters. You see, Leon, I could have spotted Betelgeuse myself."

The meal consists of sardines, sesame wheat, and cucumber soup. Ronald and Doris are on a strict diet. Ma likes chicken and is disappointed with Doris's menu. She complains that she is lost in America. Doris ahs and bahs about senility resulting from old age often accompanied by marked deterioration. Doris was a surgical nurse in former years.

I suggest to Ronald that we go look for a good nursing home for Ma up around Hurleyville, in the Catskills. "The country life! That's for Ma! Open spaces, forests—poultry and chickens, if you will."

Doris is disturbed. "Leon," she says, "did you notice that Ronald looks lost in his old clothes? Especially his pants, which have nothing to hold on to he's gotten so thin." I try returning to the subject of Ma's future in the country, but Ronald puts another record on the machine and adds sternly, "Albinoni's Adagio."

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JUNE 20TH:

WHEN no one comes to the Home to see Ma, she sits alone in her armchair, gazing at the wall. I've come in quietly. Spotting me, she says, "Where did everybody go?" She wants to visit with my family and maybe stay a few weeks.

I bring her home, but it's not like the old days. My wife, Sally, and I and our two sons come and go. Ma feels neglected. At dinnertime I have to fetch her from her room. She says Sally doesn't want her. I bring her a brandy and she comes out. She doesn't care for our cat, Myrtle, and says its nose is too large. Myrtle is very friendly, hoping for some of the chicken Ma is eating. Ma talks to Myrtle in Yiddish and gives her a piece of drumstick. My wife reminds me how her late father had gone to work well into his eighties and then, when he was taken ill, "had no place to lay his head." I remind her that back then we had only three rooms, that our two sons were in one bedroom, that my studio was in our bedroom next to the fire escape, and that the only place for her father would have been on my lap at my desk.

JUNE 30TH:

COUSIN BEN, a correspondent and columnist for a Jewish daily, bounces into the Home today. He goes quickly from office to office, making a gesture with his thumb and index finger—the "O.K." sign from the fifties Ballantine-beer ads. The administrators at the Home know Ben and welcome him with handshakes, hoping for publicity articles and pretending that Ma is special.

Ben and I go up to Ma's room. Her nurse, Mrs. Caplan, a comely woman of forty or so, comes in and Ma asks if she's married or single. Mrs. Caplan says, "Occupied, my dear." So Ma asks Ben if he'd like to meet a nice social worker. Cousin Ben, a bachelor in his sixties, has been left high and dry without personal family, and has become a "goody," visiting Ma at the Home with uneven frequency. Ma has never figured how Cousin Ben stays unmarried after all these years, especially since his newspaper job includes the Bintel Brief column of advice to the lovelorn. "Dear Editor, We're two sisters in love with the same man. Our names are S. and G., and we're smitten with a boy who's deceived both of us."

Ben and I take Ma out for a drive into the city, and on a side street in the East Village I see a couple in a loving embrace on top of a station wagon. I don't have my watch, so I stop the car, lean out of the window, and ask them for the right time.

When we drive off, Ben explodes in a tirade. He says to Ma that my head's not screwed on right. "The insolence of it! Your behavior," he tells me, "is unbelievable. You're capable of anything—a cataract of base instincts."

Ben is wearing a celluloid collar that he's been using for years to save on shirt and laundry costs, washing the finger and sweat marks with a sponge.

JULY 9TH:

I GO into the dispensary with Ma for her weekly checkup. Dr. Steinberg is almost as old as Ma. He moves slowly and like an automaton. First he goes around his desk once or twice, then he goes around again. Ma says her trouble is insomnia.

The doctor applies the stethoscope. "There's nothing to worry about," he says, as if addressing a crowd far in the distance. He climbs up a ladder to the cabinet where he keeps his sam-

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ples. He suggests pills from every shelf: "There's something for every disorder, for every obsession."

Back in her room, Ma says, "Listen to me, Leon. Gingold passed away and Mrs. Kelly passed away and Mrs. Segal passed away only this summer. All the old people sitting on the benches fell over one by one this year."

"Passed away, Ma? A person dies. Nobody passes away."

"You're all alike," Ma says.

AUGUST 1ST:

MA doesn't walk in the garden, because there's no one to walk with. She makes friends at the Home, but they don't last. She says she's all skin and bones.

I assure her that she doesn't look as bad to others as she does to herself. "You have the face of a girl, Ma. Even your hair glows. How is it to be old, Ma?"

Ma explains that age means knowing she'll never feel perfectly well again, never move easily or hear or see well. She speaks of family life as it was before the Second World War. "Our neighborhood had plenty of old people. In those days families lived together—grandma, grandpa, aunts, parents, children, all in one apartment."

I tell Ma that more and more, as I look into the mirror, it's her face looking out at me. My sister Marion has nice ears. Ronald and I have European ears. Some of our uncles have bat ears. A donkey or two.

AUGUST 10TH:

"WELL, bust my shocks . . . this is Big Monroe, good buddy . . . swattin' flies and kickin' tires. . . ."

Ma and I have come down to Miami to visit Marion and her husband, Monroe. He's got a citizens-band radio in his Cadillac and talks road tough. I've come here with a plan. If Ma could stay at Marion's over the summer, she would have a grand vacation and get out of the Home. I could break up Ma's time with visits to my house. It would spark Ronald, and I might slip Ma under his door. But I can't help bad-mouthing Miami, and say I'd never live here because the water table is running out. Marion and Monroe don't like to hear that, and I never get my plan for Ma on track.

"Up the hills an' down the dales . . . haulin' chickens in my flatbed . . ." *Poulet crémaillère*. Monroe is picking up all the restaurant tabs, using credit cards by the score, inserting them everywhere, pulling out money from cracks in the wall. I don't care for the million-dollar homes sitting on top of each other, and say so.

"Smokey on my tail . . . cuttin' fog in an eighteen-wheeler . . ." There is too much heavenly hash flying around, and I leave with Ma, without accomplishing my mission.

SEPTEMBER 10TH:

IT'S Ma's ninetieth birthday, and we've all come together at my house. Marion is dressed in leopard. "Ma was so vital," she says. "It was only yesterday she was so together, so darling." She is holding Ma's head with both hands. "Dear Ma, you're so peaceful, so beautiful." Marion bursts into tears. "Ma doesn't even know who I am anymore!"

Cousin Ben raises his wineglass in a toast to "Drezzle"—Ma's nickname from the Old Country. "You know, my mother used to say that Tante Drezzle was quite a girl on the other side. A classic beauty. Unbelievable how she spoke on the telephone. And to this day her voice comes in steady, controlled, regular." Ben counsels, "This is not a day for old family animosities. It is, in fact, an opportunity for bolstering family pride. All of us can see that Drezzle's feeling better, and old sores and feelings of guilt and remorse for any real or fancied neglect can be forgotten."

Ma fixes an eye on Ben and asks him why he hasn't found a suitable girl to settle down with yet. She reminds us about Marion's old beaux: "Herbie, Willie, Harry . . ." I ask Ma if she recollects a Mr. Abrams, in children's dresses, from 1930.

"Who, Abrams? That lecher!" Ma had met Mr. Abrams at a lodge affair, and she might have married him except that she made the mistake of asking a Mrs. Silverman, also a widow, up to meet him. "He nearly fainted from her perfume. It made him dizzy. And who cooked dinner?" Mr. Abrams pinched Mrs. Silverman's cheek in the middle of eating, leaving Ma's face hanging over a bowl of soup untouched.

All of us are startled by Ma's clarity and well-being. She is actually standing. I ask her to tell everyone what kind of fur Pa sewed onto the collars of overcoats when we were kids, and she says, "Kolinsky."

Doris, who has been boiling and bubbling—a mystery—gets up from her chair. "He's instigating!" she hisses. She sinks back and fans herself with a magazine. She puffs and blows her nose. My brother makes signs not to rile her, to keep absolutely quiet, that it will pass. Childe Roland and Kate Crackernuts.

Cousin Ben gets up to leave, and I go with him to the door. "Leon," he says, "we will never forget Drezzle's bright hour tonight." Parson Goodfellow.

When I return, poor Ma is crawling around on all fours. She's come apart again. We help her to the sofa in the living room. Ma is in some kind of stitching process, her hands reaching for invisible threads, busy, undone.

Doris sighs. "If you sleep on the floor, you'll never fall out of bed." Ronald is philosophic: "We must laugh before we are happy, for fear of dying without having laughed at all." Doris is in tears now, sobbing hard. "Ma did her very best until the end." Doris is yammering. I am fascinated. Is she going to turn blue? She huddles against Ronald, once in a while letting out a hiccup.

I butt in and tell them about how I had a phone call only last month that Ma was low and I should come to the Home, drove all the way crying and singing old songs like "You Know You Belong to Somebody Else," and when I got there Ma had recovered and was on the fifth floor having lunch. Ma might bounce back, and I could bring her home again.

DECEMBER 7TH:

BACK at the Home, Ma sits in a wheelchair and doesn't recognize me. She stares as if to say, "Don't ask me anything more."

APRIL 6TH:

I COME up to see Ma and sit with her for a half hour. She seems to be thinking. Her eyes have remained sky blue. Her silence is unending. I take a chance and speak to her: "Ma, remember Cousin Ben? Cousin Ben got married, Ma."

For the first time in months, Ma turns her head toward me and speaks. "Cousin Ben got married? To whom?" Then, almost as though she remembers that she's old, she turns away.

—LOU MYERS

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Charlottesville (Va.) Daily Progress*]

SOME MURDERERS PRONE TO VIOLENCE

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SQUABBLE

AARON thought about retrenchment. That was what the dean had termed it, peppering his letter with other such phrases—"financial cutbacks" and "organizational shifts." If the dean had simply written "Last hired, first fired," Aaron would not have needed an extra few seconds to catch the drift.

Anyway, he was back in his home town, living with his aunt—no hope of teaching in the fall and no desire to move again, either. He had watched the late-night Employment Security Commission report on TV and heard of an opening for an electrical engineer with twenty years' experience. He had a Ph.D. in geography. His morning mail included a job list bearing a yellow sticker with his change of address and listing nothing he was qualified for.

As he sat in his pajamas on the porch, the late May sun across his lap, a Skylark pulled into the driveway, the exhaust clean and guttural. Aaron had watched the sparkling old white convertible roar up and down the street several times that morning, its red roof puffed with wind. Dennis, his buddy from high school, whom he had seen maybe twice in seven years of grad school and teaching, leaped out of the car, wearing cutoff khakis and black-and-red high-top basketball shoes. His sweatshirt was inside out and the sleeves were cut away. He carried a Wilson basketball and a yellow thermos.

"I'm a foreman at the factory, I still play a little ball, and I frequent a dive," Dennis said when Aaron asked what he had been up to.

"The car, those shoes," Aaron said.

"Gotta keep up with the jitterbugs, since I can't keep up with the Joneses," Dennis said, and he slapped Aaron's knee with the palmed ball.

"I need a job."

"So get one."

They drank Dennis's Kickapoo juice, a mild mix of orange juice and gin, from clear plastic cups Aaron brought out.

"There's a guy at this dive you gotta see," Dennis said. "He's Clara's nephew. It's Clara's new place. He's got half a face from prison surgery."

"What does he do?"

"He's the life of the party."

Aaron thought a place that prized a half-a-face ex-con would be a good place to work. He could tend bar, just pour shots and open beers. Maybe not even open them. "I want to work at the dive," he said.

"Well, clean up. We'll talk to Clara. You seen her yet?"

"Not yet. You talk to her first. I haven't kept contact."

"I know."

After Dennis left, Aaron took a shower and put on fresh clothes—white deep-pleated cuffed pants and a checked blue shirt. He slipped on last summer's espadrilles, got the car keys his aunt had left before she flew away on vacation, and drove into town in her new blue Topaz.

The skyline was changing. Places were sprouting all over. Streets were barricaded, sidewalks torn up. He parked on a side street and walked inside the new Tower Plaza. He decided the Tower must be a city project. An entrepreneur would have piped in some music. It was pristinely quiet, not many people. Otherwise, things looked nice. A wide circular stairway went up a few levels. On the entrance level there were mostly cafés—China Falls, Indian Cuisine, Mexican Pleasure, Victoria's Jubilee.

He went inside Mexican Pleasure and sat at the bar. The motif was Art Deco Mexican—shiny surfaces and large sharp angles. There was low-volume Trini Lopez music from some unseen speakers. The woman behind the bar looked bored. She didn't look Mexican. Doughy and young, in a white off-the-shoulder blouse and colorful striped skirt, she seemed embarrassed to be wearing a costume.

"Where is everybody?" Aaron asked.

"This time of day is dead," she said. "Our special today is gin-and-tonic."

Aaron asked for a beer and lit a cigarette. "Is that music your choice or the management's?"

"I could change it. Pay up first."

He did, and she went out through a swinging door behind the bar. When she returned, some piano jazz started playing. Then another woman came through the door with a glass of iced tea. Aaron smiled at her. She was wearing the same getup as the bartender, and her hair was bright blond,

Blind Date

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pulled tight into a ponytail. She came around the bar and sat two stools away.

"I got some lousy tips," she said to the bartender, spreading bills and coins on the bar top. "Ten dollars and a Canadian nigger."

Aaron looked over at her, and at the first woman. Neither looked at him. Maybe he had heard wrong.

A tall black woman peeped in the entrance, lingered a little to look at Aaron, and went away. The woman with the tips started talking about Mr. T. She was talking about his haircut.

"What do you think?" She was speaking to Aaron. "I could do with a style, am I right?"

He smiled again. He still had his beer to finish, which was dark, imported, and good. He drank it rather fast anyway. He left the bartender a hefty tip.

He saw the tall black woman browsing in a jewelry store where an Oriental man sat behind a low glass counter stringing gold-bead necklaces. The woman's feet were spread ducklike. He walked up beside her and stood on the plum carpet. Fluorescent lights were overhead and in all the counters. The jeweller had a glass to his eye, and his face was tinged blue from the long piece of blue felt cushioning the gold.

"This stuff is all broken," Aaron said to the woman. She was young, maybe twenty-one at most. "You don't want this stuff."

"Jeepers, you're right. I don't want this stuff."

She looked at him. Her eyes were as brown as bottles and seemed the same color as her skin. He unrolled his shirt sleeve, buttoned the cuff, and started on the other one.

"I don't want anything," she said, as if just that moment realizing it.

"Then you don't mind if I stay?"

"Why should I?" She walked out.

Aaron caught up with her at China Falls. It was a takeout place with orange neon trimming the order window. She stood talking through the window. Her hair was long, loose, and dry-looking. Her jeans were tight, and she wore a big white T-shirt.

"That was a nasty trick," Aaron said. "I'm devastated."

"That reminds me of a song."

"You're not supposed to find fault."

"O.K. I feel sorry for you. What's your name?"

"Aaron. You can be Caroline."

THE WIDOW

The cold has gnarled her fingers,
the heat has blistered her arms.
The weather has reached her brain
and turned it into a storm cloud.
She wears no black veils,
no fur or feathers, but creeps
naked like a lizard.
She is ugly.
A dog sniffs at her solitude
and takes off yelping.
She smells
incitingly
of absence.

—Nina Cassian

(*Translated, from the Rumanian, by Christopher Hewitt.*)

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"I'll stick with Wanda," she said. "You be Taiwo."

"No. I be Aaron."

Her egg-drop soup came to the window in a clear plastic bowl with a beige plastic spoon. Wanda took it to an iron table, and Aaron brought over a few napkins.

"This is delicious," she said.

"It looks nutritious."

She swirled the soup with a spoon. "Want some?"

He shook his head. "Is this a good place? I was just insulted back there in the Mexican place. Racial stuff."

"Really? Never happened to me. I don't have time for it."

"I guess I do."

"It's the town. Neo-hick."

"I was born here. Where are you from?"

"Nowhere. Notice an accent? I go to school. Sing and dance and say the words. I'm decultured by culture. I'm an actress."

"That's nice. How do I look?"

"Spiffy."

"Thanks. That's what I was shooting for. It's important when you're between jobs."

"I guess." She dabbed her mouth with a napkin. "What jobs are you between?"

"Geography teacher and bartender. My interview is tonight. I'd invite you if you wanted."

"Invite me anyway." She tilted the bowl and poured the last of the soup onto the spoon.

THAT night, Aaron stood at the end of the driveway waiting for Wanda, not wanting her to miss the house. It was set back from the road behind eighty-year-old trees. He had been waiting twenty minutes, since dusk. Fireflies were out. He wore black—silk shirt, pleated pants, shiny loafers. Neo-hick, he thought. She pulled into the driveway in an orange Chevette. He had made a pitcher of grape Kool-Aid and placed it and two glasses on a TV tray on the porch. He had lit a low flame in a hurricane lamp. Wanda wore a denim miniskirt and a beaded African bracelet, perfume, a purple T-shirt, a matador's jacket, and purple sandals. Her hair was combed a little wilder.

"You always look so city," Aaron said.

"You live in the sticks, man. Took me forever."

"We call it the county."

"Sure you do." She looked him over. "Wyatt Earp?"

"I'm still real. What about you?"

"Don't I act like it?"

He led her up the steps to a lawn chair, and poured the Kool-Aid. He

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took a chair on the other side of the tray.

"Mind if I smoke?" he said. "I ask because you look so healthy." He lit the cigarette and fanned periodically to keep the smoke from lingering too long between them. "Do you think I'll get the job?"

"There's probably no doubt about it. What's this bar like?"

"It's called the Bellaire. I've never been. Started up while I was away. It's sort of illegal."

"Don't get me arrested," she said. "Who's the clientele?"

"People with no time for racial stuff. You ought to fit in."

"Gee whiz, man. Don't be so cute."

"Gee whiz? What language are we speaking?"

"Squabble. We're squabbling."

"You can get along, can't you?"

"I'm here. Squabbling's good now and then."

"Kiss me."

"You kiss me."

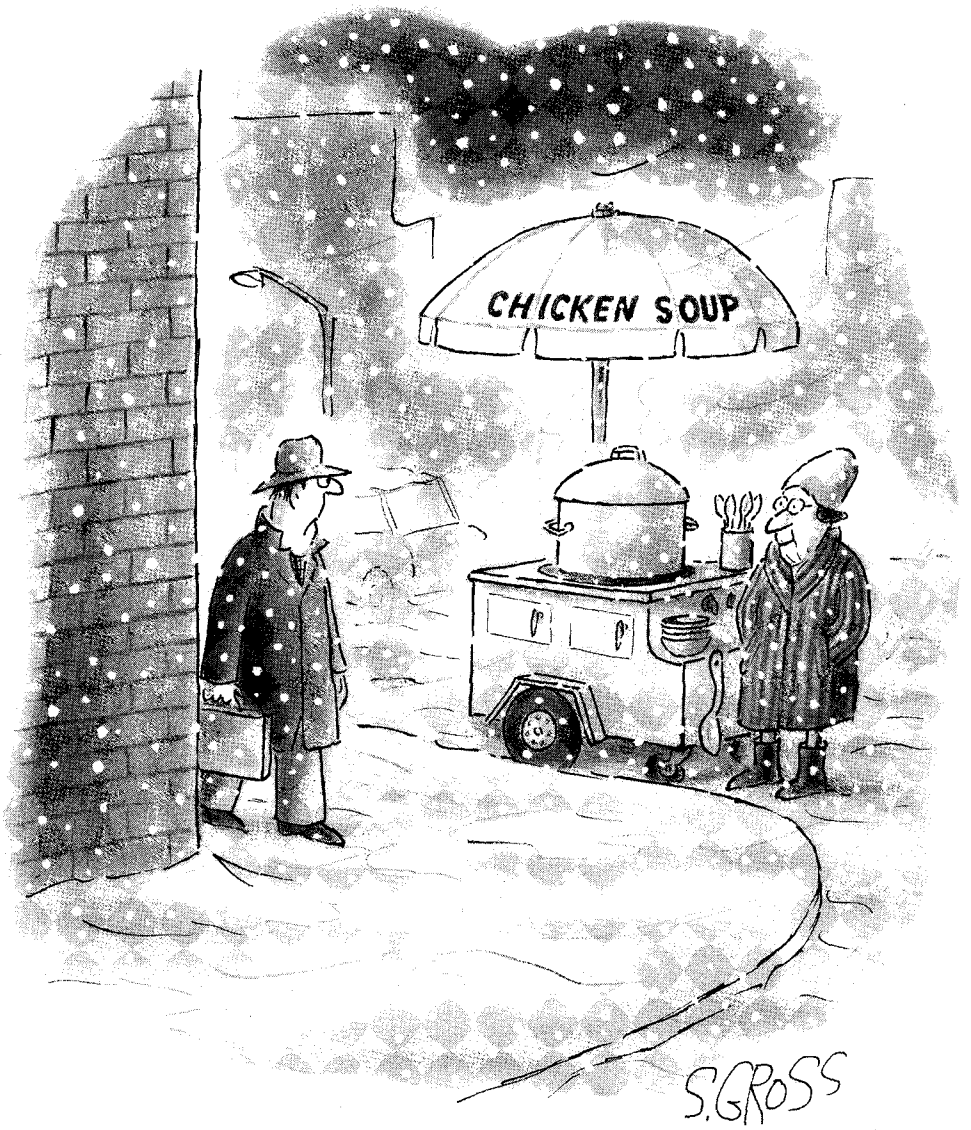
They stared at each other.

"Why don't I just take these things inside."

He stood the tray by the kitchen sink. He ran water over the cigarette and put it in the garbage. He came back, pulled the door, and blew out the lamp. Wanda stood with her back to him, looking out toward the fireflies, hips and shoulders as sturdy as a statue's.

"I'll drive," she said. "You're nervous."

"Fine," he said, glad she wanted to drive. The interview was half a joke anyway. He wasn't sure what Wanda thought he was nervous about.



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CLARA had told him that afternoon he could work anytime he wanted. It was after meeting Wanda at the Tower that he'd driven out June Street, a pitted rock road shaped like a "b," sided by dusty woods that gave way to small frame houses like his, separated by wide yards. Dennis's Skylark was in Clara's driveway, and Dennis and a fat man were sitting in the yard by Clara's tan brick house, on metal and wood auditorium chairs. The yard was landscaped with winter-killed shrubs and blue ceramic chickens. The fat man was dark and shirtless, with the legs of his pants rolled to the knees and one foot submerged in a tin pail of water. He fanned himself with a large elephant-ear leaf from a weed that grew unchecked and fuzzy against the side of the house. He looked extremely hot and agitated.

Dennis introduced Aaron as Dr. Stets. "This is Duke," he said of the fat man. "Clara's boyfriend."

Duke shook hands weakly. "Take a look at these feet, Doc," he said. "They're killing me."

The foot resting on the short brown grass was so swollen that the yellowed nails were nearly buried in flesh.

"I'm not that kind of doctor," Aaron said. "But you ought to see one."

Duke looked disgusted and waved the fuzzy leaf at him.

"Let's go inside," Dennis said. "Clara would love to see you."

Clara's screen door was decorated with aluminum birds. Dennis led the way into a darkened living room with low fifties furniture covered in puckered plastic. It was years since Aaron had been here. They went through a doorless entrance to the kitchen, where Clara stood at the sink drying dishes.

"Look who's back," Dennis said.

Clara turned around, smiled broadly, and said, "Well, if it ain't the good doctor. I'm not too well today. Can you get me a private room?"

"I'm not that kind of doctor, Clara."

"Oh? What kind are you?"

"Just a different kind."

She walked over, sliding her feet in scuffed men's leather slippers, and hugged him. She was wide and soft, and her cheek was wet. She smelled of baby powder. She moved to an oscillating fan on the counter, put her

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face down to the grill, and then turned around to let it blow on her back. "Air-conditioner's broke. Over there is Claude, my nephew you never met."

Claude, hard-looking and lean, sat in a breakfast nook. Aaron had to step farther into the kitchen to see him, sitting at a Formica table eating a bowl of navy beans.

"Dog," he said. "Call me Dog."

Dennis snickered and made a face of mock fright. Dog's right cheekbone was gone and replaced with a long slick scar.

"I'm as drunk as a skunk," Dog said. "Beans?" he offered, without looking up or altering his hunched posture over the bowl.

SQUEEZED in Wanda's Chevette, smelling her light perfume, Aaron considered that bringing her to the Bellaire was not a good idea. June Street was bumpy and dark, with only lights in back windows to mark the houses. Seeing it as she must, he thought it looked like another planet. He had told Dennis, using the language of high school, that Wanda was a first-round draft choice, no tryout necessary, so he had to back it up. But he didn't want to scare her.

The Bellaire was at the bottom of the "b." A few cars were pulled into the yard. Dennis's Skylark was on the roadside, and Aaron pointed for Wanda to park by it. Three gray plank steps led to a small gray deck where Duke, dressed in a burgundy short-sleeved shirt, dark pants, and black socks on his swollen feet, leaned over the rail. He'd had his hair done up in tight, oily curls.

"Evening, Duke," Aaron said.

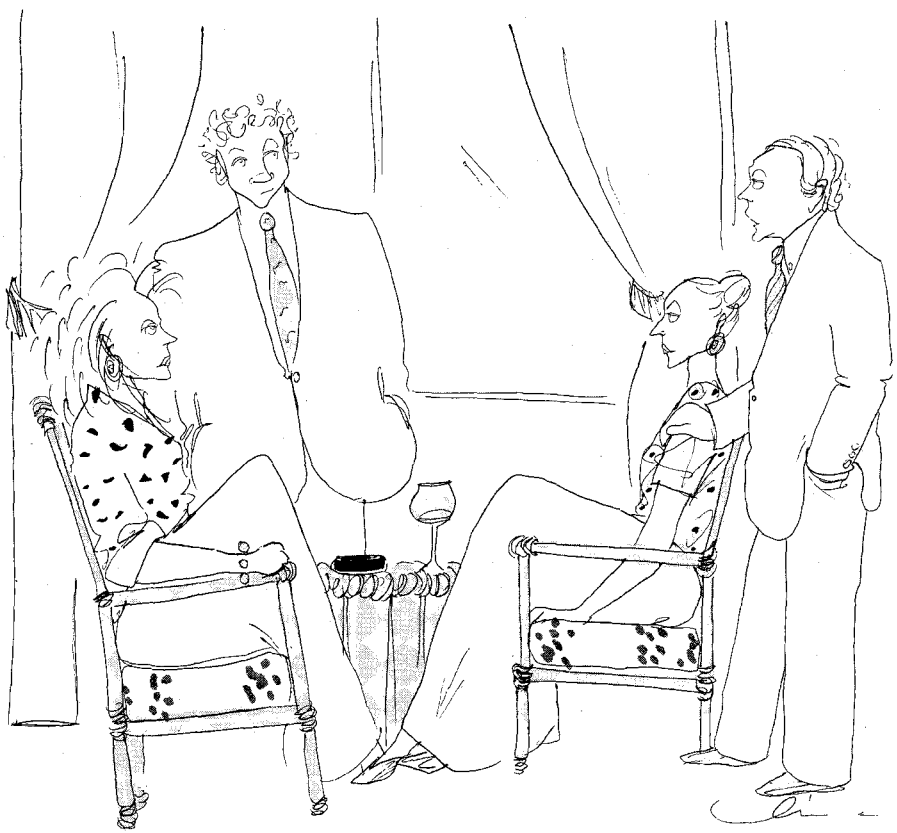
Duke straightened up and said to Wanda, "Ma'am, you have to leave your purse outside unless you want me to search it. You can leave your some-kind-of-doctor out, too, unless you want me to search him."

Wanda went back to the car. When she opened the trunk, a light came on and Aaron could see the taut muscles of her thigh as she bent to place the purse under something. The gold of her jacket glittered. Then Duke's hands started moving over Aaron's ribs and down his legs. "Anything in the socks?"

Aaron lifted his pants to show he wasn't wearing any. "What's this about?"

"Trouble. Don't want none." He snorted.

Wanda came back and flashed a game smile. "She's clean," Aaron said, gangster-style, and Duke let them through.



"Rattan means you're fun."

Inside was a living room with card tables and straight-backed chairs instead of regular living-room furniture, arranged on a scuffed hardwood floor. The room was long, and maybe some walls had been knocked down to make the bedrooms part of the action. A raised plywood dance floor was at the rear, with a jukebox booming out funk tunes. A bar was just to the left, where Dennis and Dog sat drinking from Dixie cups. When Dennis saw them, he stood and waved his hand at some empty stools. They sat, and Aaron introduced Wanda.

"Nice," she said, and looked up to scan the walls. Signs, hand-painted in red, were everywhere—house codes of behavior: "NO CURSING," "NO DRINKING OR SMOKING ON THE DANCE FLOOR," "CASH ONLY," "IF YOU ARE JEALOUS OF YOUR MAN OR WOMAN GO HOME." Another sign, propped against the wall behind a cardboard box, read:

NEW YEAR'S EVE
DANCING HATS

"So chic," Dog said.

Aaron nudged Wanda, who had shifted her gaze to the people around the room. There weren't many. It was early. Dog repeated the compliment.

"Holy moly," Wanda said. "What happened to your face?"

"So brave, too. I'm attracted to temerity. Dance with me and I'll tell you."

They left, linking fingers, for the dance floor. Clara was sitting behind the bar near the computerized cash register, and Aaron asked her for two beers. She rolled back the stainless-steel top of a gas-station cooler and took out two tall Millers. She wore a black-and-gold cycling cap and a lime-green cardigan over a white diner uniform. The air-conditioning worked here. In the smoky light from a lectern lamp mounted on the register, her face pocketed shadows, like dented metal.

Aaron turned toward her on his stool. "Are you sure you ought to be here? You don't look well."

"That line's not too popular," she said, and then let out a loud, long laugh.

"She's on medication," Dennis said. "Now, Wanda, I can tell, is drug-free. Never had an aspirin. Look at her slam-dunking Dog."

Aaron slid around. Wanda and Dog had cleared out a space for themselves. The other dancers had about lost their

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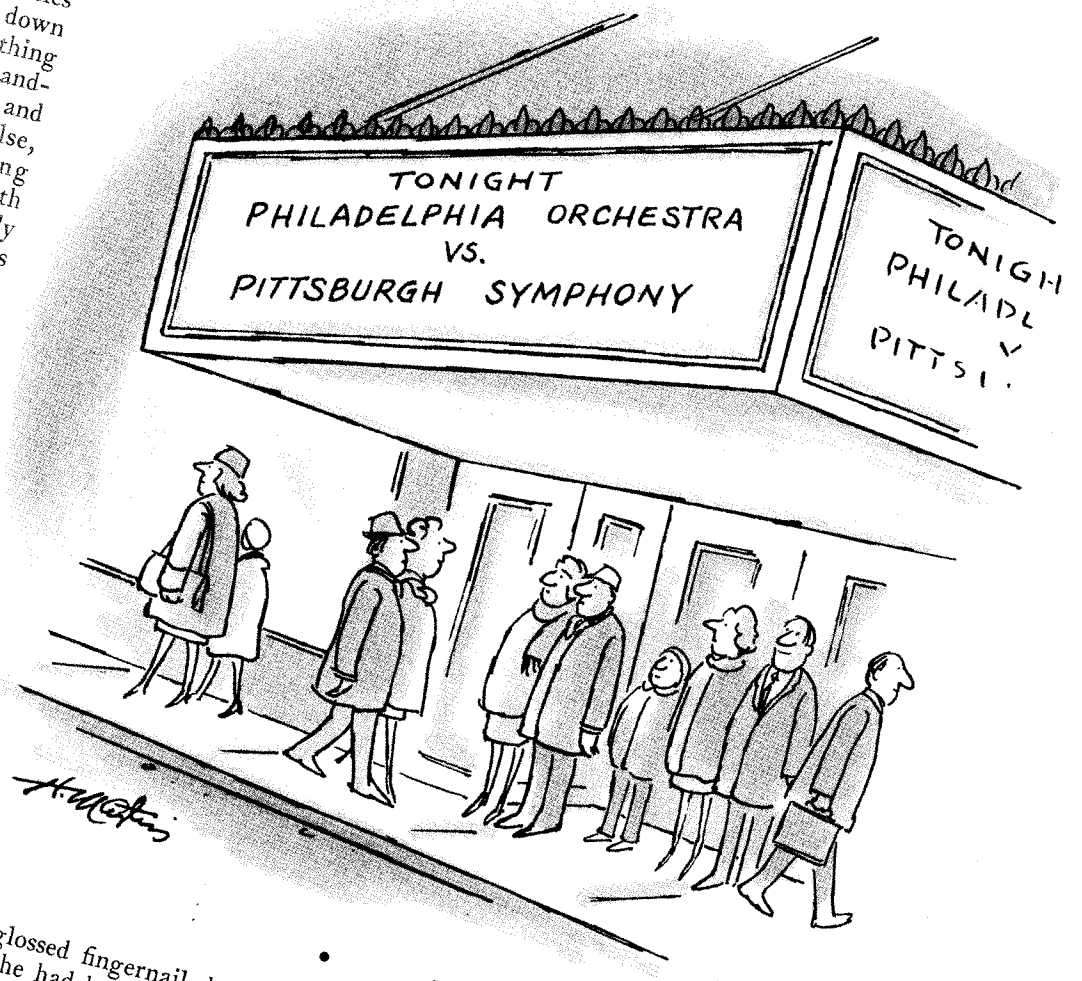

rhythm as they watched Dog doing a silly knee dance and Wanda showing off her art-school energy. She was all movement, muscles and hair, circles and angles, reaching down low and pulling something unseen from the red-and-blue air, reaching up and pulling something else, spinning and shaking something to death with her teeth. Dog was nearly applauding, splashing his Dixie cup empty.

"He's as happy as a sissy at the Y," Clara said, letting loose that laugh again.

On her way back to the bar, Wanda turned down two drunks who met her crouched in knee-bent dance postures, snapping their fingers. Dog sat again beside Dennis, Wanda beside Aaron.

Dog pulled his shirt cuffs so they showed out the sleeves of his shiny blue jacket. "She's perfect," he said.

Aaron thought Dog didn't look too bad all dressed up. His suit was impossibly blue. His face was playful, with a friendly smile that might have been infectious if it could spread to more right cheek. Wanda gave Dog a seated bow and sipped from her can of beer. Clara moved off her chair behind the cash register and brought Wanda a cup.

"Thanks," Wanda said.

"You want a job? I'd pay you to come in and dance like that, keep my customers coming in and thirsty."

"That's my job," Dog said.

Wanda waved her hands. "No, thanks. This guy's the one who needs work."

"He's overqualified and can't do nothing no way," Clara said. "But his momma and daddy were friends of mine. His daddy died in Korea, you know. And she bled to death when he was a baby. His aunt don't like me, though. She raised him after his folks died. Moved all the way from Jersey to raise him. He tell you that? I don't want no trouble with her. I'm his momma, too, but he don't act like it. Hell, I don't act like it."

Wanda had one leg crossed over the other, and one finger, just one long glossed fingernail, between her teeth. She had been frowning since his parents were mentioned.

"I just met the guy," she said. They both looked at Aaron.

"I guess he can open some beers and pour straight," Clara said.

Aaron went around to where part of the bar top lifted up, and got behind. He rolled up his sleeves and the cooler top, flexed his fingers, and started opening cans and bottles really fast. When he finished, his silk sleeves hung loose and beers were lined up, some foaming over. His fingers hurt. Dennis and Wanda applauded him slowly.

"Not bad," Clara said. "All you need now is some customers and some sleeve garters."

Aaron shouted, "Anybody want a beer?"

A few people at nearby tables looked, but didn't get up. One man kept his head down on his folded arms. Those dancing kept dancing. Wanda raised her hand and Aaron gave her one. He pushed the rest toward Dennis and Dog.

"Watch out," Dog said. "My dates are here." Two young women were standing by the door. "They drink like Maseratis."

The women were unsmiling. They approximated Wanda's style—short skirts, T-shirts—but with high heels and lacy anklets. Their skirts were leather, one black and one red, and they were heavily into makeup and frosted hair.

Dog introduced them with a flourish: "Ebony Angel and Pinky." He gave each a beer. Aaron took the money from the bills on the bar in front of Dog.

"Let's get a table," Dog said.

"Take a break," he said to Aaron. Dennis pulled two card tables together and Aaron joined them, bringing the rest of the opened beers.

"What's with the search?" Ebony Angel asked. She was gold-skinned, with buzzed temples and a yellow fringe of hair at the top. She looked to Aaron like Woodstock the bird, except her eye shadow was rainbows.

"We had a fellow get shotgunned last week," Dog said.

"Googly moogly," Wanda said.

"You believe that?" Pinky, heavier

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and darker than Ebony Angel, looked at Wanda incredulously. "I don't believe *you*."

"Right over there," Dog said, pointing at the door. "Maybe it was last month. Two fellows sitting on those stools started fussing at the bar. Somebody's mother was mentioned. Another fellow, tired of hearing it, said he had a shotgun in his car. He threw his keys on the bar and one of them picked them up, got the gun, came back, and shot. The poor fellow was on his way out."

Dog sat back looking smug, as if no one could challenge him. They all looked at him and kept quiet for a while.

"Guess how old I am," Dog said. "Fifty-five. You believe that?"

"Why not?" Pinky said. She had pink metallic lips. She pressed them together and relaxed them full again, like an instant azalea blossom.

"Are you always so beautiful?" Wanda said.

"Every day. We both are."

"They're sex muffins," Dog said.

"No, we are not. We are women," Pinky said.

Dog put his nose to Ebony Angel's neck. She laughed and pushed him away with her hand on his forehead.

"You smell like muffins."

"We don't even like sex," Ebony Angel said.

Dennis, looking at Aaron, mouthed the words, "You believe that?"

Aaron shrugged.

"I don't care," Dog said. "I am glad to be alive. Glad to be out. I went to prison innocent, right? Fifteen years. All I did was give a fellow a ride. Said he wanted bubble gum and robbed the damn store. So they said I had cancer and they whittled my face. Really, I look better. Kept me out of trouble, that's a fact. Now I'm back among family and the free. When I was in the joint, I read *Time* magazine the whole time. Y'all don't surprise me a bit."

"Say something in *Time*," Dennis said.

"I only know a few words."

"I know *Time*," Wanda said. "Salubrious, dolorous, specious."

"You don't know squat," Pinky said.

"I know your daddy."

"I've got a shotgun in the car," Dennis said.

"So do I," Pinky said.

"Great," Wanda said. "Let's get dangerous."

"Let's dance," Dennis said to Pinky.

Dog and Ebony Angel got up, too.

"That was cute," Aaron said.

"That was squabble." Wanda winked.

Another couple came in and took seats at the bar. They wore matching yellow suits and caps.

"Shouldn't you be helping?" Wanda asked.

"Possibly."

"I might dance some more. Get to know your friends."

"They're not my friends, except Dennis."

"They're friendly, though."

"Somewhat."

"You should see me perform. I'm slow in real life. Not like Dog's dates."

"I don't know. I can't keep up with you."

"Good. That means I'm winning."

"Winning what?"

"You know. The game, the race, the war." She took off her jacket and draped it on the back of the chair. "You really do need a new name," she said. "From now on you are Nick. You're a tough guy. Get yourself a hat, too."

"You're sweet," he said.

"Sure I am. I'm molasses." She smacked her lips.

"You know what I'm thinking?" Aaron said. "I'm thinking I've got to fall in love with you. I'm thinking it's urgent. Otherwise Pinky or Ebony Angel is gonna make me marry her and take out her future on me. But this is a struggle, because quite frankly I'm losing the will to get to know you."

She held out her hands, palms up. "No problem, Nick," she said, and laughed. "Know what I mean?"

"Right," he said. "Give me a clue. Are we squabbling?"

She clasped her hands behind her head. "I don't squabble with Nick."

He gave her the O.K. sign. He got up and went behind the bar. Clara tied a butcher's apron around him, and he nodded to the couple in yellow. Each smoked an extra-long cigarette, and they seemed to be sharing a wine cooler. Duke hobbled in, jiggling flesh, and eased his weight onto a stool. He lifted a foot over the opposite knee and pulled at the elastic sock. Aaron asked what he could get him, but he said he didn't drink. "Real doctor's orders."

So Aaron looked at Wanda, who was watching him, moving her head to the music. She was beautiful, having the time of her life, he supposed. He thought he should go back over there and kiss her. He figured it needed doing. But first he would check out the stock behind the bar, just to get his bearings, before the all-night crowd rushed in. —JOHN HOLMAN

"I think someone put him on hold and then disconnected."

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

PERU'S WAR

THE quiet, backward city of Ayacucho, Peru, might seem to be a rather unlikely place for the birth of a revolution, but it was there that Sendero Luminoso, the Shining Path, which is one of the most ruthless and secretive movements in Latin-American history, came into being. When Amada Gutiérrez Pajares, who is a professor of English language and literature at the National University of San Cristóbal of Huamanga, and also its public-relations director, moved to Ayacucho from Lima, in 1974, there was only one flight a week between the two cities; there were only a few cars in Ayacucho; the telephone at the Hotel Turistas was cranked by hand, and it was the only phone in town you could use to call Lima; and students studied by candlelight. Within a few years, however, spray-painted slogans began to appear on the adobe walls of the city: "Death to the Gang of Four," "Long Live the Cultural Revolution," "Death to the Revisionists," and "Long Live Jiang Qing." Professor Gutiérrez remembers thinking, How is it that here in this town lost in the mountains the battle over what happened in China is being waged?

Seventy-five years ago, Ayacucho, which residents often call Huamanga, its Inca name, was described by a Peruvian writer as "a backwater of nature and time." That feeling remains. Even today, there seem to be more donkeys than cars in the city, and the air a mile and a half above sea level is brisk and pristine, the sky most days a pure blue. Girls in gray jumpers and white blouses, boys in gray slacks and white shirts scurry through the dusty streets with satchels and volleyballs. The Plaza de Armas, the central square, is a veritable museum of the Spanish colonial period. Two-story stone edifices with red tile roofs line its sides. Balconies shelter long arcades with symmetrical archways. On one side of the square is a stone mansion that was built in 1735 for the Spanish viceroy's representative; opposite is a cathedral that was begun in 1615, with twin bell towers that still rise above all the other buildings in town. In the center of the square, amid tall palm trees, is an equestrian statue of General José de Sucre, who, in 1824, led troops in the battle that won Peru its independence from Spain.

The capital of the Inca Empire, which at its height extended from modern Ecuador down through about half of Chile and included most of Bolivia, was in the Andes, at Cuzco. In 1533, Francisco Pizarro occupied Cuzco (today it is a stopping-off point for the trip to the Inca ruins at Machu Picchu), and in 1535 he moved the capital to the more favorable coastal climate of Lima. Peruvians often remark that the Incas encouraged Pizarro to found Lima as their revenge. From May to September, the sun rarely appears through a constant gray ha there is an annoying drizzle on many days but seldom a cleansing rainfall. For almost three centuries, Lima was the headquarters of Spain's vast South American empire, and the Spanish viceroy knew little about what was happening to his subjects beyond the city.

This insular attitude has scarcely changed, and, in fact, has probably been exacerbated in the last few decades. Though Peru, with four hundred and ninety-six thousand square miles, is larger than Washington, Oregon, California, and Nevada combined, nearly a third of its population—six million out of twenty million—lives in Lima. (The second-largest city, Arequipa, in southern Peru, has some six hundred thousand inhabitants.) Three-quarters of the country's doctors are in Lima, and so are seventy-six per cent of the telephones, eighty per cent of the banking offices, and ninety per cent of the private investment. In Lima, sixty per cent of the families have clean water, sewerage systems, and electricity. In the rural areas, only one of every seven persons has potable water, and only one out of forty-three has indoor plumbing. Peru is one of the most underdeveloped countries in South America, but while the nation's infant-mortality rate is a hundred and twenty-seven per thousand (the Latin-American average is seventy-three per thousand), the rate in Lima is fifty-six per thousand. In the Department of Huancavelica, which is contiguous to the Department of Ayacucho, the rate is two hundred and seventy-five. Government is Peru's largest employer, and the government employees are concentrated in Lima; of twenty-five thousand in the Ministry of Agriculture, for example, more than half work in the capital, a city of high rises and slums but few farms.

One way to comprehend Lima is to picture a series of demographic ripples, starting from the ocean and moving inland across what were once sand dunes to the craggy, barren foothills of the Andes. The well-to-do live in the first half-circle, along the beach, in modern high-rise apartments that

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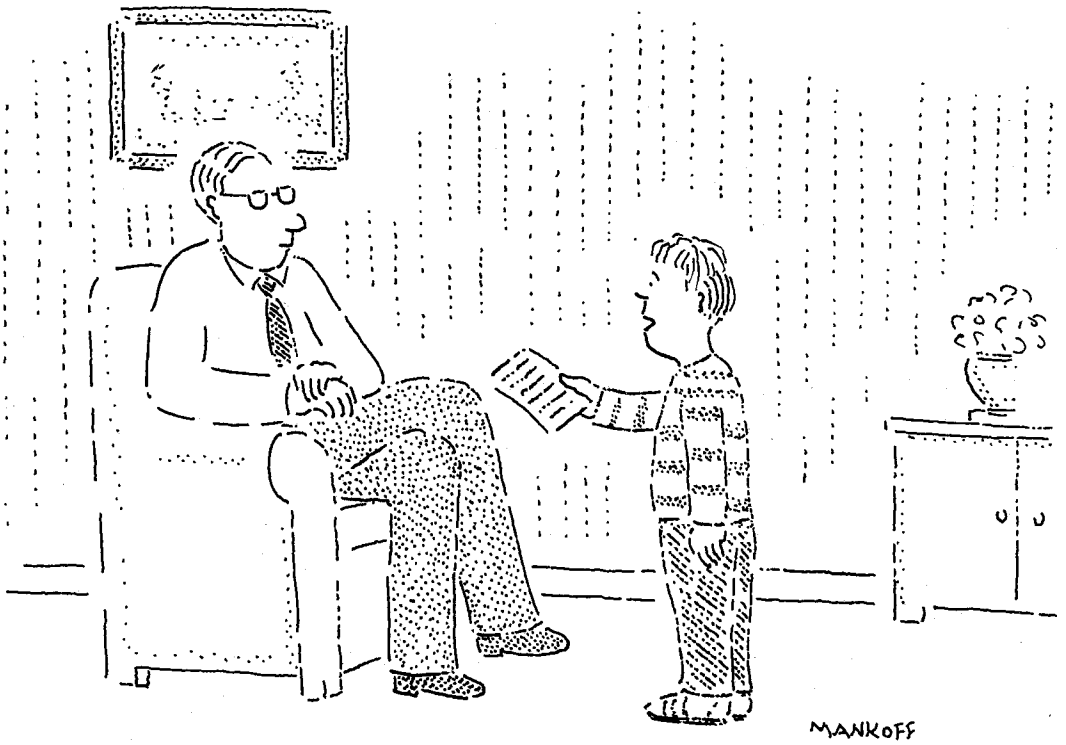

"Dad, here's that update on my childhood you requested."

• •

march along the brown cliffs, and in cool, thick-walled Spanish-style homes on tree-lined boulevards. In the wealthy enclaves of Miraflores and San Isidro are automatic banking machines, computer stores, men's tailors, movie theatres, record shops, which also sell videocassettes, and bookstores. It is a café society, heavily Italian. An expressway runs from the beach to an oblong plaza six miles inland, on one side of which is the squat, gray Palace of Justice; across from the palace is the thirty-three-story Civic Center, the tallest building in Lima. This is downtown Lima. A pedestrian mall connects the Plaza San Martín and the Plaza de Armas, which was laid out by the Spanish in 1535. Along the mall, traces of the charm from that era and heavy, vaulted buildings from earlier in this century are hidden under grime and decay, and now many businesses and professionals are moving out, to office buildings that are going up closer to the beach.

Beyond the city center, where racks of magazines and paperbacks crowd the sidewalks, the city sprawls in a jangle of residences, storefronts, and open-air markets, where vegetables are stacked on the street or sold from square baskets on the fronts of bicycles. Along the Pan-American Highway, which cuts through the city on its often laborious grind from Canada to Chile, there are sections of town where steel reinforcing rods stick up among red bricks. These sections, where there are huge holes in the streets, look as if they were bombed out, but in fact they are being built up —very slowly.

The slums—a crescent enveloping the capital—are Lima's final demographic wave. Some two million people, or about a third of Lima's population, live in the slums—shantytowns called *pueblos jóvenes*, or young towns. A *pueblo jóven* rises on abandoned land or on a sand dune or a rocky hillside when groups of families in effect invade and quickly put up their "houses"—boxes of woven straw mats for the sides and cardboard or corrugated tin or plastic for the roof. Sometimes the invading families have come from the Andes, to escape the poverty and, in more recent years, the violence that has broken out between Sendero and the government. But many of the invasions have been caused by internal pressures: areas that were previously invaded become so inhumanely congested that families strike out for the open sand dunes.

THE schism between Lima and the rest of the country is not merely geographic but also economic and political. "From Lima, we see the rest of the country as Biafra," says César Rodríguez Rabanal, director of the Lima-based Center for Psychoanalysis and Society, a nonprofit research organization, financed principally by German foundations. "On television, you hear the speech of Reagan by satellite, but you hear a report from a journalist in Ayacucho by telephone." It's not far from Lima to Ayacucho—only forty minutes by air—but "from Lima to Ayacucho you pass through a hundred years of evolution," a businessman remarked on a flight between the cities. The one-way airfare is roughly the equivalent of twenty-five dollars, but over and over again, when I mentioned in Lima that I was going to Ayacucho, which is both a department and the name of the departmental capital, I was told that a Limeño going to Ayacucho would find it as foreign as I would. Indeed, Limeños—or those in the ruling class, at least—probably have more in common culturally with New York, or, certainly, with Miami, than with Ayacucho.

"Ayacucho isn't worth anything, and Ayacuchanos are worth less," said a nurse who was disgusted that the flight to Ayacucho had been cancelled —a frequent occurrence, she explained, noting that there had already been four flights to Cuzco that day. The disparity in treatment between the coast and the mountains is manifest in Ayacucho, which might seem to be one city that would have received special attention from the nation. With a population of a hundred and fifty thousand—swollen in recent years by refugees from the war—not only is it well situated, midway between Lima and Cuzco, but it also occupies a special niche in Peruvian history: the battle that ended Spanish rule in Peru—and South America—was fought on the Plain of Quinua, eighteen miles northeast of Ayacucho. There are still only a thousand telephones in Ayacucho, and water and electricity are rationed—available only during certain hours of the day. Television didn't appear until 1975, and though today there are seven TV channels in Lima, only the government station reaches Ayacucho with

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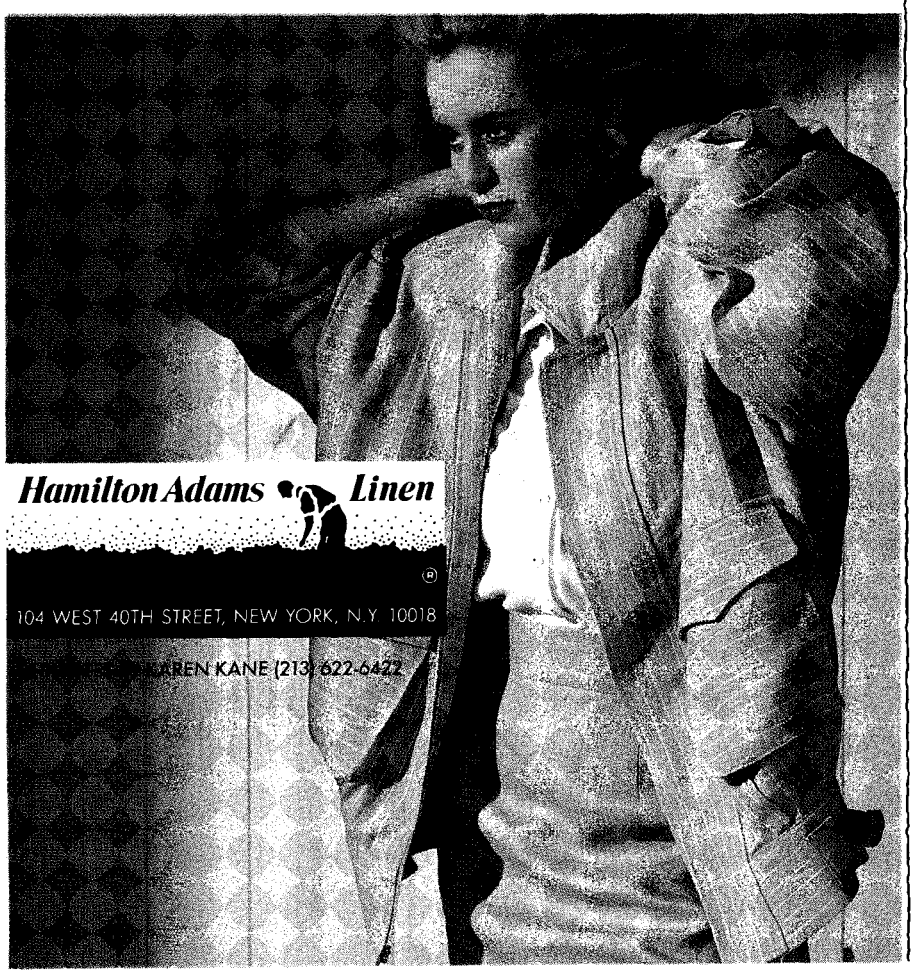

any clarity. In the entire Department of Ayacucho—its seventeen thousand square miles (twice the size of Massachusetts) include an eastward stretch of jungle—there are just fifty miles of paved roads, nearly half of them leading only to a commemorative obelisk on the Plain of Quinua. There are no paved roads connecting Ayacucho with the capitals of any neighboring departments; even the road connecting the city of Ayacucho with the department's second-largest city, Huanta, is paved only about half of its thirty miles.

WHILE the government was neglecting Ayacucho, Sendero Luminoso, beginning in the late nineteen-sixties, was steadily taking over the capital and the department. The movement started at the National University of San Cristóbal of Huamanga, an institution that was founded in 1677. After being closed for seventy years, when it was reopened, in 1959, it was to be a university that would serve the region and the Indian communities. It would educate the children of the Indians, not for careers that would draw them to Lima—it had no law school or medical school—but in fields that would allow them to contribute to the development of the Andean region. The emphasis was on teaching, nursing, rural engineering. Students were required to learn Quechua, the principal Indian language. They were also encouraged to spend time working in the isolated Indian villages from which many of them had come, the hope being that they would return to them after graduation. The university and its programs became a magnet for the enthusiastic and idealistic, attracting Peace Corps workers, Fulbright scholars, and volunteers from European-funded development projects.

Within a few years, however, the government was cutting back on its financing, and at the same time the university—like most such institutions in Latin America, and, indeed, like many in the United States, Europe, and Japan in that era—became a cradle for leftists. The would-be revolutionaries in Ayacucho were inspired by Fidel Castro's victory in Cuba, in 1959, and in 1966 Castro's compatriot Ernesto (Che) Guevara arrived in Bolivia to start what he hoped would be a continentwide Indian and peasant revolution. But what had the greatest impact on Peruvian revolutionaries was the Sino-Soviet split, in 1964—a

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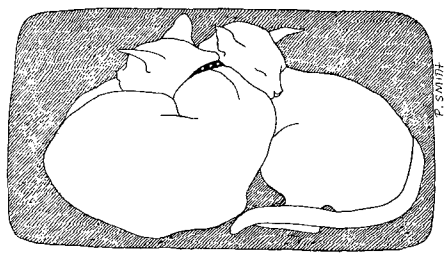
geopolitical divorce that rent Communist unity throughout the world. Peru's Communist Party, which had been founded in the nineteen-twenties, went through several years of internal squabbling and purges. Eventually, several factions emerged—pro-Soviet, pro-Albanian, pro-Chinese. In Ayacucho, the pro-Chinese faction was headed by Abimael Guzmán Reynoso, a sombre, intellectually disciplined philosophy professor at the university. In 1970, Guzmán and his faction took the name Communist Party of Peru for the Shining Path of José Carlos Mariátegui. They claimed to be the legitimate political heirs of Mariátegui, the founder of Peru's first Communist Party. While Mariátegui was one of Peru's earliest and most influential Communist thinkers—just about every leftist political party in Peru today claims to be the heir to his thinking—Guzmán, known by his nom de guerre, Gonzalo, is presumptively proclaimed by his followers to be the fourth sword of World Communist Revolution, along with Marx, Lenin, and Mao.

In 1934, four years after Mariátegui's death, Abimael Guzmán was born, in the southern coastal city of Mollendo, the offspring of an unmarried woman's liaison with a married man. When Guzmán was fourteen, he was sent to Arequipa to attend the Catholic high school. Considered smart and studious, he consistently received top marks for comportment. "He was a priest's dream, a mother's dream," a former classmate recalled a few years ago in an interview with the Peruvian journalist Gustavo Gorriti, who is writing a book about Sendero. At the National University of St. Augustine, in Arequipa, Guzmán studied philosophy and law simultaneously, earning degrees in both disciplines; his thesis in philosophy was "About Kant's Theory of Space," and in law "The Democratic Bourgeois State."

"He was serious and sparing," Dr. Miguel Angel Rodríguez Rivas, Guzmán's philosophy professor and intellectual mentor, told Gorriti. Guzmán's stern demeanor is reinforced by his physical appearance: of slightly less than average height, he has a squarish face with heavy eyebrows. Describing Guzmán as a person of "great will and tenacity," Rodríguez Rivas added that "he was one of the best students in an era characterized for having brilliant ones." His nonacademic interests ran to classical music and modern literature, principally Joyce and Hemingway. As for his politics, he was a member of the Communist Party. "But he was not an organizer, much less an agitator," Rodríguez Rivas said. "He was a theorist of the highest level."

Guzmán arrived at the university in Ayacucho in 1962, as an assistant professor of philosophy. Though he continued his political activities, conducting sessions with students and professors at his simple mud-brick house, on a street near the university, "he was always very careful to protect his professional image," a fellow-professor told me. The university leftists engaged in heated exchanges, arguing about the correct interpretations of Marx, Lenin, and Mao; debated the nature of Peruvian society (was it incipient and dependent capitalism or semifeudal and colonial?); and claimed to represent the true path to Communism in Peru. Then they would go off to a coffeehouse to drink and sing together. "We called them café revolutionaries," Guzmán's colleague recalled.

By 1968, Guzmán and his followers had gained control of the university, through elections; Guzmán, who had spent some time in China in the mid-nineteen-sixties, eventually became the director of personnel, and brought his political influence to bear on the university's hiring and firing policies. It was said that even the night watchman was a Senderista. During the decade that followed, however, control of the university went back and forth between Sendero and other leftist organizations, which sometimes formed uneasy alliances to defeat it. Finally, in 1978, Sendero went underground. In 1979 and 1980, graffiti began to appear around Ayacucho declaring that it was time to launch an armed struggle. "No one took it seriously," Amada Gutiérrez said. "We thought it was a joke—Luminosos were crazy." But on May 17, 1980, Sendero, in a clear expression of its contempt for democracy, attacked a polling station in Chuschi, a tiny Andean village thirty miles southwest of Ayacucho, and burned the ballot boxes; the election marked the return of civilian rule after twelve years of military dictatorship. (It is sometimes reported that this happened on May 18th, but Sendero, which painstakingly records, analyzes, and classifies every event it is involved in, has written that the armed struggle began on May 17th—"not the 18th, as the reactionaries say.") Six months later, in December, Lima residents got a look at Sendero when they awoke to find dogs hanging from lampposts (the running dogs of capitalism), and posters denouncing Deng Xiaoping and praising the Gang of Four. (Sendero appears to want to establish a state along the lines of Mao's China, complete with the Cultural Revolution, which Sendero thinks was Mao's finest hour.)



The basis for the armed revolution had been solidly laid by the Senderistas at the university. For several years, most first-year courses were taught by professors who were Senderistas: they taught Marxism and dialectical materialism without identifying themselves as Senderistas. In addition, nearly all the professors in the School of Education were Senderistas. Consequently, when the graduating students returned to the countryside to teach they sowed Senderista ideology.

"Sendero utilized education as has never been done before in the world by revolutions," says Manuel Jesús Granados Aponte, who was a student at the university in the nineteen-seventies, and whose bachelor's thesis, completed in 1980, was the first thorough study of Sendero. "Sendero didn't send out cadres—it sent teachers. They were sent back where they came from, teaching Marxism with the Sendero line. Sendero used the university completely. Lenin used the workers. Mao used the peasants."

STUDYING Sendero has now become a cottage industry, with "Senderologists" finding a broad need for their knowledge, because Sendero, which appears to be unconcerned about world opinion, is possibly the most secretive revolution in modern history. Unlike other revolutionary movements—in the Philippines, in Afghanistan, in El Salvador, in Nicaragua—Sendero hasn't opened itself to journalists: there have been no clandestine interviews with leaders, no conducted tours of areas under Sendero control; Sendero hasn't even issued many proclamations.

Manuel Granados, soft of voice and

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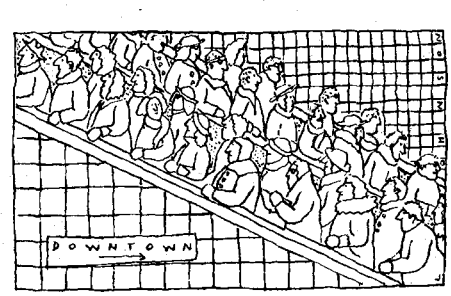
with the features of his Quechuan ancestry, has one advantage over most of the other Senderologists: he was, to borrow a phrase, present at the creation. Because of that, he is often suspected of being a Senderista. "I am an Indian," he says, "but I have had access to books, to an education, so I could be a Senderista leader—there are many like me who are."

Granados' bachelor's thesis almost went unpublished. The thesis is based in part on his personal friendships with Senderistas (Granados and a friend who later became a Sendero military commander are among the authors in a short-story collection published in 1978) and in part on a study of some six hundred leaflets and pamphlets—at times, the battles of the left seemed to be paper wars—that the Senderistas disseminated during the university years. Sendero didn't want Granados going public with his knowledge about the movement, which at the time he wrote the thesis was about to launch its armed phase. Because of pressure from Sendero, many professors declined to read it. Eventually, two foreign professors—a Belgian and a Pole—and a professor from Huanta, Granados' home town, did read and approve it, after Granados removed all individual names, including Guzmán's. Granados submitted three copies of the thesis to the university. It was in the days before copying machines in Ayacucho, and he could afford only enough paper for three, each of which he typed himself—a hundred and seventy-eight pages per copy. Sendero quickly took one of the copies, warning Granados that the movement would use it "for the day of adjusting accounts." In 1983, a commission, headed by the writer Mario Vargas Llosa, that was investigating the deaths of eight journalists in the mountain village of Uchuraccay borrowed a copy of Granados' thesis from the university library and never returned it. Granados says it is now in the possession of the military commander in Ayacucho.

Granados received his bachelor's degree in 1981 and went to Huarás, a departmental capital set among snow-capped mountain peaks, which had been partly destroyed by an earthquake in 1970. There he became another of the country's ubiquitous street venders of newspapers, magazines, and books. His search for better work was futile, because he was "from 'the University of Sendero'" and because of his "physical features," he said recently, putting his hands to his smooth face. "An Indian who graduated from Huamanga must be Sendero," he added, with a touch of bitterness about the prevalent stereotype. Eventually, he drifted to Lima and managed to find work as a low-level assistant in the anthropology department of Catholic University, which enabled him to study for a master's degree. That degree mitigated the effects of his Huamanga background, but Sendero has continued to haunt him. Sendero has infiltrated the government to a modest extent, and that, one military Intelligence officer told me, includes the military. At a few government agencies where Granados has sought work, he has been turned down, he says, because of Senderista influence. Granados' wife, Marta Peralta, who has a degree in chemical engineering from Huamanga, says that she, too, has been denied employment in government agencies for that reason.

Granados' knowledge about Sendero reached a wider audience than that for his college thesis last March, when an article he wrote was published in the quarterly *Socialism & Participation*. The journal has a limited circulation, but Granados' words had a profound impact. The office of Peru's President, Alan García Pérez, ordered thirty copies of the article; at dinner parties in San Isidro and Miraflores, it was discussed with alarm. "It really shocked me—my friends, too," said a European-educated psychologist, who lives, with her husband and small children, in a wealthy seaside neighborhood. She had read other writings by the Senderologists, she said, but none had affected her and her friends as Granados' had.

The article compares a Peru under Sendero with Hitler's Germany, Stalin's Russia, and Pol Pot's Cambodia, then asks, "If Sendero triumphs, how many Peruvians will remain to tell the history? One million? Half a million?" It is little wonder that the article caused alarm in a nation with a population of more than twenty million. Granados also rattled upper-crust



complacency when he addressed the question of who become Senderistas. They have been stereotyped, he noted: "*Serrano, cholo, mal vestido igual a senderista*"—a badly dressed *cholo* from the sierras is a Senderista. Both *serrano* and *cholo*, meaning an Indian who has entered the Spanish culture sufficiently to speak some of the language and adopt some of the cultural norms, are often used in derogatory ways. The reality, however, according to Granados, is that Sendero has recruited successfully among the sons and daughters of the middle and upper classes as well.

Sendero has focussed its recruiting on boys and girls of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years old, one reason being that young minds are malleable. Besides, the younger the revolutionary army, the more difficult it will be for the government to infiltrate it: government soldiers are at least seventeen years old. Finally, by the time Sendero gets ready to take on the armed forces in direct battles, which might not be for many more years, the young recruits will have grown into men and women with many years' experience.

"Terrorists" and "delinquents" are the words used by the government, the mainstream media, and most Peruvians to describe the Senderistas. Such pejorative terminology is an element of counter-insurgency, in Peru as elsewhere. It's part of a strategy to portray acts of violence as somehow mindless and without direction. But a government that adopts these labels may be making a serious error. They disguise the nature of the enemy—and how can the enemy be defeated unless the government understands what it is fighting? "It's not terrorism," Granados has written about Sendero. "Terrorism is a type of action by groups that suffer from an absence of ideological conception, being inclined to expressions of uncontrolled and blind wrath."

Sendero is ideologically driven and highly controlled. "Sendero has faith—a conviction—that it will triumph," Granados said during one of our discussions. "They say there is nothing in the world that can defeat them: 'We are condemned to triumph.'" For Sendero, ideology—"the correct line"—is everything. In this, as in so much else, it is guided by Mao: "When the Party line is correct, we have everything. If we don't have men, we will have them; if we don't have weapons, we will get them; and if we don't have

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power, we will take it. If the line is not correct, we will lose everything."

Though Sendero looks to Mao for ideological guidance, it is an indigenous movement, with Senderistas having as much contempt for the "social imperialists" (the Soviet Union) as they do for "Yankee imperialists." Sendero has not received any outside help, American and Peruvian Intelligence officials agree. (It has begun, however, to set up front organizations in Europe and the United States to raise funds.) Not from the Soviet Union (which supplies the Peruvian government), not from Cuba, not from China, which has explicitly disavowed Sendero, not from Vietnam, not from North Korea (which recently sold the government automatic rifles). Unlike other Latin-American movements, Sendero has not bought arms on the international black market. In part this is because sophisticated arms are not consistent with its philosophy of a guerrilla war in a backward country. Dynamite, which is plentiful in the mountains of this mining country, is one of Sendero's principal weapons. Using rope slings the way their ancestors did in hunting for generations, men hurl it with deadly accuracy at police posts. It has been used in attacks on stores and embassies, Soviet and American, thrown by young boys and girls; some youngsters have been badly mutilated when dynamite charges exploded in their hands. Sticks of dynamite are secreted in automobiles and are detonated in front of banks; they are packed on burros that are driven toward military posts. As for more modern weapons, the militant is expected to acquire his own, usually by assassinating a policeman and taking his rifle. Sendero teaches the militant that the weapon rightfully belongs to him, not to the state, and the seizing of it also tests the loyalty and courage of the young Senderista; it is also a political action that reinforces his conviction that Sendero is going to triumph.

Many Peruvians, especially in the government, believe that the revolution could be defeated if only Guzmán could be killed or captured. Guzmán has been positively spotted only once since 1978, when he went underground. That sighting was in 1979, when he was picked up by police in Lima; he was detained only briefly and released, in part through the ineptitude of Peruvian Intelligence. The police do have a photograph that they say shows Guzmán at a baptism in 1983. Authorities disagree on whether Guzmán is alive or dead: a Peruvian Intelligence official told me in August that Guzmán had recently been seen in London; an American Intelligence officer declared with equal certainty that Guzmán had died. Even if Guzmán is dead, the revolution might continue—might have acquired a life of its own. "It's like Mao," Granados says. "He has died. He's buried. But there are thirty or forty groups in the world that continue fighting for the ideas of Mao."

More important than Guzmán in the flesh, according to some Senderologists, is the "subjective myth" that has grown up around him. Cadres and militants declare that they are fighting for the guiding thought of Gonzalo. "They speak not of a triumph in life but of the death necessary in order that the Guiding Thought of Gonzalo will live and triumph," Granados has written. All of life is for the revolution. As is death. For the Senderista, life is on the fingertips, to be blown away at any moment. Indeed, there is a need to die, to create martyrs. Thus, when the government killed at least two hundred and sixty people, most of them

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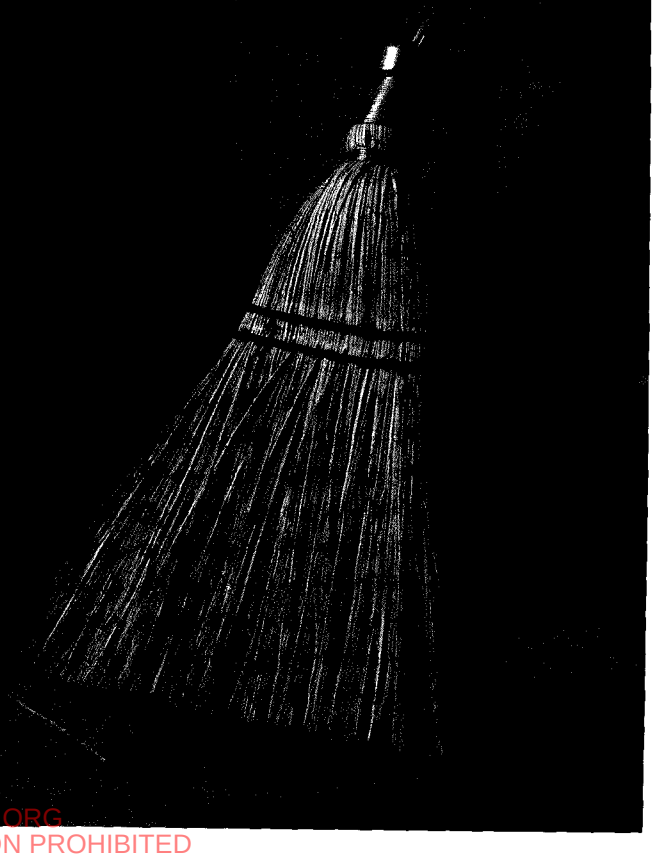

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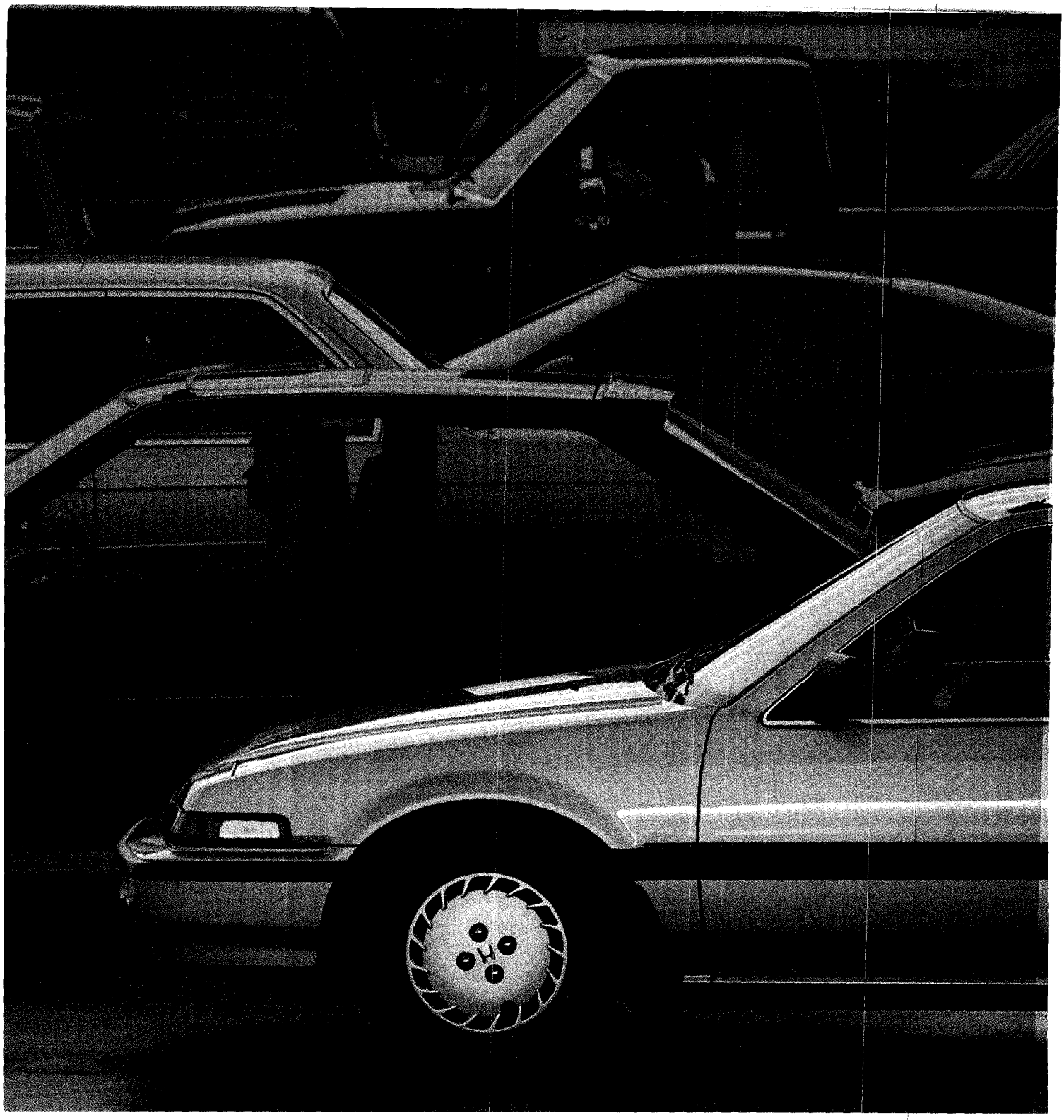

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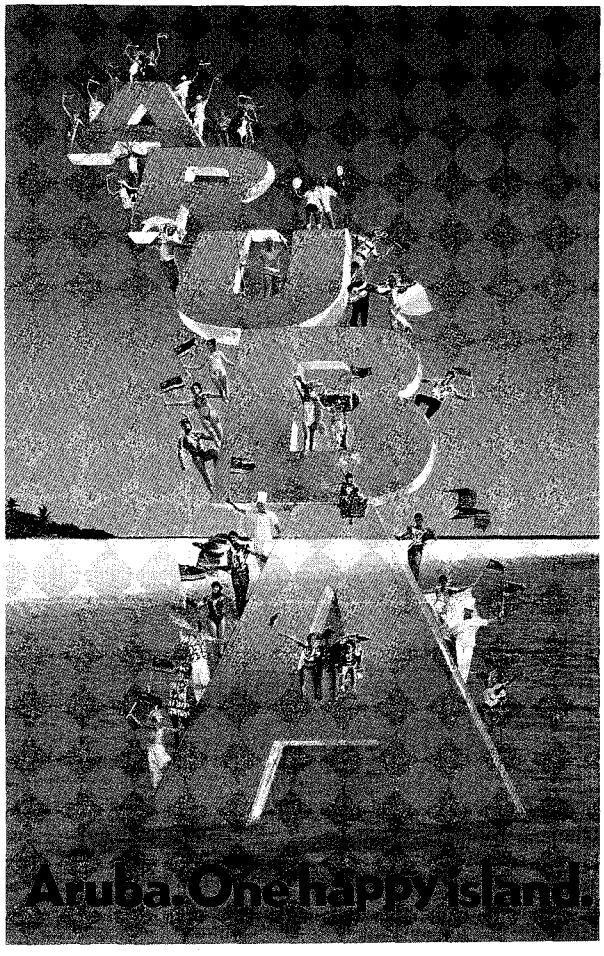

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Senderistas, during prison uprisings in June of 1986, the deaths served Sendero's purposes: a Day of Heroism was declared, to be celebrated each year.

How many are willing to die for the cause? How many militants and cadres does the movement have? How much support does it enjoy among the rural peasants and the urban poor? Those are the perennial questions about revolutionary movements, but the path to their answer is slippery and obscured by false rhetoric. Government figures are not necessarily reliable: governments facing insurgencies tend either to understate the number, so as not to alarm the citizenry and to give the appearance of a government in control, or to exaggerate the insurgents' strength, so as to get more money for the military. (The Peruvian government says there are three thousand to five thousand Sendero militants, and maybe twenty thousand active supporters.) Nor is there any reason to give more credence to the claims of the revolutionaries: they understate their numbers when they don't want to alarm the government, overstate them when they want to give the impression that they represent the popular will.

There can be little doubt, however, that Sendero has steadily gained adherents. No guerrilla movement can survive, let alone grow, without some support from the people, even if it is only passive, such as not alerting authorities to the guerrillas' presence or whereabouts. As for Sendero itself, it has been able to grow because the Peruvian state has done so little for the people in the remote regions. It hasn't provided them roads, water, or electricity, or displayed much humanitarian concern for their children. So what Sendero is intent on destroying is a government and a social order that many Peruvians—particularly the Indians and the poor—believe is not worth fighting to preserve. "There is no sense among the people that the government exists to serve them," says Diego García-Sayán, who is a lawyer and the executive director of the Andean Commission of Jurists, a nonprofit, nongovernmental organization supported by the Ford Foundation. He backs up his statement by comparing Peru with neighboring Chile. A study by the commission found that in Chile in 1983 and 1984 eight thousand habeas-corpus petitions were filed. Granted, he says, maybe only ten were resolved favorably, but, still, the people looked to the government. By con-

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trast, in Ayacucho during the same years a thousand and five persons were detained and disappeared but only fourteen habeas-corpus petitions were filed.

As the war intensifies, the peasants are being forced to choose: either join Sendero or support the government or flee to Lima. Some villages try to remain neutral. One Ayacuchano explained, "When Sendero comes in and demands food, the people feed them; Sendero asks for shelter, the people give it. Then Sendero leaves, and the community erases all traces, all evidence that it was there. Then the military comes. It asks for food, the people provide food. It asks for shelter, the people provide shelter." Such attempts aside, there is little tolerance for neutrality in this war—not by the government and not by Sendero. A major element of the government's counter-insurgency has been the formation of *rondas campesinas*—peasant patrols. (This is similar to what the Guatemalan government has done against another Communist-led insurgency that, like the one in Peru, is based principally among Indians of the highlands, rich in culture but economically impoverished.) The peasants are trapped. If they don't join the peasant patrols, the government will consider them subversives. If they do, they and their families will be Sendero victims.

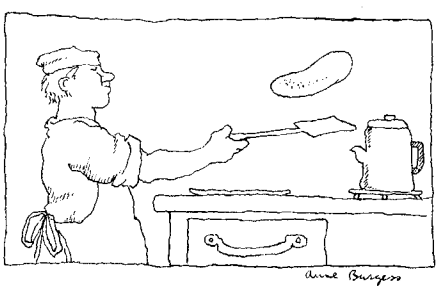
Just as the government's repression has impaired its counter-insurgency, Sendero's violence has sometimes defeated its own purposes. "The Senderistas have killed too many innocent people, too many elected officials," a medical worker who travels in the countryside said when I asked her why Sendero had lost support.

Nevertheless, no one thinks that the war is won—except, perhaps, some government officials and military officers, who, like their counterparts elsewhere, seem to have their judgment blinded by the light at the end of the tunnel. There are communities that are solidly Sendero, and the revolution has a presence in probably half of Peru's twenty-five departments. By taking precautions to avoid the military patrols, Sendero units can move almost at will along the country's mountainous spine from Ecuador to Chile. In the jungles that sprawl from the mountains eastward to Brazil, Sendero has increased its activities in recent years. These are coca-growing regions, and though Sendero does not take part in drug trafficking, it has formed alliances with small-scale coca-leaf growers in their wars against drug traffickers and the government.

"Who's winning the war in Peru in the last four years?" says Diego García-Sayán. "Obviously, Sendero is winning the war. Not in the traditional sense of territory or battles. But who is stronger? There is no doubt. Four years ago, Sendero was a small group incapable of anything but small actions. Today, it can do what it wants—or, at least, from the point of view of the people, it can. There is so much fear that it can set off a bomb or kill a policeman at will. And that means it is winning." No one thinks that Sendero is about to take power; but it can cause enough havoc to prevent the government from turning its attention to the other serious problems besetting the country.

WHILE the government has not had great success in the war against Sendero, some villages have. In Huancasancos and Sacsamarca, two miles up in the Peruvian Andes, facing each other across a narrow valley, the villagers are descendants of the *mitimaes*—people the Incas relocated. They have retained many of the communal characteristics of the Inca era, from granges to community-development projects. In terms of physical distance from urban centers, Sacsamarca and Huancasancos aren't terribly isolated—some two hundred miles southeast of Lima, seventy miles northeast of the city of Palpa, on the Pacific coastal plain, and approximately half that distance south of Ayacucho. But no direct road links the two villages to the city of Ayacucho; a circuitous bus trip takes twelve hours or more. And there is no road at all to Palpa.

To reach the area from Lima, as the journalist Gustavo Gorriti and I did not long ago, you drive to Nazca, two hundred and fifty miles to the south, on a paved road—one of the few in the vast country—that undulates over sand dunes. From Nazca inland, the trip becomes an ordeal. The road twists and reverses through the jagged mountains; periodically on the edges of the road are crosses, those ubiquitous Latin-American memorials to loved ones who went over the precipice in a bus when the brakes failed or the driver fell asleep. After fifty miles on the odometer and almost three hours on the clock—and two and a half miles on an altimeter, from sea level to thirteen thousand feet—the road arrives at a broad plateau. The air in this vast, desolate area is thin, water is scarce, the earth is unyielding. It's a silent world. The land belongs to the alpaca and to the vicuña, a graceful animal with spindly legs, a long, lithe neck, and short brown hair with a patch of white at the chest, which is protected in a government preserve in these mountains. Sometimes you see these animals roaming in herds; sometimes one or two stand quietly on a ridge, silhouetted against the horizon. Breaking the flatness of the landscape are circles of stones a few feet high, the circumferences varying. These are shepherds' corrals. Along the way, when we saw someone, we usually asked how far it was to Sacsamarca. The answer was not in miles, not always even in time. "Oh, very far," was one reply. "This afternoon," shouted a woman in front of a small hut of stones and mud—the only living quarters for as many miles as the eye could scan. To traverse seventy straight, flat miles took us four jarring hours. Then the flatness gave way abruptly to a valley. We saw the towns that were our destination. From a distance, they looked like paintings of idyllic rural villages—leafy trees rising above red tile roofs, beneath slopes with terraced plots.



By Peruvian mountain standards, the four thousand inhabitants of Huancasancos are wealthy; it is not just wealth, however, but their commitment to the community that is the main reason for what development has taken place. The village has three schools, and each one has livestock assigned to it—to be cared for, bred, and eventually sold, the proceeds going to supplement what few resources the government provides. The boys' primary school has twenty-five head of cattle and seven hundred sheep; the girls' primary school, which has about the same number of students, has five head of cattle and a hundred and fifty sheep; the secondary school, which is coed, has two cows and two hundred sheep. (The distribution reflects, in part, the male dominance in the society, as does the fact that the boys' school is two stories high, with

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glass windows, and would be the pride of many coastal towns or departmental capitals, while the girls attend school in a crumbling adobe structure.) Cows and sheep belonging to the community as a whole graze in the communal grange. Profits from their sale are used for a number of village projects. A few years ago, Huancasancos built its own hydroelectric power plant on a hill behind the village, providing the people with something that the government has provided to few communities in the mountains. And Huancasancos recently bought two heavy-duty trucks to haul cows, sheep, people, and mail —for a fee, which goes to the community. To reduce from ten or twelve hours to four or five hours the time it takes to reach the coast, where there are markets for agricultural products, the villagers have already arranged for labor on a road that the government has proposed to build to Palpa: three thousand men from the region will donate six days of road work each.

It was this wealth, this way of life, and this form of government that the people ultimately rose up to defend against Sendero. The military doesn't want journalists in areas where it is operating against Sendero, and Gorriti and I were stopped and detained by soldiers. Eventually, however, an Army captain, persuaded that the villagers' story was one that ought to be told, allowed us to go into Huancasancos; he accompanied us. The villagers clearly had respect for this military officer—they are helping to build a military post. At one point, the village leaders told us that a lieutenant who had been in charge of the garrison a few years earlier was habitually drinking with a Senderista teacher and had been very drunk during a Sendero attack. The captain looked uncomfortable as they told the story, but he did not attempt to stop them. In general, the village leaders confirmed the broad outlines of what Gorriti had already learned, and added details.

It was in late 1981 that Sendero began operating in Huancasancos. First came meetings in the leafy town square, surrounded by a church, a municipal building, and a soccer field, behind and above which is the high school. The Senderistas were hooded, so the people weren't sure who they were. Eventually, the leader unmasked himself. He was Juan López Liceras, who had been teaching at the high school for four years. López Liceras, a graduate of the University of Huamanga, was twenty-eight years old at the time; he was described to us by the mayor as "very reserved." He became the de-facto commissar of the Huancasancos region, which Sendero considered a liberated zone and, in effect, the capital of Sendero's empire. López Liceras and the Senderistas took over the municipal building, a two-story red brick structure, for offices and living quarters.

Sendero rule, which was at first more relaxed, gradually tightened as resistance grew. Ultimately, no more than two people were allowed to gather on a street except when Sendero rang the bells in the twin towers of the church to call a meeting; the villagers were then expected to appear in the square for indoctrination. A red flag would be raised, and the Senderistas would chant their revolutionary slogans. Whenever a bus or a truck left the city, Senderista guards stopped it and took the name of everyone aboard. The passengers were warned that if the police or soldiers came while they were away their families would be killed.

Sendero also reorganized economic life in Huancasancos. No one was allowed to own more than five head of cattle and fifty sheep. Animals over that number, and also the animals owned communally, were distributed to poorer families. Others were slaughtered for daily communal feedings; many of those fed were from poorer villages surrounding Huancasancos, where Sendero had considerable support. The community cattle herd, which had numbered four hundred head before Sendero arrived, was soon less than a hundred; the Senderistas slaughtered, sold, or gave away thirty-eight hundred sheep. Because farmers were prohibited from working their fields, other food also became scarce, and villagers were reduced to eating one meal a day. The Senderista leaders told them that this was a time of war, and during war people had to learn to do without, to sacrifice. Reducing agricultural production was also part of a Sendero policy to starve the cities—an application of Mao's strategy of strangling the cities from bases of control in the countryside.

"I'm still very fond of you, Marilee, but I'm getting tired of our Uptown Wimp–Downtown Flake combo."

For Huancasancos, however, the most cataclysmic event involved a well-to-do businessman and former teacher and mayor, Alejandro Marquina. Five years later, standing beneath a portal of the municipal building, two eye-

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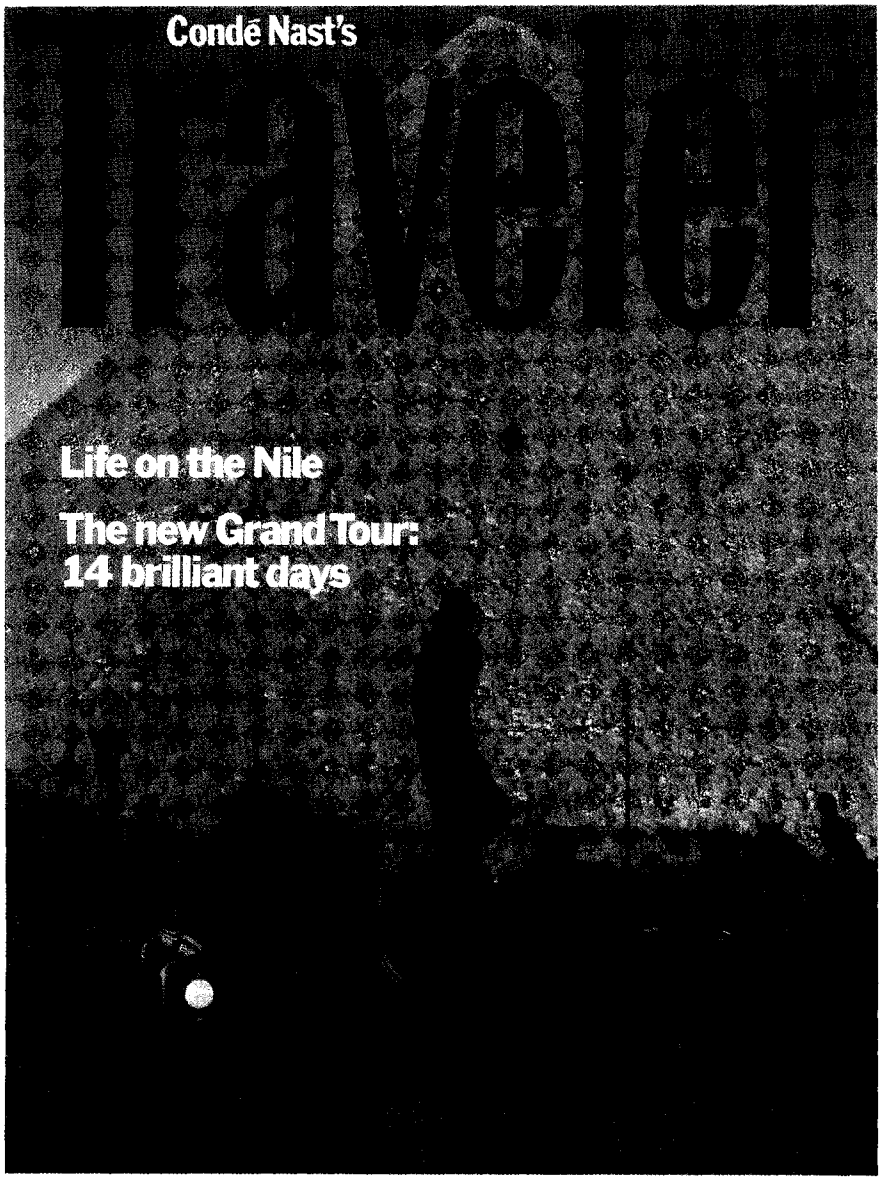

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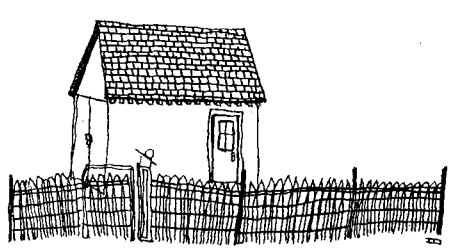
witnesses—Clemente Jiménez, today's mayor, and Oscar Llajaruna Torres, the deputy mayor—were able to recall vividly what had happened. Very late one night, Torres was seized at his home, taken to the municipal building, and locked in a dark room with several other people. The next morning, Senderistas entered the room and asked which of the people was Marquina; he was taken to another room and blindfolded, and his hands were tied behind his back. Then he was led outside. A long arcade under the balcony of the municipal building was packed with Senderista militants, most of them local high-school boys and girls; the square was filled with villagers who had been ordered to appear. Marquina was forced to kneel. His wife stood next to him. The Senderistas shouted accusations: that he had abused his office when he was mayor; that as a businessman he had stolen from the people. Then a shot was fired. "I thought they shot over his head," recalled Torres, who, from a window in the room where he was detained, was able to see only a little of what was happening. Jiménez, who was standing twenty feet away, saw immediately that Marquina had been shot in the head.

"They didn't ask the people," Torres told us. He explained that the Sendero leaders had previously told the villagers that they would consult the community before punishing anyone. Individuals who are subjected to "people's trials" are those accused of committing offenses against the common good, such as cattle thieves; men who abandon their families; businessmen who charge exorbitant prices or cheat customers; men with mistresses; fathers who commit incest. (Senderistas adhere to a strict moral code—no smoking and no drinking, for example—and often when they move into a village one of their first acts is to close down the brothel.) The "criminal" isn't always killed; he might be punished by having his head shaved or by being whipped in public. If the Senderista leaders had asked about Marquina, the community would have said he should not be killed, Torres and Jiménez said. He was "very honorable," one of them added. A year after the assassination, Senderistas dragged Marquina's widow from a truck on the way to Nazca and stoned her to death.

Not long after Marquina's murder, the uprising began. It started in Sacsamarca in February of 1983, after several teachers and other villagers who were openly opposed to Sendero had been killed. One evening, some Sacsamarca men entered the room where two Senderista leaders were sleeping, beat them badly, and threw them out the window to the dirt street below, where accomplices finished them off. "The people were tired of their abuses," the mayor of Sacsamarca told Gorriti and me. Sendero responded by sending a patrol from Huancasancos. Sacsamarcans tried to flee up the hill, but Sendero captured at least twenty-two men and led them to Huancasancos. Some of them were tied near a walk-in oven that belonged to a village baker. The Senderistas began gathering wood. The captives were going to be baked alive.

There was no military presence in the villages back then—neither soldiers nor policemen. But one villager had walked all night to a military post at Huancapi, almost twenty miles from Huancasancos. (There is no road connecting the two.) The military headquarters in Ayacucho was alerted, and the Sinchis—a special unit within the Guardia Civil that was formed, with assistance from American Green Berets, in the mid-nineteen-sixties—were dispatched. When their helicopters appeared over Huancasancos, everyone was stunned: the villagers had never before seen these flying machines. (The villagers refer to them as "*cachi cachi*"—the name of an insect whose wings make a sound faintly resembling that of a helicopter.) Several villagers were killed by the Sinchis, though the Huancasancan leaders we talked to were vague, perhaps deliberately so, about the exact number, who they were (Senderista sympathizers or innocent villagers), or how they died—in a cross fire or by execution. In any case, the remaining Senderistas fled.

Within a week, the people of Huancasancos elected new leaders and "pardoned" those young Senderistas who chose to return to the community. (The Army captain accompanying us made it clear that the military knew who they were and still kept close tabs on them.) During a village ceremony two weeks after the Senderistas had been driven out, they returned, apparently with plans to reëstablish their control. The women of Huancasancos led the battle that followed. Several of them would set upon a Senderista and seize his or her weapon. Soon other villagers joined in, armed with rocks, slingshots, knives, and a few .22-calibre rifles. Juan López Liceras was shot in the stomach. He tried to hide under a bed in a room behind the municipal building, but some women found him, dragged him out, and pummelled him with rocks and their fists and stabbed him with their knitting needles. They left him on the street, where he died. After he was dead, villagers stoned him and committed other indecorous acts on his body.



For the next several weeks, the region was close to civil war as supporters—mostly students and teachers—and opponents of Sendero fought in the villages. In Lucanamarca, a tiny village that can be reached only by foot or on horseback, on February 25th Sendero publicly executed two villagers, charging them with being "informants." Three days later, soldiers arrived as the villagers were discussing how to deal with Sendero and the military. A number of people were killed; the government said they were "subversive delinquents." Then, on April 3rd, Sendero invaded Lucanamarca, killing at least sixty people. Some were executed, while others, including old men, women, and children, were killed with axes and knives while huddling in the town church, where they had sought sanctuary. The Army captain would not permit us to travel to Lucanamarca, but in Sacsamarca we managed to get the rest of the story about the eventual defeat of Sendero in the region.

First, we had to persuade someone to lead us up the hill to the spot where the final battle had been fought. While it was easy to find the leaders of the village, it was not easy to break through their fear and mistrust of outsiders. We talked in the dark of a mud-wall general store where the roof was held up by log beams and which had little merchandise to offer except a few cans of evaporated milk and bottles of liquor on its shelves and some large bags of feed on the dirt floor. Several of the men and one woman downed a number of jiggers of cane liquor before the group decided that Lázaro Poma Janampa, a Sacsamarca town official, would take us over the steep route that the villagers had followed to attack a Sendero unit four

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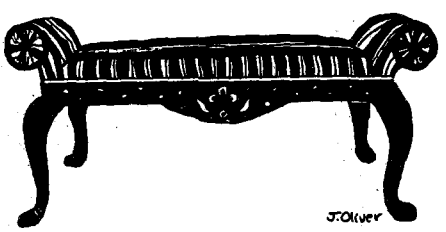
years earlier. We were above two miles in altitude, but Poma practically sprinted. Along the way, we crossed a stone bridge over a deep narrow gorge, which Poma proudly noted had been built by village ancestors—how many generations ago he didn't know. We passed horses and burros packed with supplies, and an old blind man holding on to the pigtails of a woman who was also leading a horse down the twisting narrow trail. In a clearing, with a view of the valley across to Huancasancos and beyond, a small girl, six or seven years old, with a pigtail falling to her waist, and wearing a hat, and a wool skirt that reached to her calves, was tending a single white lamb. When we finally reached the crest and began walking across a rocky plateau, we encountered a solitary shepherd. He was carrying a coiled whip in his right hand, and he wore a fedora, a brown sweater, and a sports coat, which, under dirt and stains, seemed to be a dark blue. A long piece of multicolored cloth, used for carrying things, hung empty around his chest and shoulder. He was Agustín Herrera, the president of the communal grazing area; he had been present during the battle, there on the plateau where we met him.

Our guides told us that in May of 1983 a man who had been seized by the Senderistas as they moved through the area had escaped in the night and made his way down the mountain to Sacsamarca to warn the villagers that the Senderistas were camped above and were preparing an attack. At five in the morning, between sixty and seventy villagers began the three-mile climb to the plateau, accompanied by six Sinchis, who had the only rifles. An hour later, they reached the crest and saw the Sendero encampment in the distance, inside a corral of rocks. They crawled slowly across the terrain for a couple of hundred yards until they were spotted. There were about three hundred Senderistas, but, according to our guides, only fifteen or twenty were armed—with automatic rifles. The shooting lasted about thirty minutes, and then the Senderistas began to flee in all directions.

I asked Herrera how many Senderistas had been killed. None, he answered. During our climb, Poma had given the same answer. In fact, at least eighty had been, according to Gorriti, who had earlier interviewed the Sinchi commander. But Herrera and Poma weren't going to admit that, nor was anybody else in the village. They all feared that someone from Lima—a government official or a lawyer representing families of the Senderistas involved—might come and charge them and other villagers in Sacsamarca with murder. Nor did Herrera or Poma, or other villagers, want to talk about a retaliatory raid on a Sendero town after the Lucanamarca massacre, or the several graves, marked by simple wooden crosses, on the bank of a small river below Sacsamarca, the burial ground for suspected Senderistas who had been executed by soldiers during one of their roundups.

WITH anguish, government officials and many other Peruvians as well complain that their country has been receiving a bad international press—that all of Peru is not in the midst of a civil war, as it might sometimes seem to be, from the foreign coverage of the bombings, and that the nation is not splintered, like Lebanon, as has been specifically suggested in some European newspapers. (In May of 1986, President García told *Le Monde* that two American correspondents had "arrived in Lima with bulletproof vests, convinced that street battles were raging in the capital.") There is some legitimacy to the Peruvians' complaints. Lima is not Beirut. It's not even San Salvador as San Salvador was a few years ago, when diners were often jolted from their evening meals by bomb blasts, and the most popular automobile for the wealthy seemed to be an armor-reinforced jeep. The first time I got into a jeep in Lima—it belonged to Enrique Zileri Gibson, the owner, publisher, and editor of *Caretas*, Peru's largest-circulation newsweekly—I asked if it was O.K. to roll down the window; having read about Sendero, and having spent time in El Salvador and Guatemala, I was sure that the glass must be bulletproof. It wasn't. Zileri told me that there were probably not more than a hundred armor-reinforced cars in Lima, and that those had been bought to protect against garden-variety kidnappings for ransom, not against violent revolutionaries. Zileri doesn't travel with bodyguards, and his house, a rambling, modern structure on a hill in one of



the wealthiest sections of the city, is not surrounded by high walls and by armed men in civilian clothes—a common sight in El Salvador and the Philippines. And Zileri's attitude seems to be the rule, not the exception. I interviewed a former president of Peru's Central Bank at his beachside apartment without seeing any of the accoutrements of war, and had dinner with prominent businessmen without bodyguards lurking in the street. The wealthy in Lima don't seem to have a siege mentality, as if tomorrow they might lose it all. Men don't pack pistols, and night clubs don't have signs at the entrances saying "Check your weapons."

For most residents of Lima, the war is still something that exists principally in news reports. It gets closer when there is an *apagón*, or blackout—a word that has entered daily discourse here. Blowing up power pylons is one of Sendero's favorite tactics, and has led to a duel of wits between the Senderistas and the engineers at the power company, who, fortunately, have proved to be some of the most talented people in the country: they move power among the various grids in an effort to keep Sendero from knowing which pylons are carrying electricity to which parts of the city. The *apagóns* don't seem to upset people greatly. I was in a car during one that occurred around midnight, and was surprised at how traffic continued to flow without any frantic honking of horns or other evidence of panic.

Lima is perhaps something like Rome during the days of the Red Brigade, or like present-day Madrid, with its sporadic attacks by Basque separatists. A few spectacular bombings have startled the citizens of Lima, but so far the bombs have caused few deaths, or even injuries. Most of the bombs have been detonated at hours—usually in the early morning—when there were no people around. But disastrous consequences have been narrowly averted. In July, for example, police towed away a car illegally parked in front of the Sheraton Hotel. Unknown to the authorities, it was packed with dynamite; it exploded after being hauled a few blocks, but caused only a few relatively minor injuries. Certain death and serious injuries were similarly avoided that same month when a Toyota loaded with more than seventy sticks of dynamite and five packets of chemical explosives was discovered just forty yards from the airport's international-departure area in midafternoon. The car, which

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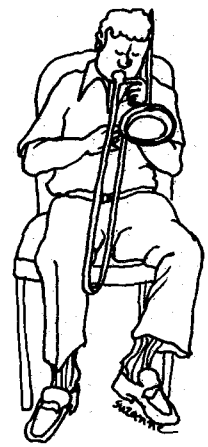
witnesses said later had been parked by a couple with a baby, had been stolen a few days before by three men and a woman; its owner spotted it when he went to the airport to see friends off. These serendipitous escapes from tragedy have left some Limeños wondering whether the guerrillas are incompetent or may perhaps have arranged for tragedy to be avoided.

The city's collective jitters were displayed on June 19, 1987, the first anniversary of Sendero-led prison uprisings that the García government had quelled—marines and policemen killed at least two hundred and sixty prisoners, shooting many of them in the head after they surrendered. As the anniversary approached, there were rumors that Sendero would mark it in a significant way. One senator told a colleague that the Intelligence services had detected a Sendero plan to utilize human bombs—militants with terminal tuberculosis would be wired with sticks of dynamite. The story was repeated by police, priests, and foreign diplomats. Reinforcing the nervousness was a bombing on June 6th. A car packed with thirty pounds of dynamite exploded in front of a branch of Banco de Crédito, then the country's largest private bank, on fashionable Larco Avenue, in Miraflores. This bombing turned out to be the work not of Sendero but of the Tupac Amarú Revolutionary Movement. Known by its Spanish abbreviation as M.R.T.A., this group, which is thought to have two hundred to three hundred members, emerged a couple of years ago; it is more like other Latin-American revolutionary movements, being urban-based and led by university students. A few of its leaders fought beside the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, and it is also said to have loose ties with Cuba and some of the guerrilla organizations in Colombia. The blast blew out windows to the top of the modern, fourteen-story building and of another high rise, half a block away, on the opposite side of the street, leaving curtains fluttering through spaces where window glass had been. Half a mile away, a woman was awakened by the blast and thought it was another earthquake. On the morning of the nineteenth, the tabloid *Cambio*, which appears to represent the views of the M.R.T.A., warned on its front page, "Today blood could run." *El Diario*, which many here consider the unofficial voice of Sendero, had Guzmán's picture on the front page, labelled, in block letters, "PRESIDENTE GONZALO." The newspaper and also some flyers being passed out by people with their faces covered invited the public to a Sendero rally at five o'clock at the University of San Marcos—which, like many Latin-American universities, is autonomous, and therefore beyond the normal reach of the authorities.

At 3 P.M. on the nineteenth, Abel Salinas, the Minister of the Interior, appeared on television and said that "according to intelligence information" the "subversives" were planning to blow up the power lines and then, under the cover of darkness, carry out "violent acts of destruction." The alarm was repeated over radio and television. The city panicked. "It was like when Orson Welles claimed that the Martians had landed," one Lima resident says. There were hideous traffic jams as people tried to flee. But there was no violence. Government leaders later insisted that their warnings and their actions had thwarted Sendero; many Peruvians are convinced that the government overreacted. "It was absolutely cockeyed, giving so much attention to Sendero," Enrique Zileri says.



All that really happened on June 19th was the rally at the University of San Marcos—Sendero's first public demonstration in Lima. Though the university, which was founded in 1551, is the oldest in the Western Hemisphere, it feels less like a venerated institution than like the South Bronx. Student radicals have spray-painted seemingly every surface of every wall of the Schools of Letters and Law with revolutionary graffiti; a few years ago law students erected a life-size statue of Che Guevara in fatigues and holding a rifle. Long-standing government indifference to the nation's youth is reflected in broken windows, collapsing desks, plugged-up toilets, and filthy classrooms. Behind a platform at the School of Economics, a two-story red flag with hammer and sickle and the silk-screened faces of Mao and Guzmán was displayed. A person wearing a bandanna read a letter purportedly from Guzmán; then the families of prisoners who had been killed in the uprisings mounted the stage to be honored. There were periodic chantings of "*Viva Gonzalo!*" and "*Viva la revolución!*" and "*Viva la lucha armada!*"—"the armed struggle."

SENDERO is carrying on its revolution in a political landscape that is far different from most others where revolutions are seething. The Peruvian military is on the sidelines of the political game (for the moment, anyway), and there is no reactionary right wing—or none that has any significant political power. Moreover, Peru's political playing field probably has more space for the left than that of any other Latin-American country except Cuba or Nicaragua. One day at the airport, during a melee at the domestic ticket counter (the airlines routinely overbook, some passengers show up without reservations, and no one makes any serious attempt to impose order), a man pushed his way to the counter from the side and was immediately waited on, ahead of all of us who had been in line longer. "He's important," an AeroPerú clerk said in response to my grumbling. After the man left, I asked her who he was. "He's a Communist," she said. At first, I thought maybe she was mocking the anti-Communism of the United States. I also recoiled slightly, because in so many Latin-American countries calling someone a Communist is tantamount to condemning that person to torture and execution. But she was not needling me, nor was the man's life jeopardized by what she said. Indeed, he was a Communist, I later learned—an elected member of the legislature. Her comment reflected a reality of Peruvian politics. The left in Peru is "important and respected," says Mario Vargas Llosa, who has become a leading conservative voice in his country.

In Peru's most recent Presidential election, in 1985, Lima's independent Marxist mayor, Alfonso Barrantes Lingán, finished second, with twenty-one per cent of the vote; the winner, García, got forty-six per cent. Barrantes ran on the ticket of the United Left, a coalition of parties, including the Peruvian Communist Party–Unity, which is pro-Moscow; the Communist Party of Peru–Red Fatherland, which is pro-Beijing; and the Unified Mariáteguista Party, which takes its name from José Mariátegui. The var-

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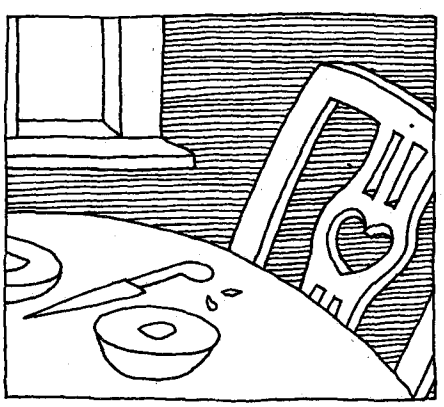
ious Marxist organizations have their own daily or weekly newspapers; several major Peruvian cities have had Marxist mayors; and in both the Chamber of Deputies, with a hundred and eighty members, and the Senate, with sixty members, the United Left has the second-largest bloc of votes, after the ruling American Popular Revolutionary Alliance.

As for the political right in Peru, it was crippled economically and politically in the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies, when the government was under the control of General Juan Velasco Alvarado. Velasco did not fit the stereotype of military rulers. Rather than line up with the oligarchy, he announced a sweeping program of land redistribution (it was generally a failure, in part because only a small number of individuals actually received land) and nationalized most of the country's copper, oil, silver, fishing, and other industries, many of which were owned by foreign conglomerates. Velasco's rule, which ended in 1975, when he was deposed by more traditional military officers, has usually been labelled "leftist" but has also been described as "statist" and "corporatist" and "Fascist." Labels aside, one thing that Velasco accomplished was of major significance: he broke the Peruvian oligarchy. The infirmity of the right was apparent in the 1985 Presidential election. The center-right Popular Action Party, headed by the incumbent President, Fernando Belaúnde Terry, received only six per cent of the vote. And last July, when President García announced a proposal to nationalize the banks, the major voice of the opposition was that of Vargas Llosa, who has never held a political office, and had just returned from almost a year in London.

The bank nationalization, which was approved by the parliament in October, has aroused the slumbering right, providing it with a cause around which to organize, recruit, and rally. Conservatives and many moderates have charged that it was the first step toward totalitarianism, and compared García with Hitler and Mussolini. Whatever it might lead to and whether or not it made sense economically, it was almost certainly a shrewd political move by García, because it took an issue away from the United Left, which is constantly pushing for more nationalizations.

García, who describes himself as a social democrat, was thirty-five years old when he was elected President of Peru, in 1985. An intellectual populist, he brought to the office and to his country the youthfulness, the vigor, and the idealism of John F. Kennedy, whose picture is almost as common in small shops and distant villages throughout Latin America as that of the Pope. From shopkeepers and housewives, businessmen and taxi-drivers, I heard over and over about García, "He's our Kennedy." In a way, García reminds me more of Jerry Brown, who as California's young governor enjoyed sparring with ideas and reporters but had limited success in realizing his visions. García has also been seen as a competitor of Fidel Castro for the de-facto leadership of Latin America and the Third World; the two men have exchanged verbal barbs. García advocates a "profound social revolution," a redistribution of wealth, a government that "looks after the interests of the poorest and the neediest." He describes Peruvian society by drawing a pyramid and labelling the top twenty-five per cent "the privileged." Altogether, he points out, the privileged earn seventy-seven per cent of the national income, while the remaining seventy-five per cent of the population divides up twenty-three per cent. This bottom three-quarters, he says, is "left in poverty and need." (If the Philippines' President, Corazon Aquino, or El Salvador's José Napoleon Duarte talked like that, assuming that either one wanted to, each would be deposed instantly by right-wing political and economic forces, with the aid of allies in the armed forces or of their own private armies. On the other hand, such statements about economic inequalities and the role of the government in changing them would probably go far to defuse the revolutions in those countries; in Peru, Sendero is not moved.)

My opportunity to observe García up close came in Ayacucho in July of 1987. I had gone there to learn more about Sendero. García's arrival was totally unexpected; the city officials were informed of his visit only an hour before the Presidential plane landed on the municipal airport's single runway. When ordinary passengers arrive, they pass between two rows of soldiers with automatic rifles on their way to the terminal, where the passengers' documents are checked (identification cards for Peruvians; passports for foreigners, who may also be interrogated about why they are there); outside, sentries with muzzled German shepherds stand guard near sandbagged bunkers. It is all a reminder that there is a war on against Sendero—a war that isn't as visible in Lima.



It wasn't principally for security reasons, however, that García gave little advance notice of his arrival; it was because, being impetuous by nature, he didn't decide to make the trip until the last minute. García wanted to get out of Lima to protect his political standing. García's rival for control of their political party, Luis Alva Castro, who had recently departed as the head of García's Cabinet—whether he actually resigned or was sacked depends on which side is telling the story, but if he did walk out on the President it was a somewhat audacious act, for few people say no to García—was a contender for leadership of the Chamber of Deputies. García's travels outside the capital would make it appear he was above the fray and would draw attention away from Alva Castro. Politics dictated his choice of Ayacucho as the place to get away to: the leadership of the United Left was in Ayacucho on a political mission, and García's presence would upstage them.

García remained in Ayacucho for a day and a half, spending the night in the government-owned Hotel Turistas, a simple but clean two-story building on the central plaza, with long white corridors and red tile floors. It was a visit of perpetual motion. The President's first stop after his plane landed was outside the city, in a barren valley surrounded by rocky mountains. Arriving in a brown-camouflage military helicopter, García took a microphone and, with the cameras of the government-owned television station focussed on him, made some remarks that were recorded for later broadcast. The Río Cachi was near the valley. Back in 1824, Simón Bolívar declared that this river would be harnessed to provide water for the

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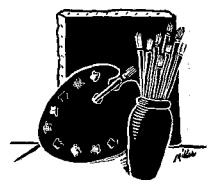
people and their crops. In the century and a half since, there have been more promises and more government studies, but there is still no dam, no irrigation system, no water. Now García, turning and gesticulating through the expanse, was explaining how his government would build a dam and this valley would be flooded, bringing Ayacuchanos abundant water and electricity.

Once the President arrived in town, three journalists at least half a foot shorter than García—he is a beefy six-four—conducted an impromptu interview in the hotel lobby. Loitering a short distance from García were several men casually dressed in sweatshirts, jackets, corduroys, bluejeans. They were hefty, like American football players. It turned out that they were the security—members of PIP, a plainclothes-police unit—and had pistols tucked in their waistbands. When he finished, I was able with surprising ease, given that I was a total stranger, to get close enough to him to shake his hand and tell him who I was and why I was in Peru. "Come," he said. We walked along a corridor and up the stairs to the second floor, dutifully followed by local politicians and a couple of senior military officers in olive-drab uniforms. As we entered García's room, he waved the pack away except for the official photographer. From a wooden bowl of bananas, grapes, and oranges set on a low table, which also held a thermos of coffee, he took an orange and began peeling it as we exchanged small talk. He asked how long I had been in Ayacucho and how long I planned to stay, and I used the opening to say that I would like to stay longer but the military wouldn't allow journalists to travel into the countryside, which is where I wanted to go. He claimed to be unaware of this restriction on journalists and didn't understand the need for it. "There have been no massacres during my government," he said, the emphasis clearly on the "my"—throughout the campaign he had been critical of human-rights abuses during the Belaúnde years. The fact is, however, that there have been massacres in Ayacucho since García became President, and the restriction on journalists had been reported by *Caretas*, which García reads regularly. Our conversation ended with his promising a longer interview when we returned to Lima. That never took place, even though I requested it through both official and unofficial channels.

Soon García left for the streets of Ayacucho. There had obviously been no advance work for this visit, but as he strode along, towering above everyone, he picked up followers. Wearing gray slacks and a black leather jacket, zipped up to about the midpoint of a dark-blue tie, he was followed by Indian women in their traditional bowler hats or fedoras, here and there among them a woman with a child carried on her back in a multicolored cloth sling tied in a knot at the chest, and by weathered men wearing sweaters, their feet in thongs made of heavy tire rubber. Through the crisp, pure mountain air came shouts of "Alan!" García walked through the Plaza de Armas and, after a few turns, was back on the street in front of the hotel. I looked down from my low balcony and noticed a soldier in a maroon beret scanning the red tile roofs. When I saw this soldier later, we talked about security for Presidents. He found the protection needed by American Presidents, which I described to him, as hard to comprehend as I found the fact that García had strolled through the streets of Ayacucho with so little security.



In the early evening, with the sun setting and the mountain temperature dropping, García headed for a meeting with local officials. But give García an audience and he'll give a speech, particularly when he can deliver it from a balcony: six times in his first month in office, he spontaneously addressed crowds from the balcony of the Presidential palace, earning the nickname of the Balcony President. He didn't have a balcony this time, but on the second floor of an adobe building with a whitewashed stucco exterior about a block from the hotel he leaned out of a window, barely large enough for his torso. On the street, the crowd began the rhythmic chant of "Alan! Alan! Alan!"

After allowing the excitement to mount, García put a finger to his lips, and the crowd fell silent.

"Cachi," García said. This one-word mention of the river project and nothing more. A grin.

The crowd noise resumed. García let it build. Again the finger to the lips, and a "Sh-h-h."

This time, he said a little more: "I'm going to speak to you from the Plaza de Armas when the Cachi project begins." The crowd erupted. García is a masterly orator, able to reduce a throng of thousands to a hushed silence and then carry it on rhythmic oratorical flourishes to a tumultuous chanting of his name. (During his campaign for the Presidency of Guatemala, the Christian Democratic candidate, Vinicio Cerezo, who was elected several months after García, studied videotapes of García's speeches.) But now he talked for just five minutes—unusual for a man with a penchant for long speeches, often delivered without notes. Then he went in to his meeting, which lasted for nearly seven hours—until after midnight. This was not unusual; García once held a Cabinet meeting that went on for twenty-four hours—according to one popular story, at least. He seems to be indefatigable, and is known for rousing his Cabinet ministers at two or three in the morning.

The next morning, after coffee, orange juice, and rolls were brought to his room, with the newspapers, García was off again, wearing the black leather jacket and gray slacks but no tie. Emerging from the hotel, he got into the driver's seat of a BMW that had been flown in from Lima. (García doesn't generally indulge in this display of status; the armor-reinforced car was brought for security reasons.) At the end of the block, a crowd had gathered. García emerged from the car, grinning and waving, walked twenty or thirty yards, and then headed back to the car, got in, and drove off. Soldiers with rifles, plainclothesmen of his security detail, the ever-present government camera crew, and reporters scrambled onto the beds of three small pickup trucks and followed. García continued in the lead—daringly or recklessly, since his car would be the one to trigger a mine or be hit by an ambush. His first stop was at a hospital that the government was building. With his hands clasped behind his back, he walked along ridges of dirt from trenches where the sewer was to be laid, and then through partly completed rooms, while men in hard hats briefly suspended their sawing and nailing on the roof. Soon he was off again, down narrow streets, past mud-brick houses, donkeys, cactus plants, on his way to the cemetery, and there, with an Army general by his side, he laid a spray of red flowers wrapped in cellophane in front of a large crypt—probably ten feet high, ten feet deep, and five feet wide—of

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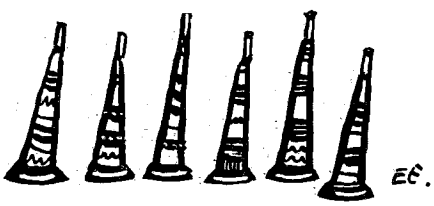
the Vivanco Chavez family. Eighty-year-old Andrés Vivanco Amorín, remembered around the country and now by the President for his work with children orphaned by the war with Sendero, had died a week earlier. García and the general stepped back, stood silent for a few moments. He was about to leave, but after a bystander said something to him he went farther into the cemetery. The bystander, a local leader of García's party, had suggested that the President pay his respects at the tomb of an eighteen-year-old boy who was killed during political violence in 1935. "An Aprista martyr murdered for his ideals" is inscribed on the headstone, which also bears a red star and a rifle. Nearby, but avoided by García, is the tomb of Edith Lagos, a woman whom Sendero claims as a martyr. In September of 1982, at age nineteen, she was killed in a battle with government forces, and when her coffin, draped with a red flag with hammer and sickle, was carried from the church to the cemetery thousands of Ayacuchanos jammed the streets. That demonstration is often cited as evidence of the level of Sendero support in Ayacucho, but a knowledgeable Ayacuchano told me that most of those who turned out weren't Sendero sympathizers but merely curiosity seekers.

From the cemetery, García headed for the military compound, out by the airport, where he met with commanders; no one else was allowed past the camp gates. After that, the President and the caravan raced north out of town, García still driving, for thirty miles, half of it on a twisting, unpaved, rutted road, through the mountains and past fields of cactus and little else. The destination was Huanta, a formerly sleepy agricultural center that has seen some of the worst violence of the war; several mass graves have been found nearby. So many people turned out to greet García in Huanta that he couldn't drive beyond the edge of town; instead, he walked eight blocks, past adobe houses, to the central square, pleasant with bushes and trees. On one side was a yellow stucco-front building, the Palacio Municipal. It was just down a hill from the town's soccer stadium, which the marines, who have had principal responsibility for the counter-insurgency war in the Huanta zone, used as their base camp when they occupied the town a few years ago, and where, according to the residents of Huanta, they applied electric shock and other tortures to suspected Senderista sympathizers.

From the municipal building's second-floor balcony, which afforded a view over palm trees to waves of mountains beyond, García tossed flowers to his admirers. Then he delivered another rousing speech, this one thirty minutes long, as he paced back and forth, hunched over, microphone in hand, his energy caged by a balcony too narrow and too short. He promised to pave the rest of the road from Ayacucho. The crowd roared its approval. He promised that the military would help build another road. The crowd roared. And so it went: promises of roads, hospitals, coöperatives, and each promise greeted by applause.

ALAN GARCÍA wants to do more than just excite his countrymen; he wants to be more than just President of Peru. He would like to be the leader of the Nonaligned Movement, of which Peru is a member. In seeking this goal, García has taken his exuberance and his anti-imperialist message around the world: he travelled to eleven countries during the first two years of his Presidency—twice as many as his predecessor visited in an entire five-year term. Visits by García have usually been memorable, but not always for statesmanlike conduct. In Paris, he returned to the restaurant where, as a student at the Sorbonne, in the mid-nineteen-seventies, he earned money playing the guitar and singing; on his nostalgic return, he sang again. (An opera buff, García invited Luciano Pavarotti to his inauguration, and he named one of his daughters Luciana.)

At the time of García's journey to Mexico, in March of 1987, Enrique Zileri, of *Caretas*, wrote, "The game was clear from the beginning: the *enfant terrible* of Peru was coming to fire off a few rockets and shake his fist at the financial imperialists and the North American government." Zileri added, "No one felt cheated." Speaking to a packed audience of Mexican legislators and selected guests, García boomed, "We are going to break the paper tigers!" But once again García may have left a more lasting mark



with song. At an official reception in the federal city hall, a mariachi band was playing on the patio below, and soon he was singing along with it. That brought murmurs—"Look, he's singing"—from band members and guests. Encouraged, García descended, took a microphone, and sang a few more songs. Then he was off to the Peruvian Embassy for a reception, and found another mariachi band; there was more singing by the Peruvian baritone. Finally, after midnight, he departed, but not for bed. He went to the Plaza Garibaldi, a popular gathering place for mariachi bands, and there, having traded his dark suit and red-and-white Presidential sash for a leather jacket, he filled the air with song for a couple of hours longer. Conservative Mexicans were a bit appalled by it all, but street venders were soon selling Alan García Juice—a fruit drink to which eggs had been added. The Spanish word for eggs—*huevos*—is used in much of Latin America to suggest the daring or boldness of a man, as in "he has *huevos*."

In January of 1987, García went to Nicaragua. He didn't sing there, but he did manage to anger both his Sandinista hosts and the Reagan Administration. The occasion for the visit was the signing of Nicaragua's Constitution. García hadn't been invited—Peru's Foreign Minister had been—but he wanted to attend, so he personally called Nicaragua's President, Daniel Ortega. García's presence would require more security as well as moving the site of the ceremony, but Ortega invited him. Understandably: García would be the first elected head of state to visit Nicaragua since Ortega became President; he was a democratically elected leader; and he was a consistent critic of the Reagan Administration's policy in Central America. For García, it was an opportunity to be center stage, and to shake his fist at the United States, and, besides, he was confident that he was the one who could move the Sandinistas toward democracy. In the first part of his speech, García expressed "solidarity with Nicaragua in its struggle against the intervention and the aggression," and assured the crowd, which frequently interrupted him with loud applause and revolutionary chants, that he had come "to take in my hands together with you the anti-imperialism banner, which is the banner of all our continent." But then García delivered a pointed lecture

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on democracy. "Despite the war and the crisis, it is not just a group of men but the laws that determine the fate of these people," he said. The Sandinistas should show the world, he declared, "that the struggle for independence and socialism is indeed possible with freedom, participation, opposition, and criticism." That offended the Sandinista leaders, and García departed rankled that he had not been accorded the respect and treatment he felt he deserved. The reaction to García in Washington was just as negative. Washington paid attention to only the first half of the speech, American diplomats in Lima say.

"Quid pro quo isn't good enough for me, Ed!"

• •

García's trip to Nicaragua was the low point in American-Peruvian relations, which have been testy at best from the start of his term. On taking office, García wasted no time in taunting the giant to the north: in his inaugural address, to an audience that included Treasury Secretary James A. Baker III, who was representing the United States, he boldly and brashly announced that Peru would limit its debt payments to ten per cent of its export earnings. "The people have voted for economic emancipation, which is alien to all imperialism," he declared. The ten-per-cent model, García said later, proves "that a great step can be taken and that if many others decide to take it we will open the gates to the future." So far, the idea hasn't spread widely, but several nations have contemplated a similar ceiling. García's approach has also been suggested to President Aquino, who is staggering under a debt of nearly thirty billion dollars accumulated by Ferdinand Marcos.

García's proposal to limit his nation's debt payment to ten per cent catapulted a man who might otherwise have been little known outside Latin America onto the front pages of newspapers around the world. It also advanced his dispute with Fidel Castro. The Cuban leader had only recently proposed that Latin countries form a cartel and refuse to pay their debts. García, taking note of the fact that most of Cuba's trade, and therefore most of its debt, was with the Soviet Union, retorted that "the problem of the debt is not a problem that concerns Cuba." He added that he was opposed to all "imperialisms," which, he noted, for extra insult, meant not only the "imperialism" of the International Monetary Fund but also "the imperialism of the Comecon"—the Communist common market, of which Cuba is a member. The Peruvian populist, at thirty-six, was clearly challenging Castro, who had come to power at thirty-two. Castro, whose son is about García's age, shot back a somewhat insolent, if not childish, message upon García's inauguration: "Peru is one of the Latin-American countries with the highest level of illiteracy, infant mortality, unsanitary conditions, lack of medical care, malnutrition, marginal populations in the cities and countryside, social inequality and misery of all types, in spite of its immense natural resources, and the industriousness and spirit of sacrifice of its people. If you decide to fight seriously, firmly, and with consequences against this Dantesque image and free your country, as you have promised publicly, from the imperialist domination and dependence which is the only cause of this tragedy, you can count on the support of Cuba." García didn't reply.

Two months after the inauguration, García added to his allure in the Third World and among the international left when he addressed the opening of the United Nations General Assembly. He took off after his favorite target, the International Monetary Fund, threatening to withdraw from the organization, and declaring that the I.M.F. "does not have the moral authority to preach at us, because during the nineteen-seventies, when the capitalists found it necessary to place petrodollars in the poor countries, it encouraged countries to get into debt." Then he turned to drugs. Peru is the largest producer of coca leaves in Latin America, surpassing Colombia and Bolivia combined, but García focussed the blame for this situation where many would agree it lies. "According to liberal economics, production is regulated by demand, and it is a fact that where drugs are concerned the main consumer market is the United States," he said. Having noted that in his first fifty days in office his administration had launched a drive against drug producers, destroying or seizing a number of airstrips, helicopter landing pads, light aircraft, eight laboratories, and large quantities of drugs, he went on, "This is an opportunity to ask the United States Administration: If we have been able to do this in fifty days, what do you do

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for the human rights of the people who keel over from drug abuse in Grand Central Station and so many other places?" The United Nations delegates interrupted him with sustained applause. García had more to say that appealed to Third World leaders. "I also say here and now that it is also a crime against humanity, just as serious as drug trafficking, to raise interest rates, reduce raw-material prices, and squander economic resources on the industries of death while hundreds of millions of human beings live in misery or are driven to violence," he declared. As if those assaults on the Reagan Administration weren't enough, García closed his speech with "my greetings to the United States people, the people of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Kennedy, and Luther King."

After the speech, an irate Secretary of State George Shultz confronted García in what one American diplomat has described as "a very singular conversation." The United States has also played tit for tat in the verbal wars. When addressing the issue of Soviet involvement in Latin America, Washington officials have sometimes mentioned Peru along with Cuba and Nicaragua. That has angered Peruvian leaders, and even diplomats in the United States Embassy in Lima think it inappropriate. It is nevertheless true that there is a significant Soviet presence in Lima. A substantial portion of the military's arsenal is Russian-made, including tanks, jets, and helicopters. Most of it was acquired in the nineteen-seventies, under Velasco, though the García government did buy ten thousand rifles from North Korea, because the price was right—ninety-five dollars apiece, according to a Peruvian government official. Each year, some two thousand Peruvians study in Moscow, and there are more Soviet military advisers and diplomatic officials in Peru than in any other country in the Western Hemisphere except Cuba—more even than in Nicaragua. The Russians maintain very correct relations with the government, however, and are careful not to get too close to the United Left or other Marxist parties. They play a very sophisticated game, an Intelligence officer who monitors Soviet activities says. In 1986, Sendero attacked the Soviet Embassy and then wounded some Soviet sailors during a dynamite attack on a store in the seedy port city of Callao, and afterward the Soviet Union offered to train Peruvian police in how to provide security. The thrust of the offer was: if you can't protect us, we'll show you how. It would have been a very effective foot in the door for the Russians, but García rejected it. For García, a staunch anti-Communist, nonalignment means not being aligned with either the Soviet Union or the United States but being friendly with both. (During a raid on a cocaine center last July, Peruvians who had been trained by Americans and were carrying rifles supplied by North Korea were flown into the area in Soviet helicopters.) Still, rhetoric aside, Peru will almost certainly be closer to the United States than to the Soviet Union, not only for geographic reasons but also because of the similarities of the political systems. Nevertheless, though American diplomats in Lima believe that García has moderated his rhetoric in the past six months, he proved on July 28th, in an address to the parliament and the nation which the President delivers each year on that date, Peru's Independence Day, that he seems incapable of passing up an opportunity to goad Washington.

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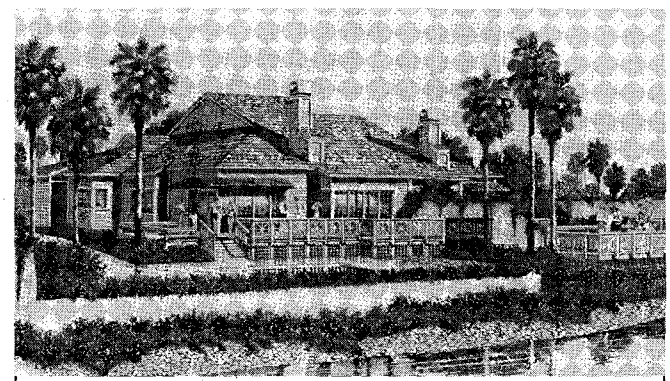

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He spoke for two hours without saying anything about foreign policy or anything that might offend the United States, and then, in the last three minutes of his speech, he pledged "total solidarity" with Nicaragua and condemned the "unjust aggression" there.

However much García's foreign policy and his speeches may grate in Washington, they are generally well received at home, even by those who don't share his politics and are critical of his style. "Alan was right to restrict payments to ten per cent, but he's acting like a naughty boy, like a revolutionary against the system," a young businessman says. "He shouldn't do that." This is an opinion frequently heard among businessmen, who privately approve of García's standing up to the I.M.F. and international banks but think he should negotiate quietly rather than pop off publicly at every opportunity. On the issue of Nicaragua, many Peruvians criticize his endorsement of the Sandinistas but at the same time agree with his criticisms of American policy—a reflection of a noninterventionist streak among Peruvians. A few years ago, C.I.A. Director William Casey offered some covert assistance in the war against Sendero; it was declined. Last summer, when the United States Senate called for a restoration of democracy in Panama the conservative newsweekly *Oiga* called the Senate action "unacceptable intervention" and condemned it as "a mixture of arrogance, manifest destiny, impudence, and political ingenuity," which provides "reasons to attack 'Yankee imperialism.' "

García's political philosophy—his anti-Communism, his anti-imperialism, his calls for a redistribution of wealth—has its roots in the history and traditions of the American Popular Revolutionary Alliance. APRA, one of Latin America's oldest political parties, was founded in Mexico in 1924, by Victor Haya de la Torre, a Peruvian who had been exiled because of his political agitation—he was president of the Peruvian Federation of Students. The party was founded as a counter to the Communist teachings of Mariátegui, who was Haya's contemporary. Haya advocated a course that he said would be neither Communist nor capitalist. The party's original program denounced "Yankee imperialism," urged political and economic unification of Latin America, called for the internationalization of the Panama Canal, advocated the nationalization of land and foreign-owned companies, and expressed solidarity with the oppressed peoples of the world. Sixty years later, the APRA platform is much the same.

García's father was an APRA militant and was in jail for the first five years of his son's life because of party activities. Alan joined the youth section of the Party when he was eleven years old. APRA history is filled with violence, and one hears regular references to APRA *búfalos*, which essentially means "thugs." García, however, is often described as "not a *búfalo*," and is seen as a leader of the party's new breed. But there are still elements within APRA that resort to heavy-handedness. Priests and leftist political leaders in the city of Puno blame APRA for bombings of Church radio stations and other offices during a 1986 election in which APRA took the mayoralty from a Marxist.

In the party's early years, APRA frequently clashed with the military. There were deaths on both sides, and many of the military coups over the decades have been aimed specifically at keeping APRA out of power. The party also suffered long periods of being outlawed. During the nineteen-fifties and sixties, APRA, for pragmatic political reasons, moved toward the center, and that caused it to lose support among workers, students, and peasants but made it more acceptable to the military and the establishment; today, the party has conservative and liberal factions, with the latter in control at the moment. Whatever chance APRA had in the 1980 Presidential election was buried with Haya de la Torre, who died nine months before the voting. Haya had been García's political mentor, and García was one of the principal coördinators of his funeral: a thousand-car-long procession travelled for several days from Lima three hundred and forty miles north along the coast to Trujillo, with huge crowds turning out to pay their respects. After the funeral, García collapsed physically and mentally and was treated at a clinic. That collapse has provided a basis for rumors about his mental health. Though García doesn't discuss this matter publicly, he has told close friends that he did receive psychiatric treatment but he says that it amounted to nothing more than rest.

The 1980 election was won by Fernando Belaúnde Terry, an aristocrat by birth and an architect by education, who was obsessed with the dream of building a road through the Peruvian jungle. Spilling from the mountains eastward, reaching to Brazil, the jungle occupies sixty per cent of the country's landmass but contains only five per cent of the population. With substantial timber and land suitable for coffee, fruits, and grazing cattle, the region has the potential to be developed into a source of food and wealth—that is why Belaúnde wanted to build the road—but it has now become the domain of the producers of a more profitable commodity: coca leaves. That was just one of the plagues the nation suffered during Belaúnde's years as President. The Pacific Ocean current known as El Niño brought floods in the north and drought in the south; a decline in the world economy resulted in lower prices for Peru's mineral exports. These disasters were compounded by serious government mismanagement of the economy, and by the end of Belaúnde's term inflation was climbing, real wages had fallen to half their 1980 levels, and per-capita income was lower than it had been since 1965.

"After five years of Belaúnde, Peru was a country splitting at the seams," says Mirko Lauer, a highly regarded political analyst, whose generally "socialist" views (that's how he defines his politics) appear daily in the editorials of the tabloid *La República*, one of the country's three largest newspapers. (Its competition on the right is the tabloid *Expreso*, which is published by Belaúnde's former Minister of Finance, while the third major daily, *El Comercio*, is the only broadsheet, with four sections, including one for business.) Lauer, who is also a book publisher and a poet, says, "Drug peddlers were—and still are—turning richer areas of the jungle into their fiefdoms. Maoist guerrillas were trying to set up liberated zones, Yenan style, in Ayacucho. And the left was advancing in electoral terms—a sign of dissatisfaction with the Peruvian state. We seemed to be facing alternatives: Nicaragua was a possibility—or even Cambodia. Bolivia was a possibility. Chile was a possibility." In the early nineteen-eighties, Bolivia had been taken over by an alliance of generals and drug traffickers, and in the early seventies Chileans elected the Marxist Allende. Peruvians expressed their desire democratically:

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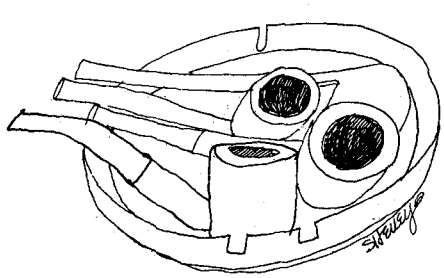
García received more votes than the eight other candidates combined.

"You could eat the hope," a priest told me, recalling the "euphoria" after García's victory and during his first months in office. Unleashing his restless energy, his intellect, and a supreme conviction that he knows what is best for the country, García, who often works from a computer keyboard on the table in the Cabinet conference room (there is a large screen on the wall), attacked Peru's problems. Within weeks of his inauguration, he took on the military, cutting in half the number of Mirage jets on order from France. He fired corrupt police officers and launched raids against narcotics traffickers. He railed against the bureaucracy, his favorite story being that eleven thousand employees in Petro-Perú, the state-owned oil company, earn as much as a hundred and seventy-five thousand schoolteachers do. He set up a peace commission and offered to negotiate with Sendero. His United Nations speech and his subsequent travels abroad gave Peruvians a new sense of pride, of their importance in the world.

García's principal problems were economic. He wanted both growth and redistribution, and he set out to achieve them with a program that put the word "heterodox" in the daily political lexicon. He raised the minimum wage and the wages of public-sector workers—mainly teachers, policemen, soldiers, and doctors. (In 1987 alone, public-sector wages were increased by more than fifty per cent.) He slashed interest rates, froze or put controls on prices on basic commodities, discouraged imports, through stiff tariffs and control over exchange rates, and taxed luxury goods. Primary emphasis was placed on aiding peasants, in order to stem the migration to Lima as well as to wean them away from Sendero. Agricultural subsidies were increased, and credits were made available at less than ten per cent—farmers had been paying interest of a hundred per cent and more. But it wasn't just big government for the poor. García also cut taxes, and offered tax breaks and other incentives to businesses. There were special incentives to encourage companies to locate plants outside Lima and to engage in the manufacture of nontraditional exports, such as finished shirts instead of raw cotton, and agricultural produce.

García's economic program—an odd mixture of supply-side and demand-side economics—was generally considered not just heretical but positively suicidal. His economic advisers were called the Bold Ones, and with support from the President they stayed the course, at least for the first two years of García's Presidency. And their program appeared to work. Inflation dropped from a hundred and fifty-eight per cent in 1985 to sixty-eight per cent in 1986; the gross domestic product grew eight and a half per cent—a rate that made it the fastest-growing economy in Latin America. Much of the growth, and substantial increases in corporate profits as well, was fuelled by consumers—particularly those at the lower economic level, who had more money to spend. Since the first thing the poor generally do when they have more money is to buy food, there was an additional positive effect for the agricultural sector, and that reinforced one of García's goals; sales of clothes and of cement for homes also rose noticeably. There is considerable uncertainty, however, about whether these extraordinary successes can last—whether the economy will continue to grow and inflation will remain tolerable. Many economists say that the initial growth without inflation was possible largely because there was so much idle capacity in 1985; at the end of 1987, economists were estimating the year's inflation at a hundred and ten per cent. Conservatives remain skeptical. For García, "the state is an instrument for change and the redistribution of riches, not the production of riches," Vargas Llosa says. "I am afraid it"—García's program—"will fail. It didn't work before," when General Velasco tried it. "It won't work now."

AFTER studying Alan García, watching him in action, and listening to and reading his speeches, one is left with the troubling question: Who is Alan García? His political speeches and views sound leftist. But when I used that label in a conversation with an American diplomat he objected; he said he didn't think that García was a leftist. Relative to the Peruvian political scene, he probably isn't. And maybe even in a more conventional sense he isn't. If he were truly a leftist, how could he have managed to get so much backing from the moderate-to-conservative business community, which he has certainly had (or did have until he nationalized the banks). Some of his critics say that he is without any strong ideology, that he is driven principally by a desire to maintain his popularity and power, that he is a politician who tries to be all things to all men. Is he a demagogue? Or is there a substantive commitment backing his populist rhetoric? Perhaps the most perplexing question is what he will do at the end of his term, in 1990, when he will be only forty-one years old. Peru's Constitution prohibits a second consecutive term. How does someone as young as that, someone virtually without self-doubt about his vision and his special ability to make it real, step aside? It is part of the loose political talk here that García will try to remain in power somehow. Indeed, he has floated the idea of amending the Constitution to permit a second term; one can even hear political pundits suggest that García will provoke a military coup, so that after a few years he can return as the hero restoring democracy. Talk like this, along with comparisons with Mussolini (García seems to evoke this image with his balcony appearances, and on one occasion he appeared at a military ceremony wearing combat fatigues, trousers tucked into high black boots, and a beret) and other tales about García's life and activities, reflects as much as anything the fact that the Peruvian President has personalized the governing of Peru and projected a messianic image. But the questions about García transcend in their importance Peru and Peruvians, because if García can bring about the social and economic changes he talks about, and do so within the framework of a democracy—if he can bring his country out of its backwardness—he and his program will certainly be an antidote to Castro, and a model not just for Latin America but for much of the Third World.



The conflicts encountered by anyone trying to reach some understanding of the Peruvian President surface in his bank-nationalization plan. When he announced, in his July 28th address, that he would ask the congress to nationalize the banks and other financial institutions, including insurance companies, he said that this was necessary in order to "democratize credit." One

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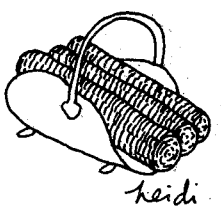
problem with this rationale, as his critics pointed out, was that the government already dominated the financial system. Whether the government controlled eighty per cent of the banks, as García's opponents claimed, or only fifty per cent, as the government and APRA said, it had enough influence over credit to make sure that it wasn't concentrated in the hands of a few wealthy families and their business friends. And, anyway, if total control of the financial system *were* needed to democratize credit—to commence the real revolution, as García phrased it in his address—why had he waited two years? That question was put to him a few days later at a July 31st news conference for foreign correspondents who had been invited to the palace. It was the first time in eighteen months that such a gathering had been held—an indication that García's nationalization plan was generating far more adverse criticism abroad than he had bargained for. García, in a double-breasted dark blazer, was at the head of a large table covered with a green cloth, the thirty or so journalists in high-backed, hand-carved chairs along its sides. When a Canadian reporter asked him why he had chosen this moment to nationalize the banks, García gave a long answer—about the state of the economy, about how he had initially lowered debt payments, about American anti-trust laws, about the nationalization's being just another step in a process of altering the economy. She pressed: But why now? García answered flippantly, "Because it wasn't yesterday, and because it doesn't have to be tomorrow. So what do you think?" When a young reporter from one of the wire services asked whether the United States was helping with the counter-insurgency war, García, grinning, began, "Señorita, excuse me, you are such a beautiful woman, but that is a bit simplistic." When the session was over, he pushed by the other reporters to reach her—not to apologize but to introduce himself formally.

Contradicting all his public statements about the nationalization, García, in a meeting with the American Ambassador a few days after it was announced, said that it had not been economically motivated. It was designed to break the political power of a few economic families and groups, he said. García was angry at those people. Business profits had been very good during his first two years in office, thanks in part to the creation of a large demand, to import duties that protected domestic products from foreign competition, and to interest rates kept low by the government. García had wanted businessmen to use these profits in Peru, but many of them, displaying a lack of nationalistic spirit that is a chronic impediment to development throughout the Third World, had put their money into real estate and bank accounts abroad. If that was the way they were going to behave, then García would take away their banks.



In the end, many observers felt that García nationalized the banks because he needed to do something dramatic to grab the initiative. Now that he had been President for over two years, his approval rating in the polls was hovering just above fifty per cent—down from the eighty- and ninety-per-cent ratings he had in the first months after he was elected. The reasons for the decline in his popularity are difficult to pinpoint. Maybe the people had expected too much. Maybe he had promised too much. Maybe it's simply too early to judge—maybe it will take more time to see if his economic program works. Maybe the country, like so many others in the developing world, is plagued by the lack of a civil-service class that can enforce the laws, collect the taxes, pick up the garbage, pave the roads, deliver the services. Or maybe Peru approaches the abyss of being ungovernable.

"WE are not one country but many countries," Vargas Llosa has said. Exacerbating the topographical barriers to national unity—desert, mountains, jungle—are Peru's cultural and ethnic divisions. There is the society of whites and mestizos (persons of mixed European and Indian ancestry), who make up about half of the population. They speak Spanish, belong to the Roman Catholic Church, and live in a modern world: the élite drive cars on paved roads; watch color TV, where they see catchy commercials for bank credit cards (in one, a woman acquires her own card and takes her husband to dinner); and work in high-rise office buildings. The Indians, who make up about forty-five per cent of the population, are darker of skin and generally shorter. They speak Quechua (a few Indian communities around Lake Titicaca, the world's highest navigable lake, on the Bolivian border, speak Aymará), and their lives haven't changed much for generations.

The classes are kept separate, and very unequal, not just by mountains but also by a current of racism that flows through the ruling class. Indians are stereotyped as ignorant, lazy, irresponsible people who drink too much and are addicted to coca leaves. "You teach them to do something, then the instructor leaves and they go back to their old ways, they forget," a Lima businessman who is a member of one of the country's prominent families told me as we talked over dinner in a mountain town. This man wasn't a reactionary; indeed, he expressed general approval of what García was doing, except for the bank nationalization. But regarding the Indians he added, "They have too many children. It is part of the culture; they don't feel paternal obligations. They think they have to have all the sons God will give them. But the men leave home, to have more wives. They lie. They don't take a strong stand. One day they say they support the government, the next day Sendero."

Vera Alicia Lentz, a Peruvian photo-journalist who attended school in Europe and the United States, says, "I don't think the country can really progress until the people in the mountains are seen as equals. They are not. They are seen as animals who should grow the food and work the mines and keep their mouths shut. As a little girl I was told by my parents' friends, 'Don't give those Indians too much. If you give them a hand, they'll want the whole arm. You have to control them. They're children.' "

There are no overtly discriminatory laws in Peru—no separate drinking fountains, no requirements that Indians have passes to travel in certain parts of the country or that they sit at the back of the bus. Nevertheless, there is discrimination. "Peru is a country in which apartheid takes place every day—where just to be an Indian, to speak Quechua, to have certain names, that's a handicap," says Diego García-Sayán, of the Andean Commission of Jurists. "When an Indian comes to town, he knows he must dress differently and he must speak Spanish if he wants to get someplace."

César Rodríguez Rabanal, of the Center for Psychoanalysis and Society, says, "In Peru, 'poverty' and 'Indian' are almost synonymous. It's the same as in South Africa—and in the United

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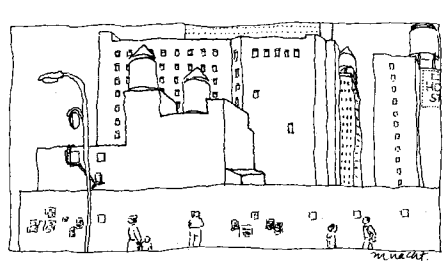
States, too, where most of your poor are black. Only a very small segment of the society has an opportunity to play a role in public life. Everywhere in Latin America, it is like this. But the disproportion is much greater here. I'm not comparing Peru with Europe or with the United States but with Argentina, with Colombia, with Chile."

Rodríguez, García-Sayán, and others say that the underlying racism has contributed to Sendero's successes in recruiting Indians and has seriously hampered the government's ability to deal with the revolution.

Military dictatorships fight insurgencies with brutally repressive measures, without the constraints of law. For Peru—and at the moment for García—the confrontation is focussed most acutely: Can a democracy fight a counter-insurgency war and survive as a democracy? And especially an infant democracy in an impoverished country? There are some Israeli advisers in Peru, though their presence isn't officially acknowledged, and some of them may be there in a private capacity. The Pentagon and the C.I.A. have also sent teams to look at Sendero and the war, as part of their studies of "low-intensity conflicts"—the current jargon for what used to be called counter-insurgency wars. Officially, the United States isn't involved in Peru's counter-insurgency effort, but the United States has provided money, equipment, and training for a special unit within the Guardia Civil which was ostensibly set up as part of the war on drugs. This unit, which Peruvian police officials refer to unofficially as their SWAT team or Delta Force, will actually be used in the war against Sendero as well. In fact, one police official told me that this would be its principal mission. During its first operation, in July, in the jungle town of Tocache, the unit, whose members carried automatic rifles and wore camouflage fatigues, looked far better prepared for combat than did many of the other Peruvian soldiers I saw.

Probably the most successful counter-insurgency war ever was the one fought by the British forces in Malaya in the nineteen-fifties. Their leader was Robert Thompson, now Sir Robert, who is generally considered the father of counter-insurgency. When he was interviewed in Somerset, England, in 1986 by Nick Asheshov, a British journalist who has lived in Peru since 1968, Sir Robert laid down some general rules for a successful war against a guerrilla army. One of the most important, he said, was that the military "must function in accord with the law." This means, he said, that "when something goes wrong"—when there is a massacre, for example—"the error must be admitted, rapidly and unequivocally." While acknowledging that he wasn't familiar with the situation in Peru, Thompson, in response to descriptions and questions from Asheshov, offered some suggestions. "You must train young people who graduate from university and school," he said. "You must develop them and send them to the areas affected by the insurgency." (That is to say, the government must do what Sendero has done, and done with such success.) Thompson was particularly critical of the frequent practice of placing the military in charge of an area, of giving political and administrative authority to generals and colonels. "An absolutely fatal error," he said.

The Peruvian government under Belaúnde and García has violated every one of these rules. For several years, all or parts of the Departments of Ayacucho, Apurímac, and Huancavelica have been emergency zones. In these areas, ultimate political authority and administrative authority have been and still are in the hands of a general, and most constitutional rights are suspended. These days, the capital of Ayacucho is peaceful, but that is more because it has been terrorized and tranquillized than because it has been pacified. "To carry a university card was to be a terrorist in the eyes of the military," a worker at the university in Ayacucho said of 1983, the year the armed forces arrived. Though the military is less visible in Ayacucho today, "in general there is a fear that any moment the soldiers may grab you," another Ayacuchano said. "There is one principle for the Army: every Ayacuchano is a Sendero Luminoso. We are all suspect." The worst repression, however, has been not in the city but in remote villages, and especially in areas under control of the marines. "The zone around Huanta was their beachhead in 1983 and 1984," says Amada Gutiérrez, the public-relations director at the university in Ayacucho. "They entered with the mission of destroying everything, and they did. They killed many terrorists, but a substantial majority of those killed were just peasants, people who couldn't defend themselves—mothers, children, old people."



The human-rights situation has improved slightly under García. But there are still massacres, which the government, far from admitting them, has tried to cover up. Some go undetected, according to Peruvian human-rights monitors and Western diplomats, because the military has taken to killing entire families, so that there will be no one to complain. They say also that soldiers have begun to burn bodies instead of tossing them in mass graves, which might be discovered. And the military does what it can to prevent journalists from reporting what is happening in the conflicted areas. In October of 1986, for example, thirteen villagers were killed in the tiny village of Pomatambo, in the Department of Ayacucho, and the armed forces issued a communiqué saying that the victims were "subversives" who had been killed during a battle. The journalists Gustavo Gorriti and Nick Asheshov went in search of the details. In Pomatambo, the villagers told them that a military patrol had entered the village one night at about seven-thirty when five village elders were making *chicha* (corn liquor) and discussing plans for a village soccer game. The soldiers dragged the five elders away and also seized two others. The prisoners were made to lie on the ground for several hours; the soldiers kicked them and spat on them. Then they were marched to a nearby village, Parcco, and there six more people were seized, including an eighty-two-year-old man, his wife, their son, and their two grandchildren. All were shot, and their bodies were burned. An hour out of Pomatambo, Gorriti and Asheshov were detained by soldiers at a military post in Vilcashuamán. The soldiers, unaware that the journalists had already been to Pomatambo, refused to allow them to drive back to the city of Ayacucho; instead, they were escorted to Ayacucho in a military helicopter and put on a plane for Lima.

Though Americas Watch and Amnesty International have issued reports on human-rights abuses in Peru, there is a feeling among human-rights

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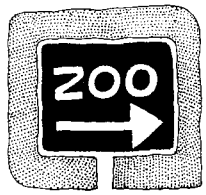
monitors in the country that the severity of the repression has not really registered with the international community. "There's a simplistic notion in the North about human rights in Latin America," García-Sayán says. "There are considered to be problems only in those countries with military governments—not where there are constitutional governments." Chile has been roundly condemned by the human-rights community, but García-Sayán cites a United Nations report showing that there were more disappearances in Peru in 1983 and 1984 than in Chile during the period from 1973 through 1978—the first years of the government of General Augusto Pinochet. García-Sayán's observation about how the North views human rights in a democratic country seemed to receive confirmation during García's meeting with foreign correspondents on July 31st: not a single question was asked about human rights during the hour-and-a-half exchange.



Unlike Argentina during the "dirty war" in the nineteen-seventies, when the country was ruled by military juntas, and unlike Paraguay and Chile today, which are military dictatorships, "here there is a democracy, in the formal sense, if you apply the classic criteria," says César Rodríguez. "The left is free. It can write. It has a party. You can read in the press whatever you want. But, simultaneously, people are killed, and a lot more disappear."

Rodríguez and others see a racial element in the repression in Peru. In Argentina, there is a large middle class, and most of those who disappeared were the sons and daughters of middle-class families. In Peru, the victims have been the poor and the Indians. "Because it's the Indians who are killed, nothing happens," Rodríguez says. "In Buenos Aires, the mothers of the Plaza de Mayo are the mothers of the middle class. They have a voice. They have friends in the country and abroad. But in Peru the mothers in Ayacucho or the slums of Lima don't have anybody. When they cry or when they go into the streets, nobody hears them."

While the Church in Peru has not been as silent about the repression as the Church in Argentina was during the "dirty war," the hierarchy is generally conservative and has not been, for the most part, a forceful voice on behalf of human rights. In Ayacucho, which is where a strong Church voice is probably most sorely needed, Bishop Richter Prada has expressed little compassion for the poor or for the victims of repression. A few years ago, when the repression in Ayacucho was most severe, Bishop Richter posted a notice outside his office that said, as Amada Gutiérrez remembered it, "Please do not disturb. The Bishop does not attend to problems of human rights or the disappeared."

Some people feel that García has been spared sharp criticism for human-rights abuses because of his stature within the Third World and among liberals in the United States and Europe. The major public blemish on his human-rights record is what happened at three Lima prisons in June of 1986. What became a massacre began when Senderista prisoners led coördinated revolts at Lurigancho, which is at the base of some rocky hills on the eastern outskirts of Lima; El Frontón, an island prison just off the coast of Lima's port city of Callao; and Santa Bárbara, a women's prison in Lima. The Senderistas had long enjoyed virtual autonomy in parts of the jails, conducting political classes and engaging in military training behind walls and in trenches they had built. Over time, they had also smuggled in dynamite, small arms, and homemade weapons. Just a few hours after the prisoners seized hostages, García gave the armed forces orders to quell the revolts, transferring authority to them from civilian officials who normally run the prisons, and making no significant effort to negotiate with the prisoners. At Lurigancho, a hundred and twenty-four prisoners died when a special anti-terrorist unit attacked. The military claimed that they had died while trying to resist, but at least a hundred had surrendered and had been shot in the head as they lay in the dirt. El Frontón was stormed by marines. The prisoners, chanting political slogans and singing, were armed with three rifles, one submachine gun, crossbows, and homemade shotguns. Three marines and one hostage were killed. So were at least a hundred and thirty-five prisoners. The government said that the prisoners had been killed during the battle and buried under rubble when a building collapsed. According to Amnesty International, however, at least sixty prisoners survived and surrendered. The government, Amnesty concluded,

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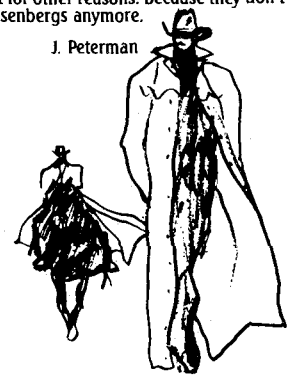

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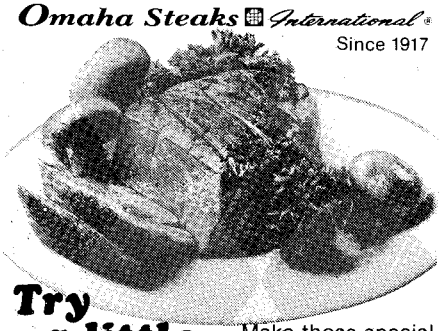

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razed the building in order to hide the fact that there had been survivors. Amnesty also reported that some of the survivors were taken into secret custody at a naval base and tortured. In July of 1987, a Lima court, in a case that had been filed before the uprisings, ruled that three students being held at El Frontón should be set free because of lack of evidence against them; the court had not been informed that the men were killed in the uprisings a year earlier.

It is not clear why García allowed —indeed, ordered—the armed forces to take over. It was "at best stupid" and "at worst" a willingness on García's part to accept a lot of deaths, a Western diplomat told me, expressing a view that is widely held by both foreigners and Peruvians. The uprisings coincided with a meeting of the Socialist International in Lima, and García's friends and critics say that the President, angry at being embarrassed while playing host to the Socialist leaders, did just what Sendero wanted: he overreacted.

In a televised address a week after these events, García declared that what had occurred at Lurigancho after the prisoners surrendered was "simply a crime, which I am not going to overlook." A few days later, he went to Lurigancho. Emerging, he denounced what had happened there as a "horrendous crime," saying to the reporters present, "I would venture to announce to the whole world at this moment" that the soldiers had proceeded "to kill most of them, shooting them in the head." Then, referring to those who were responsible for the massacres, he said, "Either they go or I go." That phrase has come back to haunt him: it is tossed at him often by his critics, who maintain that he has not delivered on his promises. There have been no charges filed against the military officers involved, and Amnesty International says there has been "a deliberate coverup by both the civilian and the military authorities."

García-Sayán says, "I think Alan is a very contradictory man regarding human rights. In his view, human rights is important for his personal political image. He wants to avoid big massacres that would tarnish his international image." But the President has passed up the opportunity to take actions that would protect human rights. Six weeks after being inaugurated, he appointed a peace commission, whose members included García-Sayán and César Rodríguez. The commission, whose goal was to seek talks with Sendero and examine the human-rights situation generally, worked hard, submitting what García-Sayán described as "three kilos" of proposals within two months. García refused to meet with his peace commission, which, frustrated, resigned in January of 1986. At the military's insistence, he has rejected a request from the International Committee of the Red Cross, which monitors the treatment of prisoners, to work in Ayacucho. And García, unlike President Raúl Alfonsín in Argentina, has not commenced legal actions against military officers responsible for torture, disappearances, and massacres.

The question, of course, is how far García can go against the military without being deposed. Though the generals stepped down from direct rule in 1980 and then allowed the President to complete his term and hand over power democratically—one of the rare times that had happened in Peru's history—they are by no means weaned from the concept that they ought to rule the country as well as defend it. The soldiers still exercise a de-facto veto over the actions of civilians, and many observers in Peru, both Peruvian and foreign, think that the question is not whether the military will stage a coup but when. Between two and five years is the general estimate. Within the military, contingency plans for a coup already exist. Indeed, in early 1987 some retired military officers approached the United States Embassy about a coup. The approach was very discreet, the message being, in effect, "Look, García really isn't doing very well. The violence is increasing, and Sendero is growing stronger. Wouldn't it be better if there were another government?" The Embassy made it clear that it was supporting the democracy.

AT the conclusion of his inaugural address two and a half years ago, García recalled the Biblical story of Christ walking on the waters. Peter, who had been a doubter, followed, but when he heard the winds he became fearful and began to sink. He cried to Christ for help, and Christ replied, "O ye of little faith, why did you doubt?" García, who earlier in the address had laid out his vision of a new state, said that what he was seeking was "a miracle of faith from all Peruvians." Faith, and perhaps even a messiah, may be what Peru needs these days.

—RAYMOND BONNER

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THE THEATRE

A Brave "Vanya"

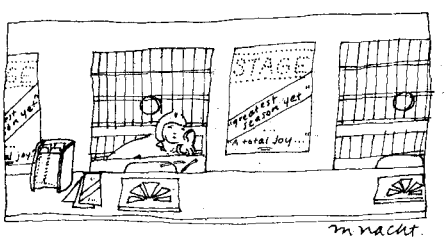
THE friend who urged me to catch Maria Irene Fornes' production of "Uncle Vanya" at the Classic Stage Company (having seen it himself) disagreed with me about it on several points. We both thought it a beautifully acted, intensely absorbing production of the play and found Austin Pendleton's performance in the title role greatly compelling. It's Vanya as neither nonentity nor buffoon—not pathetic or clownish or hysterical (the way Nicol Williamson played him in Mike Nichols' 1973 production)—but merely as rational man. Where Williamson flailed, striding bent-kneed about the stage like Groucho Marx, Pendleton uses inflection to express Vanya's predicament. He invests his voice with varying shades of contemporary intellectual frustration, so that changeableness becomes an image of confinement.

My friend and I both found the snippets of Rossini with which Miss Fornes has framed each act fairly pointless, and felt that wrestling Serebrakoff's wife, Yelena, into a corner or up against a wall was something that Vanya would not do. But we thought the production tremendously effective visually. We liked the fact that the costume and set designers—Gabriel Berry and Donald Eastman—had clothed the production so that the markings on Astroff's map and the deep red of a dress Yelena wears in Act III were virtually the only dashes of color. We admired the way the staging, on Mr. Eastman's four-room-unit set, seemed to snake away from the entrance to the theatre—just as the action in the play recedes farther and farther toward the innermost regions of the house—and the gentle, becalmed pacing, which found you at times almost listening to Jennifer Tipton's lighting.

Most of all, we liked the cast and the subtle ensemble acting that Miss Fornes had elicited from the company. We disagreed slightly about individual performances: My friend found Michael O'Keefe's Astroff weak; I thought it astonishingly good, considering that the actor is about fifteen years too young to be playing the part. I found Jen Jones' performance as Vanya's mother too matriarchal and Bill Moor's Serebrakoff too plausible. But we both admired the specificity of Patricia Mattick's performance as Sonia, and agreed that this production had nothing to do with the way Chekhov is generally produced in New York. What makes most productions of "Uncle Vanya" so boring is the murky miasma of actors' personalities that you have to grope through in order to get to the play. The acting in the C.S.C. "Vanya" is not trying to superimpose itself on Chekhov's characters or impress us with how realistic it is. It's utterly unobtrusive; you forget that you're watching acting at all.

Where my friend and I differed chiefly was on aspects of interpretation. I found Alma Cuervo's performance as Serebrakoff's wife too sympathetic. Yelena—like Williams' Gentleman Caller—is the still center of a universe in which she wreaks unconscious havoc; her lack of awareness of how she affects those around her is itself a kind of indolence. The way Miss Fornes has directed Miss Cuervo (she's usually mobile or standing rather than sitting or lying down, and adopts postures or expressions of attention and conscientious concern) transformed her from the passively destructive catalyst of Chekhov's play into an ostentatiously Good Wife, like Celia Johnson in "Brief Encounter." I thought the script (Miss Fornes' revision of an early-twentieth-century translation by Marian Fell), by robbing many of Chekhov's other characters of their most irritating traits—silliness, vacuity, hypocrisy, self-deception—conspired with the direction to distort the particular relationships that the play is about. Since no one in the professor's household seemed useless or unreasonable, you ended up identifying with the wrong people. Strangest of all, I said, was the way the production seemed to make Astroff and Yelena the victims of a star-crossed love affair.

My friend didn't think that the production did any of these things. I am as unwilling as the next guy to pay heed to the opinions of others, but this seems to me a special case. My friend saw the C.S.C. "Uncle Vanya" before the negative review in the *Times* appeared; I saw it after. For actors, there must be a vast difference between performing for an open-minded audience when you think you're onto a good thing and playing to an empty house after you've been laughed at by the paper of record. I can see how, a week after opening as Yelena in "Uncle Vanya" in such circumstances, an actress could find herself playing Nora in "A Doll's House;" and, sure as I am that Ibsen's Nora is what Miss Cuervo was playing the night I saw "Vanya," I am equally sure that if she'd been playing Nora the night my friend saw the production he would have noticed.



Had there been world enough and time, I would have gone back to see the C.S.C. "Uncle Vanya" before reviewing it. As it is, by the time you read this there will be all too little opportunity to see the production, which closes January 3rd. Just now, the specific details that my friend and I disagree about seem less important than the main points we agree on: Miss Fornes has directed "Vanya" in a manner that goes against the prevailing style of production—a brave thing to do. The attempt may not be entirely successful, but it's a start.

—MIMI KRAMER

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ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

To the Editor:

Why is it that all the Pavlovian nerds howl at the moon like trained fleas at the sight of anything published by the John Birch Society?—*Letter in the Milford (N.H.) Cabinet & Wilton Journal.*

Pavlovian nerds were conditioned by their Soviet master, Ivan Petrovich Pavlov, to howl at the moon when exposed to any reactionary, anti-Communist publication or declamation. However, because of an unfortunate laboratory error on the part of Dr. Pavlov, the Nerd Conditioned-Response Mechanism (or NCRM) was confused with the Flea Conditioned-Response Mechanism (FCRM). The error went unnoticed until the advent of the John Birch Society, almost thirty years ago. Dr. Pavlov, who died in 1936, consequently never suffered the humiliation of his mistake.

As the scientific world has since learned, trained fleas—no matter how well trained—do not howl. They dance about and sometimes emit tiny ultrasonic chirps.

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

THE FUMIGATION CHAMBER

A WOMAN I'll call Betty Page was awakened in the middle of the night, around three o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, May 30, 1984, by a spasm of nausea. She sat up with a lurch and a groan. Her husband, Lewis, lifted his head and asked what was the matter. She told him. She said she didn't understand it—she just felt sick and awful. She crouched there, wondering. Then she had an impulse. She had a sudden craving for milk—for a cup of warm milk. She went down to the kitchen and put some milk in a pan on the stove to heat. She drank a steaming cupful, sipping slowly, cautiously. She began to feel better. She went back to bed and fell asleep, and slept until morning.

The Pages live in a comfortable fieldstone house in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, a pleasant suburb of Philadelphia. They also have a weekend cottage on a lake in northern Pennsylvania—a three-hour drive from their home—and a condominium apartment in Aspen, Colorado. Betty Page is a small woman, grayly blond with blue eyes and a wide, smiling mouth, and in May of 1984 she had just turned fifty-seven. Lewis Page—big, bald, serenely poised—was sixty. The Pages are both physicians. Lewis Page (Harvard College, the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine) is an obstetrician and gynecologist in private practice. Betty Page (Wellesley College and Temple University School of Medicine, where she was elected to Alpha Omega Alpha, the Phi Beta Kappa of medicine) is an internist, and at that time was an assistant professor of clinical medicine at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. She is now, and has been for three years or more, on leave from her academic duties. And for good reason.

"Lewis and I have been married for thirty-nine years," Betty Page told me in a conversation we had not long ago in her home. "They've been happy years. We have a lot more in common than just medicine. But we have our differences. I like to ski, and he prefers scuba diving. His hobby is mineralogy. Mine is archeology. His glass is always half full. Mine is always half empty. That was the way it was on that Wednesday three years ago, after that night. Lewis was satisfied that it was just one of those things. I wasn't so sure. I was still feeling a little funny. But I had some big distractions that took my mind off myself. Not just my work. Our daughter was getting married in July, on the twenty-eighth, and, as the mother of the bride, a lot of the arrangements devolved on me—for one thing, the invitations, the calligraphy. Plus I was making my own dress. Still, I got through the day on that Wednesday. I didn't feel too bad. At night, I fell right to sleep—and then it was the night before all over again. Except worse. This time, the warm milk wasn't really very effective. I took some Tigan, an anti-nausea medicine, and that helped, but only a little. And along with the nausea I had a little crampy feeling, abdominal cramps—what used to be called green-apple cramps. I got through the night. The next day, I did what I had to do, but it wasn't easy. I had an attack of diarrhea. I tell you, I felt like hell. Thursday night was another bad night. About the only thing that kept me going was the thought of our cottage on the lake. We had opened the cottage on the Memorial Day weekend—May 25th, that year—as we always do. Actually, I had done most of the opening, starting on the Friday. Lewis sees patients all day Friday, and until late on Friday evening. He does that to keep his weekends free. So now, a week later—that would have been Friday, June 1st—I took off for the lake. I love the lake. I always feel wonderful there. It beckoned to me like a haven.

"I felt some better when I got there. I began to think, to hope, that I was overreacting. I did the necessary marketing and got settled for the weekend. There was a lot of work to do. It was a little discouraging. I thought we had done all that the weekend before. The cottage is set in a lovely hemlock wood, and when we went up on the Memorial Day weekend there was hemlock pollen everywhere in the cottage. And now, a week later, there was another dusting of pollen all over the place. So I went to work again. Lewis arrived sometime after midnight. I woke

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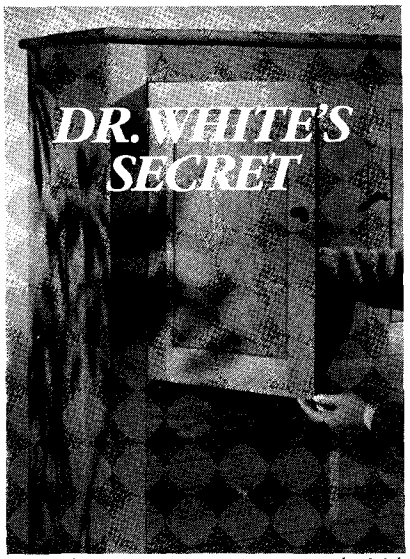
up and we talked a moment, and then another wave of nausea came over me. Milk helped, enough to let me get back to sleep. In the morning, it was good being at the lake, but I really wasn't feeling any better. The nausea came and went, and my mouth was always filling with saliva. I kept having to spit. My abdominal cramps continued. And the diarrhea. I didn't complain to Lewis. I tried to keep it even from myself. I took my temperature. It was normal. That was something, but I still felt just punk. Lewis drove back home on Sunday evening, as usual, and I stayed over for another day of rest and then to close up. I drove down home on Monday afternoon. I hated to leave the lake and go back to work. I was sick, and I knew it.

"Well, now we were into June. I kept thinking, hoping, that tomorrow or the day after or the day after that I'd wake up feeling better. But nothing changed. I never vomited, but I was nauseated almost all the time. I had clammy cold sweats and an awful metallic taste in my mouth. I lost my taste for food. A little milk, some Cream of Wheat—I lived on baby foods like that. My normal weight is around a hundred and ten. Now I was losing something like a pound a week. And I was getting worried—really worried. I had a breast cancer back in 1963, and a radical mastectomy. There had never been any suggestion of a recurrence. But there is something that everybody who has ever had any kind of cancer knows. There is always a sort of subliminal anxiety. An ache, a pain, a feeling not quite normal, and you think, Is it cancer? So I pulled myself together and called a gastroenterologist I knew and made an appointment. Doctors are like lawyers. Lawyers don't represent themselves in court. Doctors don't treat themselves for anything that might be serious. I kept my appointment, and the gastroenterologist heard my complaints and was very concerned. He gave me a full examination—the complete mouth-to-anus workup. The results were negative, entirely normal. That should have been good news. But actually it was frustrating. And the gastroenterologist was frustrated, too. So he did what so many doctors do in a situation like that: he went the functional route. What else? He reminded me that I was almost sixty. He said, 'Betty, your trouble is that you're not growing old gracefully.' He said, 'Wait until the wedding is over. You're simply a nervous mother. Your histrionics are getting out of hand.' He said, 'Take a little nap in the afternoon. Try to relax.' He prescribed a medication. It was a mixture of his own—a mood elevator and a tranquillizer. I took his nostrum, and I thought I was going to die. I could hardly breathe. It did something to my chest muscles. I didn't have the power to move air in and out of my lungs. I got rid of the nostrum, and at once felt better. I mean, at least I could breathe again.

"I may have been a nervous mother. I may still be. But that was hardly the cause of my illness. The day of Elizabeth's wedding came, and everything went off very smoothly, very beautifully—and I still felt sick. I had to take a leave of absence from my job. I couldn't manage anymore. I wasn't exactly idle. I had undertaken an ecological study of our lake. There is an association of families who summer there, and I was expected to read my report at the annual meeting, on Labor Day. I thought if I paced myself I could make that deadline. My long weekends at the lake gave me plenty of time to do the necessary research. And rest. I needed rest. The symptoms that sent me to the gastroenterologist were still with me, and I also had some new ones. I was feeling a very unpleasant tightness in my chest, a viselike feeling, and my heart, even at rest, seemed to be skipping beats. You know how we doctors have fragmented ourselves with our medical specialties. My reaction was typical. I was choosing a doctor on the basis of my symptoms. When my symptoms were gastrointestinal, I went to a gastroenterologist. Now my heart seemed to be acting up, so I went to a cardiologist. I don't think he prescribed a nostrum. But the results were much the same as before. He gave me a thorough examination—everything known to cardiac technology. There was apparently nothing wrong with my heart. Then some new symptoms began to develop. I had difficulty reading. After perhaps half an hour, I would begin to get double vision. Another problem was muscle weakness. Another was involuntary twitching in my legs. They twitched like a twitching eyelid. Do you remember Fourth of July sparklers? How we used to light them and then pass our hands through the sparkle and get that funny, pinprick feeling? I began to have that feeling on the bot-



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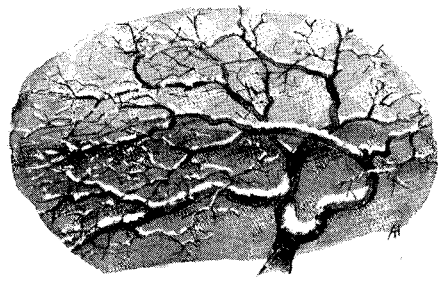
toms of my feet. That was more than a little frightening. I couldn't help but think of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis —Lou Gehrig's disease. Well, the doctor I went to this time was able to reassure me. It wasn't that. Believe it or not, I was still playing tennis. Or trying to. I wanted to keep up my muscle tone and my muscle strength. I thought that was the way to fight the weakness in my legs. But I was a blob. And my spells of double vision didn't help my game. Pretty soon, it was all I could do to climb the stairs to bed. Even marketing was exhausting. I remember one day at the supermarket. I was pushing my cart along and I just ran out of steam. I left the cart with all my groceries right there in the aisle and crept back home.

"My weight went down to ninety-five pounds, but I made it to Labor Day. I went up to the lake on Friday, as usual, and Lewis came up that night. I gave my ecological report at the association meeting, and it seemed to be well received. I was nominated to serve on the board, and, weak as I was, I accepted and was elected. I was trying not to be sick, I was trying to be part of the living world. Labor Day weekend is always a little sad. It means the end of the season, the closing of the house until Memorial Day. We put up the boat and took down the tennis-court net and emptied the fridge and drained the pipes. I drove back home on Tuesday, and settled down for the winter, and everything went on as before. Except that by the end of September I began to feel a little better. I seemed to be in remission. I was still as weak as ever, but I seemed to be getting over that awful middle-of-the-night nausea.

"At about that time, I got a notice from the association. There was a board meeting scheduled for the second weekend in October. I was expected to attend. Good. It meant one last visit to the lake. Lewis wasn't interested. I drove up alone on Friday. The meeting was Saturday morning. I had my dinner and puttered around and went to bed. And woke up in the night as sick as a dog. I was twitching and salivating and shivering with cold sweat. I couldn't believe it. I was stunned. I crawled out of bed and went into the kitchen and fixed myself a cup of warm milk. I sat at the kitchen table, as depressed as I've ever been. There was a paper on the table at my elbow. It was the exterminators' regular monthly invoice. I'd seen it earlier, but I hadn't really noticed it. It was too ordinary. When we bought the cottage, back in 1971, the then owners told us they had had regular exterminator, insect-pest-control service, and advised us to continue it. Which we did. It seemed like a good idea. We even increased it during the summer of 1983, when we began to see a lot of carpenter ants. We had always had some, but now there were hordes, and they were huge—really enormous. So we asked the exterminators to add ants to their regular insect controls. Well, as I say, I was sitting there at the table with my warm milk and looking at that invoice. My brain sort of went into gear. I had been feeling better, but now I was sick again. And these people had been exterminating every month for ants. The light came on. It was three o'clock in the morning, but Lewis is a night person. He would probably still be awake. I called him up, and he answered right away. I said, 'I think I know what's wrong with me. There's the exterminators' invoice here, and I'm as sick as I've ever been. Go to "Goodman & Gilman" and look up insecticides.' 'Goodman & Gilman' is 'The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics'—the standard text on the subject. I stayed on the phone, and Lewis came back with the book open to insecticides, to the organophosphates. He read off the clinical picture. Here's what he read: 'Respiratory effects consist in tightness in the chest and wheezing respiration, due to the combination of broncho-constriction and increased bronchial secretion. Gastrointestinal symptoms occur earliest after ingestion, and include anorexia, nausea and vomiting, abdominal cramps, and diarrhea . . . localized sweating and muscular fasciculation . . . fatigability and generalized weakness, involuntary twitchings . . .' Well, that was it. That was me. I was a textbook case.

"I went to the board meeting, and left the minute it ended. Sunday, at home, was a long day. I was waiting for Monday. The first thing Monday morning, I telephoned the exterminators at the lake. I talked to the manager. I told him what I suspected, and asked what chemicals they were using to control the carpenter ants. He seemed astonished. He couldn't see any connection between the cottage spraying program and my illness. However, he called me back with the information I wanted. I thanked him, and told him to discontinue the spraying program. My hunch seemed horribly right, but I was trembling. The insecticides that his technicians—he called them technicians—had used were Ficam and Dursban. Dursban is an organophosphate. Ficam is methyl carbamate. You may remember reading about the so-called nerve gases that were developed in Germany just before the Second World War. Their active ingredients included one or more of the organophosphates. And that's what I had been cleaning up at the cottage on those summer weekends—the residue of an organophosphate spray. That was my hemlock pollen.



"There are dozens of organophosphate insecticides on the market. They are wonderfully effective insecticides. They are very quickly and completely absorbed by all routes—through the skin, through the lungs, and by mouth. The organophosphates —and the carbamates, too—are what are called cholinesterase inhibitors. Cholinesterase is an enzyme found in the nervous tissue and in the blood—in the plasma and the red cells. It acts as a neural moderator. It controls the accumulation of an ester that governs the transmission of nerve impulses. It transmits the signal to raise my arm, say, or move my fingers. When that action is done, normally the impulse is erased. Carbamates and organophos phates block that normal procedure. They defuse cholinesterase. The result is a continued stimulation of the nervous system. That produces, directly or indirectly, the wide range of symptoms and signs in organophosphate intoxication.

"I knew, or thought I knew, the nature of my illness. But, of course, I wasn't going to treat myself. I wanted expert advice. I inquired around and got the name of an expert—a Ph. D. —in pesticide operations in the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, in Harrisburg. I telephoned him and identified myself. And then I got a little tricky. I let him think I was asking for advice in the treatment of a patient. I thought I might get a more objective response if he didn't know that he was talking to the patient herself. As it turned out, he penetrated my

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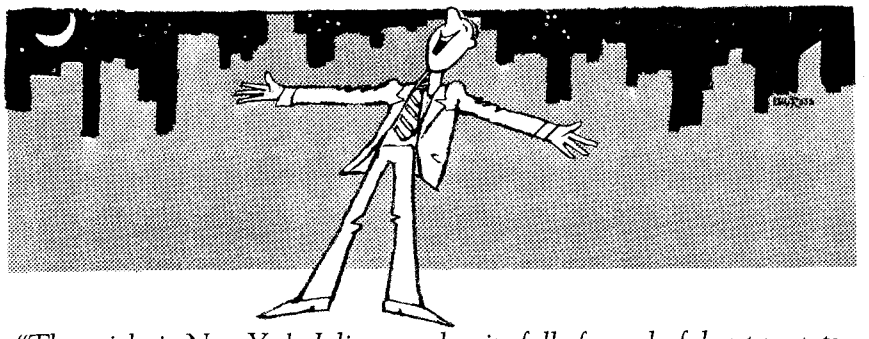
little subterfuge very quickly, but I think it was a useful ploy. He was most sympathetic and helpful. He listened to my story. He agreed with my diagnosis. He pointed out a standard treatment. That was oral atropine sulfate, six-tenths of a milligram, every four hours around the clock. Atropine, or belladonna, can control many aspects of organophosphate poisoning, although not the muscle involvement. There *is* a drug that reverses the muscular weakness, but it can be used only in acute cases. My trouble, unfortunately, was chronic. The unhappy fact is that there is not much information about chronic exposure to subacute doses of organophosphates. As for the weakness and soreness in my thighs, the only therapy for that was hope and time. That and the avoidance of any further exposure. I remember he spoke of the accumulation of the insecticides in the ambient air of the closed cottage. He said that every time I walked in there on those summer Friday afternoons it was like walking into a fumigation chamber.

"Well, there was no chance of that happening again. The cottage was closed for the winter, and, on the pesticide specialist's advice, we were going to arrange for a professional team to give the cottage a thorough scrubdown before we moved in on Memorial Day. Meanwhile, I was feeling very much better. The atropine was wonderfully effective. The only problem was still my legs, my weakness. But even that was manageable. Lewis's birthday is in November, and we had a long-standing plan to celebrate it with a tour of the Loire Valley. Which we did. We ate the wonderful food and drank the wine and saw the beautiful sights, and I managed pretty well. Maybe I overdid it. Because I began to get some twinges, some pain in my left knee. Still, I felt good enough to go out to Aspen in January. Now we're in 1985. I went to Colorado alone, as usual. Lewis went to Grand Cayman, to scuba dive. I'm a good downhill skier. But I wasn't this time. My legs were weak, and there was that pain in my knee. I consulted an orthopedist there, a man who knows about all there is to know about ski medicine. He did an X-ray. Negative. He found some contracture in my left hamstrings. There was no ligamentous instability. He advised me to warm up before skiing, and suggested that an arthroscopy—a kind of diagnostic surgery—might be desirable. When I got back home, I looked



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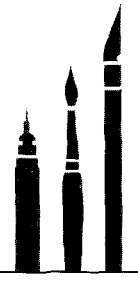

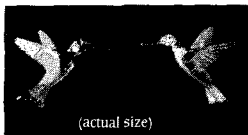

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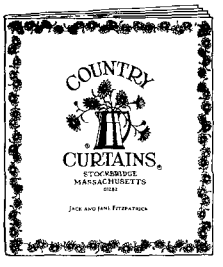

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up a recommended orthopedist. I won't go into the hell that man put me through. He took one look at my history, saw the note about my mastectomy, and satisfied himself that I was suffering a recurrence of cancer. He put me through two agonizing procedures—an electromyography and an arthrography. Chinese tortures aimed at my knee. To no purpose. And, what was almost worse, he was always forgetting that I, too, was a physician. 'Oh, yes—that's right,' he'd say. 'So sorry.' In other words, he treated me like a woman. I mean, like brainless. I consulted a neurologist, a woman. There were more tests. They showed a fifty-per-cent decrease in the strength of my left quadriceps, spontaneous muscle twitchings, and some reduced sensory response in my lower left leg and foot. Her diagnosis was peripheral neuropathy, most probably caused by organophosphate intoxication. She prescribed oral Vitamin B complex and Vitamin B_{12} by injection, and some muscle-strengthening exercises. I had the feeling I was beginning to emerge.

"I might mention that with that diagnosis established, I called one of the doctors I had consulted earlier. I thought he would be interested. He was. He said, 'Hey, my wife has a greenhouse and she uses malathion. Is that a risk?' Well, I was certainly having what they call a learning experience. About the contemporary practice of medicine."

Dr. Page made a face. "But," she said, "good medicine or bad, tests—and I had them all—or not, I seemed to be getting a bit better. Some days were better than others, but I had only one sort of reversal. I woke one morning in March with real pain in my knee and some real weakness in my legs. The reason, when I thought about it, seemed clear enough. We had gone with some friends the night before to the annual Philadelphia Flower Show, at the Civic Center. To the opening night—very social, very black-tie. And, unfortunately, a tremendous amount of walking. The show contained acres—literally, acres—of the most fascinating displays, and I think we must have walked through them all. I just very foolishly overdid it. But that was the only setback. So then it was spring, and then Memorial Day was coming up, and I had the cleaning of the cottage to arrange. The state pesticide expert had insisted on that. I got in touch with a firm of industrial cleaners, and we set a date in May. We met at the cottage, two men and myself. It was a thorough scrub-down. They did the floors and the walls and the ceiling—it's a cathedral ceiling, with exposed beams. Plenty of surfaces. It's not my nature to just stand there. I pitched in and did the furniture. We also stripped the beds and took down the curtains and took off the slipcovers, all those things, and put them through the washer. Not only that. Before the scrub-down and after, we took samples by vacuum cleaner from all the likely places—door tops, kitchen cabinets, the baseboard radiators. The samples were sent to a commercial industrial lab—a company the state man knew about—and they did a professional analysis. When the results came through, they were shocking. All the samples—the befores *and* the afters—showed significant amounts of organophosphates and methyl carbamates. The exterminator's technicians had certainly done a thorough job. They hadn't missed a nook or a cranny. And they must have simply drenched the place.

"I say the lab reports were shocking, and they were. But I wasn't taken totally by surprise. Because by the time they came through I was sick again. I suppose what I did at the cottage was foolish. But it never occurred to me that there was still a risk there. After all, the spraying had ended back in October, and the cottage had been opened and repeatedly aired. Anyway, I went back on atropine, and it worked its usual wonders. The knee pain, the weakness, the twitching, the burning, all the neurological symptoms—they were just something I had to live with. I saw another neurologist. All the likely causes of polyneuropathy were excluded by appropriate studies. I didn't have diabetes, pernicious anemia, lead intoxication, collagen vascular disease, porphyria, or a malignancy. The diagnosis of organophosphate intoxication was reconfirmed. I talked with the state pesticide man,

and he felt it was safe to use the cottage again if stringent precautions were taken—windows open, plenty of circulating air, fans. Which reminds me. Very early on, there was the question about Lewis and the cottage. Why wasn't he affected? The answer we decided on was fairly simple. By the time he arrived on Friday night, I had opened and aired the cottage. It was I who walked into the fumigation chamber every Friday afternoon. He didn't. Well, the summer of 1985 passed without any serious problems. I walked, and I swam a little, and I tried to play tennis. My left leg continued to hurt, but it's wonderful how one can get more or less used to pain. We closed the cottage, as usual, over Labor Day. Late in September, my knee flared up. It was really disabling. I had a friend and colleague, a rheumatologist, and I consulted her, hoping for some relief. And found it. She gave me a steroid injection, and for about ten days I was feeling great again. She referred me to an orthopedic surgeon for the procedure called arthroscopy—an examination of the interior of my knee. The surgeon did some repair work, but found no evidence of degenerative joint disease. I was put on an exercise program. Leg raising with weights. Hamstring lifts. Bicycling. Various things. I began, at long last, to improve.

"I think I'll move ahead for a minute. I'm thinking of the problem of the cottage. It was the beginning of everything, but it wasn't the end. It *was* the scene of my last naïveté. That was the Memorial Day weekend in 1986. I went up to the lake on Friday afternoon as usual. I aired everything out—that was second nature now. The weather was cool for May, chilly, even. Lewis arrived late Friday night. We spent Saturday working around the place, preparing for another summer. Saturday night was almost cold. The heat came on—our baseboard electric heating system. I woke up in the middle of the night. Nausea. Abdominal cramps. Twitching. All the old familiar symptoms. I realized at once what had happened. In spite of everything, there must still be some organophosphate residue around. On the radiators, perhaps. And the heat had volatilized it and blown it around the cottage. Well, we decided to volatilize it right out of the cottage, so we turned all the radiators on high, opened all the doors and windows, and started up a couple of fans. I heated some milk. I had my atropine. Then

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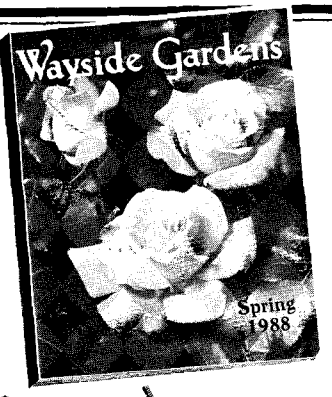
we drove back home. The whole thing was unnerving. We were in a real quandary. What were we going to do about the cottage? Abandon it? We couldn't sell it. That would be practically criminal. What we finally did—what we have only just finished doing—was another, and really drastic, cleanup. More than a cleanup, actually. We brought in another toxic-waste-disposal team. We discarded all upholstered furniture and bedding. We removed and replaced the baseboard radiators. We removed and replaced all linoleum flooring. We washed in a detergent solution everything that could be washed—walls, floors, ceilings. Then we sealed the entire inside of the house with two coats of polyurethane sealant. I had to be there to supervise, but I wasn't taking any chances. I wore a toxic-cleanup suit with a double-filtered mask, gloves, boots, goggles. I looked like a monster from space. But I survived. We left the house open all summer. Doors and windows—everything. I don't know exactly what we're going to do. I don't want to sell the cottage. I've always loved it. We'll probably keep it. It is almost literally a brand-new building."

"THAT last experience at the cottage taught me something. The contamination that night from the radiators couldn't have amounted to much. It certainly had no effect on Lewis. But I was different. I was susceptible. I was exquisitely sensitized. I said the cottage was the beginning but that it wasn't the end. I don't know if there ever will be an end. I recovered from that last cottage exposure. I heard about a doctor who specialized in sports medicine, an expert on knees. He turned out to be wonderful. I began to get going again. He kept me on my exercise program, and encouraged me to branch out. Toward the end of the summer—the summer of 1986—I started seriously getting back into tennis. I mean, what's life without tennis! I signed up at a tennis school not far from home, a year-round school, with indoor courts. Actually, it was a general health facility. I worked with a coach a couple of days a week all through September and October and into November. Then, little by little, I began to get sick again. I remember one day I dragged myself over for a lesson and had to stop in the middle of play, I was so nauseated. I remember standing there leaning against the backstop and looking down at the court. It was a concrete slab on grade. And along the slab at the backstop were dozens, hundreds, of dead water bugs. I looked at all those dead bugs, and I had a horrible thought, a horrible suspicion. I called the therapist—the coach—over, and asked him if they by any chance had had any exterminating work done. He said, well, yes, some of the members had been complaining about an infestation of water bugs. The exterminators had made four visits in the course of the past twenty days. That was about the length of time I had been relapsing. I asked him if he knew what insecticides had been used. He didn't know, but there must have been something about the way I looked, and he said he could probably find out. So he made a phone call, and talked for several minutes, and came back with the answer. They used something, he said, called diazinon. Diazinon! Another organophosphate! For some harmless little water bugs.

"I tell you, I was shaken. I was frightened. And when I got home I got to thinking. I don't know how such things happen. But I got to thinking about that flower show, about how I'd felt the next day. And the more I thought about it, the more I wondered. I went to the phone and called the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society and talked to a woman who had something to do with the annual show. I asked her about the use of pesticides and insecticides. She said the society had nothing to do with that. That was up to the individual exhibitors—and there were hundreds of them. She thought it was very probable that some of them, maybe all of them, went in for some sort of chemical control. I thought so, too."

DR. PAGE smiled her wide smile and shook her head. The smile faded away. "I'm just beginning to realize that the world is a very dangerous place. It's something nobody really wants to think about. I mean the thousands and thousands of toxic chemicals that have become so much a part of modern living. I mean the people who use them without really knowing what they can do. I mean the where and how and why they use them. It's frightening. I think I'm pretty much recovered now. I haven't had any trouble for over a year. But you never know. The only thing I'm sure of is that I'm going to have to be very careful for the rest of my life."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Deeds of Music Made Visible

FOR the Los Angeles Music Center Opera, David Hockney has designed a very beautiful production of "Tristan und Isolde," in clear, pure colors. Nineteenth-century music critics used to tell their readers what prominent members of the audience wore to important occasions. (At the première of "Don Carlos," for example, Adelina Patti "*brillait d'un trop vif éclat, peut-être, dans une éblouissante robe de taffetas* rouge," said Gustave Bertrand in *Le Ménestrel*.) From Los Angeles one carries away images of the glowing costumes onstage. In Act I, Isolde wears rich red, lined with rich blue; Tristan is in blue, Brangäne in rich green. In Act II, Isolde's dress is flame-red; Tristan wears a purple gown, yellow-lined, over black. In Act III, both lovers wear black, but Isolde's dress has a blue collar. A new, flexible lighting system, the Vari-Lite Series 200, devised for rock concerts and providing moment-by-moment control of color, intensity, and focus, plays upon the scenes. Hockney composes his pictures by painting, very precisely, with colored light on the emphatic costumes and on three admirable sets that, beneath the lights, can change density, color, and depth. The ship of Act I is a Celtic vessel, the sails cut to sharp crescent shapes, the bulwarks a simplification of carving such as that on the ninth-century Oseberg Ship. Act II has a picture-book castle on the left and, on the right, a grove of Celtic-foliaged trees receding into the distance. When the Night Hunt enters, scarlet caps and leggings, green tunics, and white breeches make a wonderful picture. Act III is Hockney's personal version of the rocky promontory, rising high into the sky above the sea, that Leo Pasetti designed for Munich's 1927 "Tristan" and that Emil Preetorius adopted at Bayreuth and elsewhere.

"Limbo as such has been phased out, but we'll be keeping you on hold for an unspecified amount of time."

Any account of attempts to find apt visual imagery for "Tristan" (the most influential of all operas after "Don Giovanni") must invoke opera's mysterious power as it weds music to stage illusion. For the première of "Tristan," in 1865, Angelo Quaglio and Heinrich Döll, working closely with the composer, designed settings of detailed realism, and in 1886 Cosima Wagner produced the first Bayreuth "Tristan" in a similar manner. She knew, however, that for such music simple naturalism is not enough, and enjoined formal stillness on the actors:

> The most intricate drama of the soul revealed in the music scarcely allows of a corresponding gesture without absurdity, and scarcely any facial expression can match the power of the music. . . . A certain well-meaning realism is quite out of place, whereas a static pose, which may at the same time be regarded as the shell in which the emotion portrayed by the orchestra lies hidden, is at least harmless, if by no means really adequate.

Adolphe Appia saw the 1886 "Tristan," shared Cosima's perceptions, and went on to champion a less inadequate scenic approach:

> There is a huge discrepancy between Wagner's wholly realistic stage picture and the poetic and musical shape of his drama as contained in the score itself. On the one hand, Wagner *sees* the third act, this immortal wonder, with the *physical eyes of Kurwenal*, on the other hand he feels and *experiences* it with the *soul of Tristan*. What of ourselves? . . . Are we to leave this music drama, the poetry and music of this work to make its own effect and present it in a form with which it essentially has nothing to do—in the form in which only Kurwenal and the Wagner who wrote the stage directions see it?

Appia's proposed "Tristan" décor was realized only in 1923 (by Toscanini, at La Scala), but his ideas and prescriptions, published in the eighteen-nineties, had already had wide influence. Three-dimensional spaces (rather than painted canvas), acting areas defined by light, and light ever responsive to the music were among his requirements. And also—something that is often overlooked by those who know Appia mainly through monochrome reproductions of unpeopled sets—the primacy of the singers, trained in eloquent, rhythmic movement and dominating (as in Los Angeles Hockney's brightly clad figures dominated) the carefully devised backgrounds.

So much discussion of décor would be unjustified were not the décor the only interesting and distinguished feature of the Los Angeles production. It

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should not be so. I learned "Tristan" at postwar Covent Garden performances in prewar scenery—unattributed to any designer, perhaps still that in which Nordica, Ternina, Jean de Reszke once appeared. At the close, when the light faded to a single, narrow spotlight on Kirsten Flagstad, her transfigured *singing* of the Liebestod became the only thing in the world that mattered.

In Vienna in 1903, Alfred Roller designed, for Mahler, a "Tristan" in which Appiesque spaces, defined by realistic forms, shone in Secession colors. (Furtwängler revived this décor for the "Tristan" he directed and conducted in 1943.) In St. Petersburg in 1909, Meyerhold staged a Maryinsky "Tristan" that by all accounts took its scenic cues more strictly from Appia. Through the century, "Tristan" scenery has sought, with varying emphases, to reconcile the Kurwenal's-eye and the Tristan's-eye view of the scenes. The designer of America's first "Tristan," at the Met in 1886, was unnamed on the bill. In 1909, Toscanini introduced décor by Mariano Fortuny, which, although Fortuny and Appia were once collaborators, seems from photographs to have been elaborately decorative. In the twenties, the Met had a principal scenic designer of high distinction, Joseph Urban. (The Urban show now at the Cooper-Hewitt is well worth a visit.) His substantial, Roller-influenced "Tristan" sets served the Met for nearly half a century, from 1920 to 1967. Meanwhile, at Bayreuth in 1952 and again in 1962, Wieland Wagner had staged "Tristan" in strong, spare, almost bare settings, which were much imitated. Lighting equipment had by then been invented that could do justice to Appia's precepts. Back in 1876, Hanslick declared that the "Ring" could not have been composed before the invention of electric light—as essential an element in the drama, he said, as the harp and the bass tuba—and in "Tristan" light imagery matters even more than in the "Ring." Technical inventions continued. In Seattle in 1981, Siegwulf Turek used Pani projectors to turn stage and auditorium into one space viewed through Tristan's fevered eyes. This was still a brooding, introspective presentation of the drama. But a decade earlier the Met's new "Tristan," designed by Günther Schneider-Siemssen, had already embodied a reaction against Wielandian economy, toward a richer, more pretentious spectacle. This Met "Tristan" plays in "cosmic space," a light show of swirling galaxies and stars exploding. And, at Bayreuth, Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's "Tristan," first seen in 1981, presents the drama as a romantic dream: the twinkle from the branches of a glittering, stage-filling tree in Act II is reflected in a pool of real water; Tristan dies on a rocky islet set in a tinsel sea. This is a spangled "Tristan" for a "Star Wars" generation.

David Hockney's response to operas—he had previously designed "The Rake's Progress" and "The Magic Flute" for Glyndebourne, and works by Satie, Poulenc, Ravel, and Stravinsky for the Met—is not predictable. The Stravinskyan precision of his "Rake" décor was apparent at once; the Mozartian excellence of his "Flute" designs eluded me until at last I saw them on a large scale, at La Scala, eight years after the Glyndebourne show. What one can count on is a freshness and directness of response to the music—a response unstifled by convention, untainted by fashion, yet joyously open to any earlier imagery that seems important or useful. There was Hogarth in Hockney's "Rake;" his Stravinsky designs for the Met incorporate happy touches of Roerich and Benois. For "Tristan" he seems to have started where Wagner did: with a romance, its origins lost in Celtic antiquity, that was given form in the early thirteenth century by a poet, Gottfried of Strassburg, who combined fairy-tale narrative and psychological insight. Wieland Wagner's 1962 sets included a version of the Tristan Stone, a tall monolith at Castle Dore, in Cornwall, whose faint Latin inscription has been translated as "Here lies Tristan, Mark's son." No earlier "Tristan" I have seen has captured as Hockney's does the bright fairy-tale aspects of the story, or used Celtic ornament with such clarity and unaffected exuberance. Then Hockney follows Wagner from romance into the darker, deeper drama. When the lights went up on Act III (too early, about a third of the way into the prelude), the picture revealed was so captivating that the audience broke into delighted applause. (Zubin Mehta, conducting, stopped the orchestra, and then started again from the beginning of the act. Met conductors might well follow his example, until audiences learn to control their physical responses, and not add battering com-

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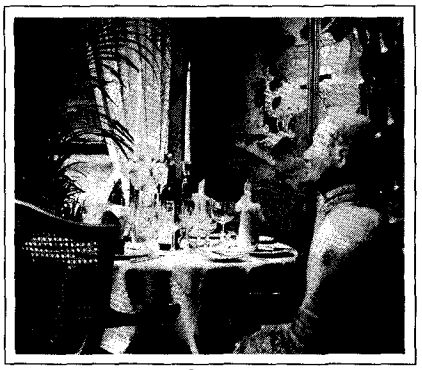

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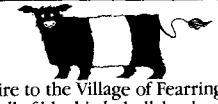

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mentary to a score.) As the scene progressed, Wagner's words and music took form, in ways that phrases from Appia can describe. When Tristan wakes,

> he is aware only of a sense of light that disturbs him and causes him pain and a sense of darkness that eludes him and for which he longs.... From the depth of night a wonderful ray strikes through to him: Isolde is near.... After the heavenly vision, reality returns. The burning sun, the bleeding wound are now only manifestations of joy: they should flood the castle. [At the close] the lovely light of day, which had been its greatest illusion, sinks slowly into the sea and casts its last blood-red glimmer like a wreath about the united lovers.

This potent embodiment of "Tristan" will no doubt be taken up by other companies, as Hockney's earlier productions have been, and revised and refined. The extravagantly Daliesque design of Isolde's couch, in Act I, struck an odd note. Kurwenal's flat, lank wig belonged to a meek pastor, not a bluff, robust retainer. It was a mistake to have Tristan visible from the start, since Wagner wrote the moment of his appearance into the music: at Scene 2, when Brangäne draws the hangings, the man filling Isolde's mind becomes a sudden physical presence, and she, after fixing her gaze on him, sings "Mir erkoren, mir verloren." All three sets are revealed too early—as tableaux, behind a front gauze, during music that Wagner intended for ears alone. The moments of curtain rise are composed. Hockney respects them by drawing up the gauze at these points, but the eyes have already been engaged. The mountain-goat slope of the sets must be trying for the singers; one hoped that the black gauze covering the orchestra pit would be strong enough to serve at need as a safety net. Most important, this "Tristan" should not be revived until the Vari-Lite system has been further developed. It is not yet fit for operatic use, being noisy: fans within its lanterns whir and roar. In Act III, one could pretend that the Shepherd's piping was accompanied by Atlantic surf beneath the cliff, but an electronic bourdon to the Act II duet did not sound like the rustling leaves or the murmuring spring that Isolde sings of.

Jeannine Altmeyer, the Isolde, is hardly fulfilling the promise of her Bayreuth Sieglinde and San Francisco Brünnhilde. At the performance I heard, the top third of her voice had settled into a strong, bright, but shallow, monochrome sound, and the rest had faded. Only the peaks of the Liebestod were clearly audible; the lower notes had little body. She did not make much of words, and incomprehensibility was increased by her tendency to sing much of the role across the stage, into the wings. In Act I, she played a princess more peevish than nobly enraged. The Tristan was William Johns, who, after making a good impression at Bayreuth nearly twenty years ago in small roles (Augustin Moser, "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal" knights), has developed into a serviceable Heldentenor. Although for two acts he delivered Tristan's music in an alternation of dry shouting and toneless mezza voce, in Act III he suddenly became an interpreter and actor who held listeners spellbound, with sterling, ringing loud phrases, lyrical soft phrases, and passionate utterance. Florence Quivar was a firm, incisive Brangäne until the long notes of the Act II solos, which should shine out like warning beacons, acquired a slow tremolo. Martti Talvela's King Mark was routine, with emphasis on his best sounds. Roger Roloff's Kurwenal was purely and beautifully sung; his presence was pallid. The Melot was Elliot Palay, who at the age of twenty-five was a Tristan for Wolf-Siegfried Wagner. Jonathan Mack doubled as the Young Sailor and the Shepherd. He was touching as the latter but, like many Young Sailors, was overelaborate in the chantey; perhaps Wagner put in too many expression marks. The offstage chorus was audibly amplified.

Mehta conducted the Los Angeles Philharmonic. It was a decent performance but not an inspired one: Mehta is not noted for spiritual insight. What a clear beat and a good ear for balance could achieve was achieved. Much of the Act II duet (disfigured by a huge cut before "O sink' hernieder") was taken at paces slower than the singers could sustain. The stage director was named as Jonathan Miller, but little trace of any stage direction—of a keen mind turned upon "Tristan" and moving the performers of the evening to a coherent enactment—was discernible. No direction is preferable to eccentric or insensitive direction. When a Flagstad, a Svanholm, a Ludwig Weber sang in "Tristan," they knew what to do, what to express. But modern interpreters have learned to lean on their stage director, and those here sometimes floundered, even failed to find light that should have played on them. Perhaps Hockney will have to

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follow other operatic designers of our day—Ponnelle, Filippo Sanjust, Pier Luigi Pizzi—and take up stage direction as well, in order to insure fully accurate presentation of his, and Wagner's, "deeds of music made visible" (the composer's phrase for opera in action).

This was a "Tristan" interpretation, as I said, remarkable in only one respect: the visual. But in that respect so remarkable as to win it an honored place in the opera's long performance history.

SIX performances of "Tristan" alternated with four of Verdi's "Macbeth," played in Japanese costumes, in a production designed by Wolfram Skalicki and directed by Elijah Moshinsky. The set was a pale backcloth split into pennants, some scaffolding that could be variously stacked, and a freestanding gilded portal. It could equally well have housed a Japanese "Trovatore," "Peter Grimes," or "Tristan." (William Weaver has suggested a way in which companies wanting to be modish could be so at small cost: simply stage "Butterfly" in the "Billy Budd" sets, "Billy Budd" in the "Turandot" sets, "Turandot" in the "Boris Godunov" sets, and so on.) The "Macbeth" matter can successfully be transferred in time and place, as Kurosawa's movie "The Throne of Blood" and the Yukio Ninagawa company's production of the play have shown. But to the nineteenth-century opera—in itself a carefully laid-out "production" of Shakespeare's play—the Japanese jaunt lent merely factitious novelty. The principals—Grace Bumbry, Justino Diaz, Talvela (Banquo), and Neil Wilson (Macduff)—ignored their quaint caparisons and gave standard, straightforward performances, concentrating on getting the notes out as strongly as possible. Placido Domingo, conducting the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, urged ever more force and intensity of tone. Verdi's drama, with its sotto-voce subtleties, was ill served. Moshinsky's staging had some amusing little "touches": in lieu of footlights, black-clad, notionally invisible stagehands came on to shine flashlights at the singers; Macduff's slaying of Macbeth involved some elegant Oriental spearwork, coached by Touché Unlimited. The 1865 score was used, shorn of a verse of "Or tutti sorgete," a difficult passage of the *brindisi*, the ballet, and the final witches' chorus. —ANDREW PORTER

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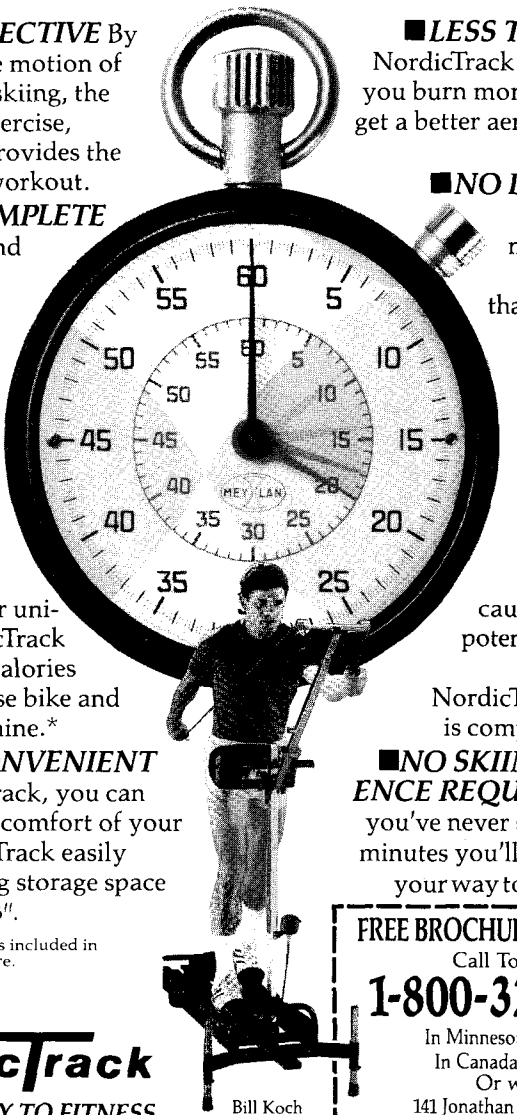

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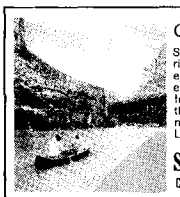

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THE ART WORLD

Stella in Relief

FRANK STELLA'S painted reliefs at the Museum of Modern Art are fancy art—the fanciest art that MOMA has ever shown with so much institutional confidence. The materialism—the joyful *thingness*—of Stella's reliefs is more insistent than that of almost any other modern painting. Though many of the best reliefs have been named after exotic, refined, Matissean birds ("Steller's Albatross," "Dove of Tanna"), they look more like the nests of very large city pigeons with very loud taste—birds who have been terrorizing Canal Street, filching Lucite curves and shop-front grilles, cannibalizing discarded Christmas trees for their glitter and tinsel, and weaving all this stuff together with the tubes from old jukeboxes.

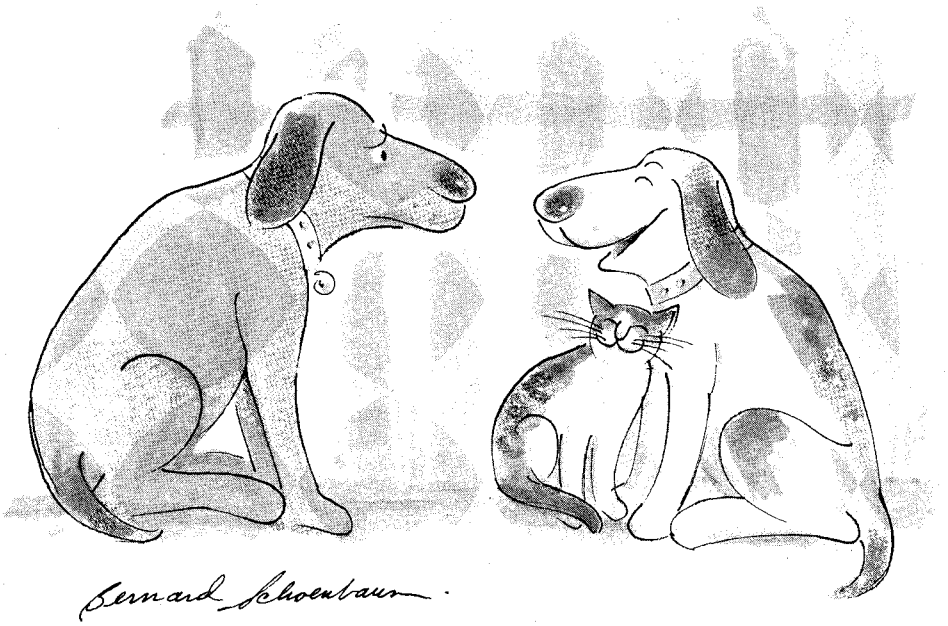
The museum's exhibition is curated by William Rubin, MOMA's director of painting and sculpture, who put together a retrospective of Stella's early, minimalist paintings in 1970. The new show includes examples of eleven of the twelve series of reliefs Stella has made since: the geometric and relatively conservative "Polish Village" and "Diderot" series, the more freely painted "Brazilians," the flamboyant and playful "Exotic Birds" and "Indian Birds"—still in many ways the most sensual and appealing of all the reliefs—and the "Circuits," "Shards," "Maltas," "South African Mines," "Cones and Pillars," and "Waves" series. (The "Waves" series is only a few months older than the show itself.)

The intense energy of these reliefs is impressive. It's a material energy that we like to think of as American, but it's the energy of kitsch detritus rather than the (by now) more acceptable energy of skyscrapers or billboards. (In some ways, the previous American art that Stella's most resembles is the pressed-car reliefs of John Chamberlain.) But Stella's art remains exhilarating in a way that mere assemblages of kitsch (whether they're straightforward, like Chamberlain's, or arty, like Julian Schnabel's) can't, because of an underlying counterpoint. People who like Stella's work are always demonstrating how, despite its congested surfaces, it is in fact rule-bound and methodical. Any art can be rule-bound and methodical, though, including most bad art. What makes Stella's method so remarkable is that the difference between the pictures' structure and their surfaces is so extreme.

In the "Exotic Birds" and the "Indian Birds," for instance, which remain the most direct expression of Stella's ambitions, the architecture of the reliefs has been borrowed—"appropriated," to use the current term—from the world of engineering and rational function. The reliefs are machine-age. Stella begins by arranging and then tracing "irregular curves"—the scroll-like templates that engineers use to draw boats that float and airplanes that fly. He makes a maquette of the resulting design, and sends it out to be fabricated at about four times the original scale in honeycombed aluminum. (This takes a long time and a lot of money.) The larger "Exotic Birds" end up about ten feet by twelve feet. The reliefs are therefore rooted—like "found" sculpture or Duchampian readymades—not in the invention of new form but in a discovery of the possibilities hidden in a form that already exists outside the artist's studio. After the forms have been mechanically enlarged to human scale, we begin to respond to the six-foot-tall irregular curves in the way that we respond to those irregular curves we know best: they become *figures*—the abstract equivalents of nudes. They suggest the human form reduced to a shorthand of preening arabesques, as though the artist were working as Rubens' stenographer. It's Stella's urgent desire to *make bodies*, rather than solve any pseudo-formal "problem" of mediating between sculpture and painting, that's at the heart of his love of relief. And it's our desire to look at bodies—to possess them—that's at the heart of our response to the reliefs: a response that is at once heightened, erotic, and unfocussed on any particular figure. The reliefs invent a new emotion: nonobjective lust.

The ideal of abstract figuration—of creating things that have the emotional power, in art, of the human body without simply imitating it—is one of the basic dreams of modern art, and is the Holy Grail of modern sculpture. It's the emotional core of David Smith's achievement (and certain unpainted Stella reliefs do in fact strongly recall Smith's "Cubis"). But Stella's "nudes," unlike Smith's, are *idealized*, as much as any in Ingres or Rubens. Their perfect curves and robust flourishes recall those of the mythologized nudes of the grand manner (whose forms, too, were based on a mathematical dream of perfect proportion as well as on observation).

But if the architecture of Stella's reliefs is borrowed from a world of high rationality and composed with an academic confidence, their painted surfaces are spontaneous: free and instinctive, even primitive. After the pieces have been fabricated, the artist and his assistants, in a little squall of painting, decorate each piece separately, usually rubbing in ground glass, so that the surfaces will shimmer. Stella said once that he didn't know what he was do-



"We laugh at the same things."

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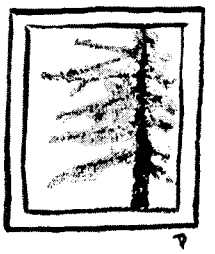
ing while he painted the reliefs, but then he realized that this made it sound as though he didn't *care* what he was doing, when what he meant was that the painting was a process that could be intuitive, and responsive to whatever had happened just before. (The long, laborious manufacture of the reliefs and their spontaneous finishing can sometimes lead to odd, time-warping consequences. Stella began the "Exotic Birds," for instance, in the mid-nineteen-seventies, but the fabricated pieces for some of them weren't delivered until 1980, when he had already gone on to make new, very different pieces—the "Indian Birds"—and he had to return to the earlier style, as if Picasso, in the midst of Cubism, had had to double back and finish off his Rose Period just because his dealer had finally come up with enough pink paint.)

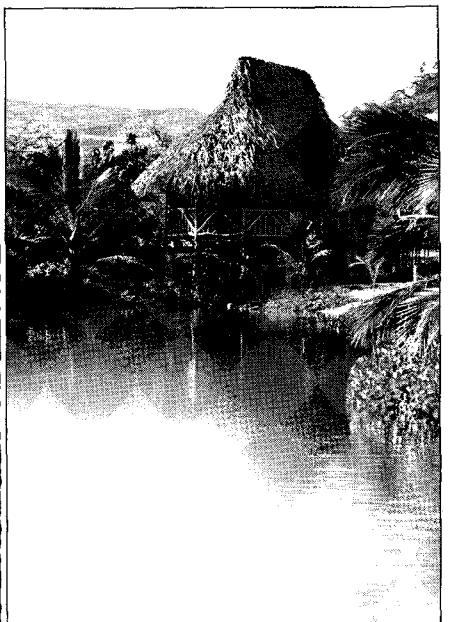


The free brushwork in the reliefs is of a new kind, even though at first it resembles the "gestural" brushwork of de Kooning or Pollock. In the past, if an artist painted freely and loosely, letting the tracks of the brush remain visible, it was either in order to show off his ability to create forms quickly and confidently—as Velázquez or Titian did—or else in order to make his pictures look sincere, to remind us of the animating presence of the human hand. Stella's brushwork can't create form—the forms are already made—and he is careful, in his best work, not to dematerialize his forms but simply to ornament them. The lines and squiggles of the "Indian Birds" always follow the shapes they cover. The neon-red splashes and white, glimmering blobs squiggle down a curve like cockroaches or race up an arabesque like the lights on an electric parking-lot arrow. And there's too much paint for the brushwork to seem touchingly awkward or sincere. The painting on the surfaces of the forms is really a kind of tattooing, or even makeup. It's almost literally a form of graffiti. The surfaces of the reliefs uncannily resemble some of the "wild style" graffiti that New York kids made in the seventies, following the same basic urge to ornament a big fabricated metal surface with an extravagant pattern.

In the reliefs, Stella manages to be at once an academic and a rebel—both the best student in the class and the worst truant—and that polarity keeps his art from ever being boring. The scholarly echoes of Rubens in the reliefs aren't just serendipitous. As everyone knows who has read Stella's remarkable book on the relationship between the Baroque and the modern, "Working Space," he believes that modern abstraction might find some inspiration by studying the pictorial space of seventeenth-century Baroque painting—by recovering its feeling for continuous movement, its love of solid forms that jump out at the viewer, its use of curves and spirals, even its attachment to conventionalized imagery and rhetorical gesture. These seem to Stella a necessary antidote to the impoverished, meagre, and essentially neoclassical space that abstraction has inherited from Cubism.

The notion that there might be a way of translating Baroque composition into a language of abstract form isn't new; in fact, such translation is part of the Baroque itself—it's what goes on in every Bernini church façade. But the simplifications, the equivalences, in Stella's reliefs are different from the simple translation of a style from oil paint into marble. His reliefs aren't translations of the Baroque but paraphrases of it; they depend on the audience's being familiar with the original version. The lessons Stella has learned from the Baroque are real, and the analogies with Baroque precedents are real, too. But the aim of Baroque design, as it was imagined in the seventeenth century, wasn't to set up a clash of extremes but, rather, to integrate extremes into a single, coherent flow—to set up an opposition between spiralling, unstable form and architectural solidity, and then resolve that opposition through the poetry of light and shadow. Real Baroque design is a way of resolving complexity; Stella's art is a way of keeping the argument going.

THE sheer, unapologetic fanciness of Stella's art—its frank and open embrace of everything decorative and material, its insistence on offering not just an arabesque but a six-foot-high arabesque, and not just a six-foot-high arabesque but a six-foot-high arabesque covered with bright-red paint, yellow squiggles, and glitter—makes a visitor to MOMA think in a new way about the relationship of decoration to abstraction. For, while abstract art is one of the few really new



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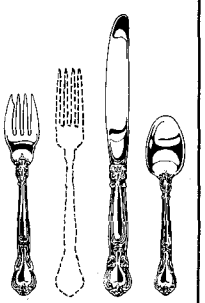

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things our century has made, the guilty secret of abstract art may be that the elements of abstraction aren't new at all. What goes into abstract painting has often echoed the objects and patterns of the decorative arts. People made colored squares before Albers, and pasted up acres of line-and-block wallpaper before Mondrian (just as they admired irregular curves before Stella). The classic philistine response to abstract art—"Well, I don't know. To me, it just looks like pin-striped fabric" (or "an old drop cloth," or "Marimekko," or "needlepoint")—is, in a certain, unintended sense, correct. The story of abstract art is less a story of invention than one of discovery—of finding the hidden possibilities in things previously dismissed as trivial or low. But artists are no less sensitive about their grungy relations than anyone else, and back when abstraction was embattled, fighting for legitimacy, people who cared for it were understandably touchy about the connection of high abstraction to patterns and design—to *things*. A reflex set in among admirers of abstraction which insisted, against common sense, not only that abstract art was completely new but that its newness was the most important thing about it. In this sense, the story of abstraction was a Cinderella story, but one that included the later, left-out part where Princess Cinderella explains to everybody at court that she doesn't know how that rumor about the scullery maid ever got started.

Of course, some modern painters have always been secure enough to understand that the decorative tradition wasn't necessarily the enemy of high abstraction. In the early part of this century, however, painters who were interested in the relationship between abstraction and decoration thought that it consisted mostly of a shared love of simplicity. The climax of this interest has been beautifully displayed—choreographed, really—on the third floor of the Museum of Modern Art, and it's instructive to run upstairs and look at it again after you've seen the Stella reliefs. You enter a room of early de Kooning and Rothko and Pollock—dark, cramped, visceral abstraction, drawn from certain (decadent) Surrealists. The pictures' self-conscious solemnity gives them a certain boyishness. Then you turn the corner into the narrow chamber of the Matisse "Swimming Pool," with its flat, Aegean-blue paper-doll nymphs, dissolving into decorative pattern (into irregular curves very much like Stella's) as they leap and writhe; and there, at the far end of the swimming pool, you find yourself facing "Memory of Oceania," one of the geometric cutouts of Matisse's last period—a picture that delights in plain pattern and pure color, in the most basic sensual decoration. Then you turn past the big cutout, and here are the great Rothkos and de Koonings and Pollocks of the fifties—still ambitious and intense but now also confidently sensual, often bright-colored, and beautifully painted. Matisse taught the New York School that the decorative tradition wasn't the enemy of serious abstract painting but its necessary partner. That was the inspired compromise of the high period of American abstract painting.

But the risk of an art rooted in simple pattern and color—in plainness—was that it could become merely tasteful. And a descent into tastefulness is more or less what happened to American abstraction in the late sixties; more than any of the "philosophical," non-pictorial issues that people talk about, it was the real cause of the so-called "crisis in painting."

There was still another way up from decoration into high abstraction, though—a way up not from the plain but from the fancy. (There are hints of this possibility in Klimt's golden paintings of the early nineteen-hundreds—of the possibility of a luxurious, complicated, ornate abstraction—but it never got off the ground, perhaps because the ornamental tradition seemed inevitably bound up with aristocratic taste.) And it's this notion of an abstraction rooted in fanciness rather than simplicity that's at the very heart of everything else in Stella's work: the love of the Baroque, the love of kitsch, even the love of complicated workshop processes. It's the underlying connection between nymphs and sequins, between the world of Rubens and the world of John Travolta.

Is there a Matisse in this house? Is there anyone who created a model that might have inspired Stella? There's a strange, conceivably Freudian omis-

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sion in Stella's "Working Space"—there's no mention of Picasso's constructed sculpture. But that sculpture—the pieces are few, and most of them are small and purposefully casual—is pregnant with everything that Stella has recently done. If you go up to the second floor of MOMA and look at Picasso's tiny "Glass of Absinth," an eight-inch-high construction of wild spots and barbed, thrusting planes, you see the latent possibilities of everything in the Stella reliefs; it's like an atom of uranium waiting to be smashed.

Stella's reliefs supply, to use the necessary old-fashioned language, a complete aesthetic experience. But art isn't just sensation. The pleasure of an individual work depends on the way it's bound by the ghosts of other pictures—it depends on the continuities of art—and right now the continuities of abstraction are under attack in a way that they haven't been since the beginning of this century. A lot of people feel that abstract art is as dead as vaudeville—a lot of them *want* it dead—and some people who care about modern painting feel that the ornamental energy of Stella's art is a kind of last-gasp decadence. (At the moment, the funeral rites take the form of those jeering, ironic copies of abstract form which go by the meaningless name of NeoGeo.) The reaction against abstraction usually rests on the misleading premise that abstraction is above all a religion of negation: a way of saying *no*. No to tradition, no to images, no to audiences, no to narrative, no to pleasure, and, in some sense, no to life—no to everything except the cult of newness. But abstraction was a way of looking at pictures long before it was a way of making pictures. Some of its roots go back not to absolutist turn-of-the-century ideology but to the experiments of the eighteen-seventies and eighties—to the high period of Post-Impressionism, when representation was reimagined with an energy that hadn't manifested itself since the Renaissance. Far from being a way of shutting the viewer out, abstraction is a way of drawing him in: into the charmed circle of the artist, and into the game of "filling in" or inferring things in pictures from a few oblique clues—a game that's as old as Leonardo and is part of the heritage of the Renaissance.

The abstract side of abstraction—its celebration of pure paint and pure form—was what seemed revolutionary. But abstract art also has an overlooked representational side. It's one of the things we love even in some seemingly austere high-abstract pictures—in, for instance, the New York Mondrians "Broadway Boogie Woogie" and "Victory Boogie Woogie." There the geometric patterns of black and white and yellow still evoke all the syncopated life of the city—create an indelible image of a place and a time.

A hundred years ago, we looked for sensations in images; now we look for images in sensation. Abstract art can be as various as any other kind of art. It can show us what a higher realm and a better life look like, or give form to something base. But it can also just be real—truthful. As William Rubin points out in his catalogue essay, Stella's work looks more like the world it comes from than most other American painting that includes explicit "popular" imagery does. For good or ill, the reliefs contentedly reflect the feeling and appearance of the New York of the seventies and eighties as much as Mondrian reflected the feeling and appearance of the New York of the forties. Stella's reliefs look like New York right now—like the garish paint on the subway cars, like the holiday lights on the Empire State Building. And their spiritual qualities—their greedy vitality, their materialism, their love of cheap sensation, and their sneaking suspicion that maybe sensation isn't really so cheap after all (not to mention their essentially unheroic ambitions, even a certain complacency)—are *our* qualities and the qualities of our world. Stella's art contradicts the notion that the story of abstract art has been a story of endless search for novelty, and of ways of cutting off art from the world. Stella finds rich material in surprising places, and makes art that looks like itself and yet still looks like the world around it. His career suggests that abstract art can never be completely new, and that, when it's any good, it can never really be abstract. —ADAM GOPNIK

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At dinner, Raisa Gorbachev sat on the President's right. On her left was Ambassador Vernon A. Walters, United States representative to the United Nations.

—*The Times.*

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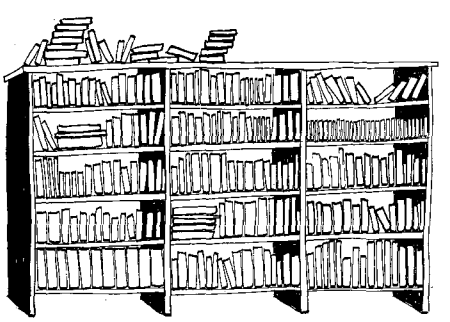
BOOKS

Fear and Trembling

PATRICIA HIGHSMITH's novels are peerlessly disturbing—not great cathartic nightmares but banal bad dreams that keep us restless and thrashing for the rest of the night, with the sense that some awful possibility has been articulated only to be left unresolved. In dreams like these, you eat a sandwich, you go to the movies, you come home and a boa constrictor has swallowed your cat, and it all feels pretty much the same. What unnerves us when consciousness asserts itself again is the knowledge that our minds have registered everything, the ordinary and the horrible, with absolute neutrality; we seem to have been marooned in a flat, undifferentiated territory, like a desert—a place without values, without the emotional landmarks of our fictions or our waking lives. One of Highsmith's most battered and abandoned characters (a New York City cop, no less), when events have got out of his control, thinks, "Nothing seemed to move. Nothing progressed logically from one point to the next." Her characters often think this way, and her readers do, too. In her nineteenth novel, "Found in the Street" (Atlantic Monthly Press; $16.95), nothing happens until very, very late in the story, and then, after the murder that is the book's first real event, nothing happens again—as if this brutally arbitrary act were just a blip on the monitor. Yet this novel is, like almost all of Highsmith's, a thriller. If "Found in the Street" appears to have little in common with other works in its genre—no shootouts, no breathless chases, no cool and elaborate preparations for crime—it's perhaps because Highsmith generates suspense out of a different sort of fear: not the fear of death, which drives most crime-centered entertainment, but the pettier, more intimate dread of humiliation, of being caught on the street with nothing on. There's no thriller writer's gamesmanship in her novels, none of the reassuring trickery of professional pulp; Highsmith's style is as blunt and straightforward as a strip-search.

The plot of "Found in the Street" is about as casual as the title implies—no more than a thread (stretched taut) connecting a series of improvisations on some New York lives. The found objects here—the things accidentally discovered that become, by some mysterious process, crucial—include a wallet, dropped by a young artist named Jack Sutherland and recovered by the repressed, moralistic loner Ralph Linderman, that serves to introduce to each other the two characters whose wildly disparate points of view determine the tone of the narrative; a piece of construction debris that turns out to be the instrument of an unpremeditated murder; and, most important, a twenty-year-old girl named Elsie Tyler, a free-spirited beauty who is "discovered" (waiting on tables in a hamburger joint) first by Linderman, who wants to protect her from the city's evils, and then by Jack and his wife, Natalia, who want to plug her in to their fashionable social network and watch her light up the world. The novel could be read as an illustration of one of Linderman's mildest and least hysterical reflections—"In New York what seemed extremely unlikely could happen"—but the randomness of city life isn't really the subject. It's simply a given, a culture for the characters' delicate neuroses to grow in. Aimless violence, poisoned social relationships, moral vacuity, the numbing illogic and injustice of everyday life—none of this seems like a big deal for Highsmith, and her matter-of-fact attitude gives her stories their chilling conviction. Reading her books is a bit like arguing with a hopeless depressive: if we're not careful, we wind up accepting everything, giving in completely, because the premise is so stark and absolute that it's impregnable, a maximum-security prison of negativity.

As escapist literature, Highsmith's novels leave a lot to be desired. That no-exit feeling her books induce isn't ideal for, say, calming the nerves on a long plane trip. Twirling the rack of paperbacks in the departure terminal, you might pick up—at random, unsuspecting—something as nasty as "A Dog's Ransom," in which a young and very naïve policeman is slowly stripped of everything he cares about by the combination of a smart psycho, a sadistic fellow-cop, and the grinding indifference of New York. Or as painful as "This Sweet Sickness," the story of a man who refuses to accept that his first love has married someone else: he hounds her with phone calls and passionate letters; furnishes a house where, under an assumed name, he indulges in a pathetic fantasy of their lives together; cruelly rejects a girl who adores him; and, almost against his will, is responsible for three deaths. Or as nihilistic as "The Tremor of Forgery," in which an American writer in Tunisia tries, and fails, to keep a grip on his identity, his principles, any connection to "civilized" society: he leaves unsure whether or not he's killed a man, and reasonably sure that he doesn't care. Or as cold-blooded as any of the four books about Tom Ripley, a charming American sociopath who assumes a number of false identities—including that of a friend whom he has, with a small twinge of regret, killed—in his pursuit of art, culture, wealth, the finer things. When you're in the grip of stories like these, your sense of the world's reliability is broken down: once the turbulence starts, you feel that nothing will be solid enough to hold you up.



Popular fiction isn't supposed to work on us this way. The conventions of each of the established genres—horror, fantasy, science fiction, Western, romance, detective story, espionage thriller—are a constant, the manufacturer's guarantee that everything will work precisely as we expect it to, that we won't be let down. There's no need for style in this sort of writing, because the illusion of impersonality, a sturdy mechanical quality, is part of what we want from genre fiction—the sense that the machine will just carry us along, without requiring us to do a thing, and set us down somewhere far away but familiar. Highsmith's impersonality is so extreme that it's virtually a parody of the genre writer's professional detachment. She makes her own efficiency seem as sinister as that of the resourceful, reptilian Mr. Ripley. After describing Tom's maiden murder, in "The Talented Mr. Ripley," she

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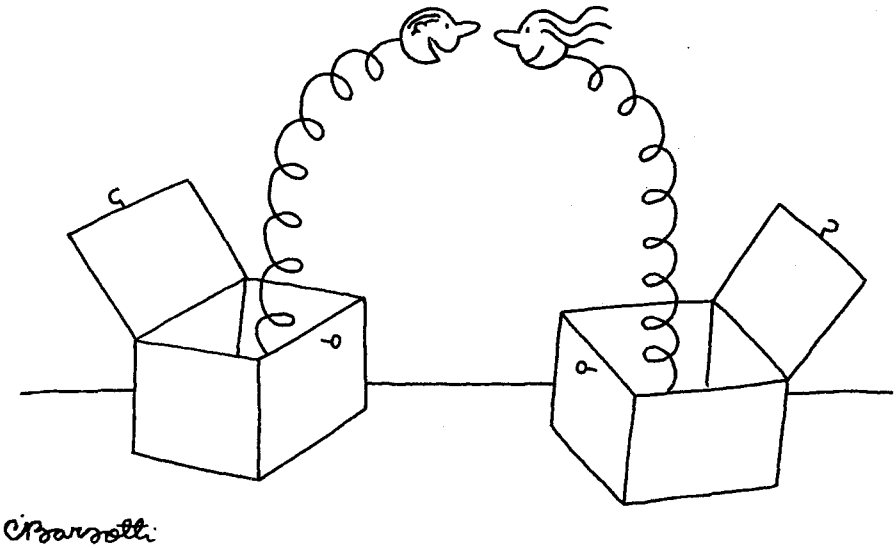
writes: "He began to feel cooler, and smooth and methodical. The cement weight should be just enough to hold a body down, he thought. The body might drift a little, but it would not come up to the surface." And, later, when all the evidence has been disposed of: "He began to plan his return to the hotel, and his story, and his next moves: leaving San Remo before nightfall, getting back to Mongibello. And the story there." The affectless, unliterary prose is too perfect a reflection of the killer's "smooth," "methodical" actions, his urgent concentration on his "story." At moments like these, when the writer seems to be casting doubt on the value of her own talents—and on the nature of the reader's enjoyment of them—everything turns inward, the way a train window we've been watching the landscape through becomes, as night falls, a dark mirror. We look outside and suddenly we can't tell where we're headed anymore; we see instead a just-recognizable image of ourselves.

Most of Highsmith's books depend on some sort of guilty recognition, a startled, reluctant acknowledgment of qualities we hadn't known we had or desired until we saw them reflected in someone else. In her famous first novel, "Strangers on a Train," two very different men, the psychopath Bruno and the respectable professional Guy, meet by chance and end up weirdly implicated in each other's lives: they kill for each other. (In Hitchcock's film adaptation Guy doesn't commit his murder; in the book he does.) Her second thriller, "The Blunderer," is about another ordinary guy, who wants to murder his wife but doesn't, and is obsessively attracted to a real wife-killer; the murderer, who's still being questioned by the police, isn't happy about the unasked-for scrutiny. These odd affinities, these pairs of characters linked by dimly understood compulsions, are a constant motif in Highsmith. People attach themselves to others out of morbid fascination, childlike hero worship, or plain erotic attraction—or, often, all three—and Highsmith tracks her characters as they track each other, as if they were following a logic so mysterious and convoluted that it can only lead them back to themselves. In her fiction, surveillance and introspection are the same thing.

Those of us who have followed Highsmith know that the crucial times, the moments when we have to be most alert, are the long stretches in which nothing seems to be happening. Her best novel, "The Tremor of Forgery," is all torpor and irresolution. An American novelist who has been sent to Tunisia to write a screenplay stays on much longer than he needs to, without quite knowing why: he's cut off from his New York friends, he's spooked by the Arab culture, he's bored and frustrated. The book is about as eventful as a trek through the desert, yet Highsmith keeps the reader lurching forward by constructing her narrative as a series of mirages—promises of defined, recognizable action, of suspense-novel thrills—that dissipate as we approach them. In this shimmery void, the only real movement is internal. Everything the writer thought he valued seems to vanish into the air, leaving him with the phantoms of his undirected imagination, and in this hazy state he completes a novel—called, for a while, "The Tremor of Forgery," and featuring a con man named Dennison, who eerily resembles Tom Ripley. "Found in the Street," though set in a New York that's as overstimulating as Tunisia is narcoleptic, has a similar haunted stillness. On the surface, it's the least urgent thriller imaginable. The story progresses fitfully, wandering from one chance encounter to another with no apparent purpose, shifting the perspective from Linderman's to Sutherland's and back, attenuating the action (such as it is) over nearly a year. As the characters meet, go about their chores, argue, misconstrue the most innocent occurrences, ask each other trivial questions and fail to pose important ones, the novel often reads as if it wanted to be no more than a modest, quietly nasty social comedy. Yet there's something else here, hard to identify, pulling us along relentlessly, as thrillers do—an undertow, a surge of third-rail current.

This hidden force is partly sheer pulp energy, the genre writer's characteristic impulse to keep everything hard and clear and strong. And it's partly the expression of another, nearly opposite impulse in Highsmith: her sense that flat, opaque surfaces—city streets, the functional prose of thrillers—can generate images, too, elusive images that compel us to chase them down. Elsie Tyler is this book's mirage, the object of everyone's desire. Found rising up, miraculously, from the deadening complexity of city life, Elsie, without doing much more than dancing and making small talk, sets all the characters' motors revving for pursuit. It's not just her beauty that gets everyone going but also her essential neutrality: she's so young, so agreeably unformed as a personality, that she can seem all things to all people. Like a smooth, intricately faceted gem, she has a hypnotic effect on everyone who looks at her: shine a light on her from any angle and it comes right back, as if this reflection were for you alone, a shaft that goes straight to your greediest and most obscure self. In a way, this easygoing dream girl (who becomes, in the course of the book, a successful fashion model) is Highsmith's ironic version of the thriller's classic object of obsession: she's this novel's Maltese Falcon,



"What a nice surprise!"

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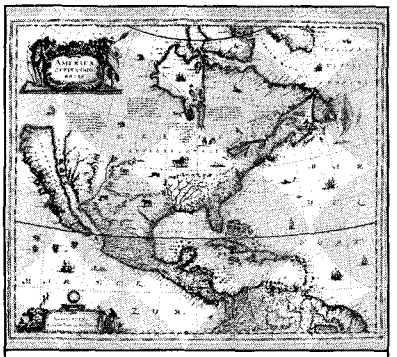

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its Moonstone. And her value, like theirs, is ambiguous, arbitrary; it's determined less by her intrinsic qualities than by the force and number of the individual needs she appears to satisfy. In volatile, ultra-competitive Manhattan, her stock shoots up every time someone lays eyes on her and gets the urge to possess her.

Even when nothing appears to be happening in "Found in the Street," we can feel the desperation of the characters' desire to acquire something valuable from the deadening, chaotic environment, to hoard a jewel plucked from the debris. The fact that Elsie is, in some sense, a tease, flickering in and out of view, gives this apparently placid novel an undercurrent of menace: we know, too well, how easily frustration turns to violence. We know it because we're feeling it ourselves, because the writer keeps promising, then refusing, to give us something we can grasp—an attitude, a privileged point of view, a recognizable direction. Sometimes we see events from the harsh, overdetermined perspective of Ralph Linderman, who follows Elsie openly and interprets his brief glimpses of her in lurid, tabloid terms: he's constructing a story of the girl's life which leaves a big void for him to jump into, as the savior of her threatened innocence. He misinterprets everything, and his protectiveness seems dirty, voyeuristic, potentially dangerous. The rest of the time, we're seeing things from the point of view of Jack Sutherland, who's altogether more sophisticated and detached. A commercial artist who finds Elsie a fascinating model for sketching (and who has a success with a book called "Half-Understood Dreams"), Sutherland is so rigorously non-judgmental, so determined *not* to conjure a story out of the bits and pieces of Elsie's life, that he seems, finally, at least as peculiar as Linderman. He accepts disturbing anomalies too easily, as if he were afraid to penetrate anything very far. He just doesn't want to know whether an old friend of his family is really dying of cancer, or whether his feelings about Elsie are as asexual as he tells himself they are, or whether his wife has fallen in love with someone else. Jack is an amiable monster of neutrality, and the funny thing is that he, too, misses the point. When the story of Elsie's life becomes clear, it's not as pulp-novelish as Linderman's version, but it's considerably more dramatic than Sutherland's blandly "objective" one, the yuppie nouveau roman he's been carrying around in his head.

At the end of "Found in the Street," both men mistake blond girls on the street for Elsie: she's become a kind of permanent mirage, an everyday apparition. And the book is still vibrating with ambiguity, trembling between Sutherland's images and Linderman's, between nothing happening and everything happening, between the cheap thrills of pulp and the more unsettling reflections and resonances of literature. Patricia Highsmith is no mean tease herself. She keeps us off guard, never quite sure what she's up to or why, the hard surface of her prose encouraging us to find our own reflections in it. One way or another, we do. The cold, no-attitude gaze that comes back at us is strangely exciting: it works on us like both the blank interrogative stare of the psychoanalyst, offering us the liberating opportunity to articulate our most shameful desires, and the you-can't-have-me indifference of pornography, urging us to indulge ourselves when no one's looking. Her thrillers take us into ourselves, not out of ourselves, and lead us to pleasures we hate to admit to—the kind of sneaky, self-abusive enjoyment that hypochondriacs find in poring over medical textbooks. These novels fill our heads with unsavory images, clammy bad dreams, unflattering reflections, confirmations of our direst fears, the annihilation of our comforts. And then—final humiliation—we discover that we've accepted, and felt weirdly stimulated by, this stripping of our identity, these awful desert hallucinations. In this sense, Highsmith's books are the queasiest fun imaginable—stroke books for neurotics. But when her novels turn on themselves, as the good ones, like "Found in the Street," do, they become something more: fiction too abandoned to care what it's called, literature or trash, that celebrates restlessness and volatility. She keeps moving, darting in and out of our field of vision, making afterimages that will tremble—but stay—in our minds.

—Terrence Rafferty

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